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THE HISTORY OF LORD LYTTON'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION

1876–1880

Compiled from Letters and Official Papers

By LADY BETTY BALFOUR. 8vo

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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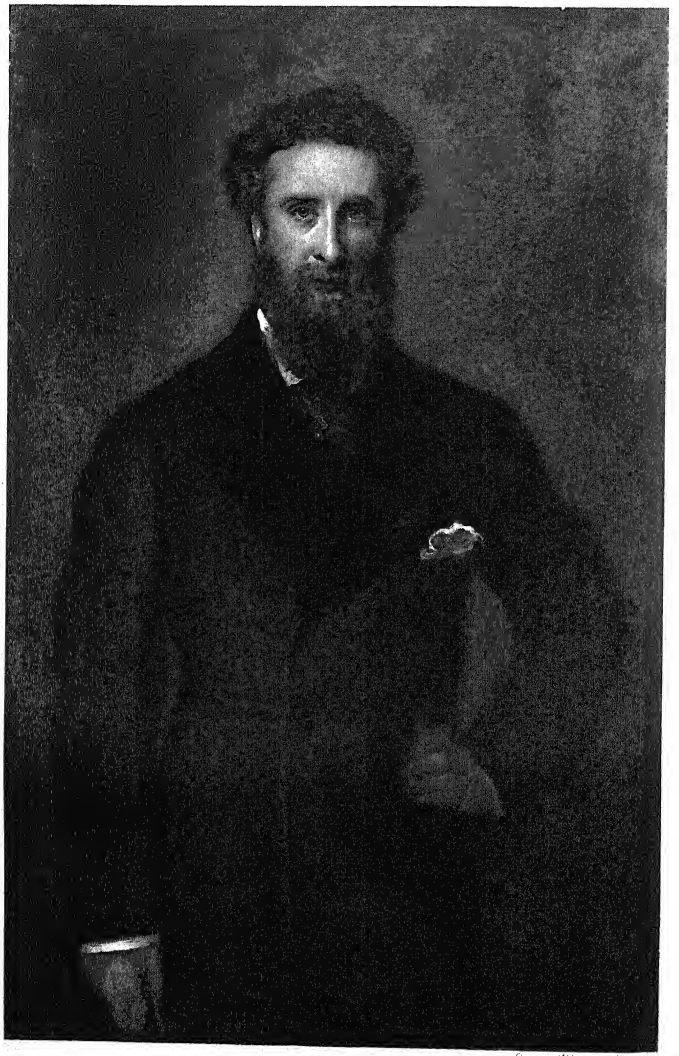
PERSONAL & LITERARY LETTERS OF ROBERT FIRST EARL OF LYTTON



Emery Walker Ph. Sc.

Lord Lytton

From a portrait by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.
Now in the Forster Collection, South Kensington
Painted in the year 1876

PERSONAL & LITERARY LETTERS OF ROBERT FIRST EARL OF LYTTON

EDITED BY

LADY BETTY BALFOUR

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY

LETTERS OF ROBERT, 1ST EARL OF LYTTON

CHAPTER XIV

INDIA

1876, AET. 44–45

Out of the corn-seed disinterr'd to-day
From Pharaoh's tomb, where centuries ago
'Twas buried, life hath never passed away;
Harvests unreap'd lurk in it. Even so,
Tho' sepulchred in absence, sympathy
Lives a suspended life and cannot die.
—*Glenaveril.*

A PERIOD of Lord Lytton's life is now reached of which an exhaustive history has already been written from an historical and official point of view. *Lord Lytton's Indian Administration* [1] gives a detailed account of the four years of his Viceroyalty; it enters into the grounds on which he defended his actions with regard to his foreign and financial policy, and quotes fully from his minutes and despatches during those years.

It would overweight the present collection of letters, and be out of keeping with their personal tone, to incorporate in this book the whole of that

[1] *Lord Lytton's Indian Administration*, edited by Lady Betty Balfour. Longmans, Green & Co.

already published volume; the same objections apply to anything like a full retelling of the story of those years. Therefore of the letters written in India the selection is for the most part confined to those which have a personal and biographical side, which show the effect on his life and character of his Indian experiences, or which in themselves are sufficiently dramatic and picturesque to be of general interest. For this purpose a free use has been made of the matter already published in the more official volume.

Lord Northbrook resigned the post of Viceroy of India in November 1875. A difference of opinion had arisen between himself and the Home Government as to the policy to be pursued towards Afghanistan. The hostility of the Amir Sher Ali Khan was scarcely disguised; the Russian frontier in Central Asia was approaching that of Afghanistan; Russian intercourse with the Amir was becoming daily more frequent, whilst we were almost completely ignorant of everything that was passing in that country and beyond its borders. Lord Salisbury, then Secretary of State for India, considered that an attempt should be made to alter this unsatisfactory condition of things, by entering into negotiations with the Amir in order to remove his causes of discontent with the British Government, and persuade him to receive in some part of his dominions a British Agent, who could effectively communicate between the court at Kabul and the Government in India. While admitting that our relations with the Amir were not satisfactory, Lord Northbrook objected to the policy of proposing to him the reception of a British Agent in his dominions, on the ground that this proposal could not be enforced without the willing consent of the Amir, and that this consent he was certain could not be obtained. It was upon this difference

of opinion that Lord Northbrook resigned and that Lord Lytton was appointed his successor.

Lord Lytton went out armed with instructions from the Government at home to "ascertain and remove, if possible, the causes of Sher Ali's undisguised alienation from the Government of India, and to spare no effort to place its relations with him on a more cordial and satisfactory footing."[1]

On the 1st March 1876, Lord and Lady Lytton, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel O. T. Burne, C.S.I., private secretary; the Honourable Mrs. Burne; Colonel G. P. Colley, C.B., military secretary; and Lieutenant A. F. Liddell, aide-de-camp, left London for India. After spending some days in Paris, they proceeded to Naples, where they arrived on the 15th March, and embarked on H.M.S. *Orontes* for Bombay.

At Suez the *Orontes*, bearing the Viceroy out to India, met the *Serapis*, which was bringing home the Prince of Wales from India. Lord Lytton writes of this meeting to the Queen. His letters to Her Majesty from India are all written in the first person, a special privilege bestowed upon him after his first letter to her, which had been thus written in ignorance of the etiquette which requires that the third person should be used in addressing the Sovereign.

To THE QUEEN. *H.M.S. "Orontes," Red Sea, March* 28, 1876.

MADAM,—My last letter was written in such unavoidable haste, to catch the mail from Suez, that I am anxious to take the first opportunity of giving your Majesty some further details about my short interview with the Prince of Wales.

His Royal Highness was expected at Suez on the

[1] Private notes by Lord Lytton, written in 1881.

evening of the 24th, and General Stanton, Shereef Pasha, and M. de Lesseps accompanied us thither on the afternoon of that day to await the arrival of the *Serapis*. But she did not reach Suez till early in the morning of the following day, when His Royal Highness kindly invited Lady Lytton and myself, with all our suite (Colonel Burne, Colonel Colley, Mr. Liddell, and Sir Lewis Pelly, who is returning with us to India), to breakfast on board the *Serapis*. That ship is really a floating palace. We were all of us greatly struck by the perfect comfort and beauty of all her arrangements. As Noah's Ark was supposed by the Rabbis to be a type of the whole world, the *Serapis* may really be regarded just now as a sort of picturesque epitome of your Majesty's Indian Empire; for, uniting the marvels of the East with the luxuries of the West in her decorations and furniture, she also contains, just now, splendid specimens of what India can produce in the way of tigers, leopards, and elephants, as well as of what England can produce in the way of soldiers, thinkers, and writers. With the exception of one young tigress, whose mother was shot by His Royal Highness, and whom he is bringing home to England as an interesting orphan, the Prince really seems to have won the hearts not only of the Rajahs and Maharajahs, but also of the wild beasts of India, for the representatives of these latter walk about the deck of the *Serapis* with the most amiable expressions, wagging their tails affably, and apparently disposed to fraternise with every visitor. One little tiger pup, not bigger than a stable cat, and gifted with the most engaging manners, I found especially attractive. The other young tigress, however, appears to have been much embittered by her early domestic griefs, and snarls and growls horribly at all who approach her cage. The two finest specimens of Indian produce on board the *Serapis* are, however, human ones—a Sikh and an Afghan, native officers of Probyn's Horse (the 12th Bengal Cavalry), who are coming (for the first time, of course) to England with the Prince. These are fine, soldierlike-looking fellows,

who look as if they might have been born sword in hand, and cradled in a military saddle. I had a pleasant thrill of patriotic pride, however, in comparing their appearance with that of their General (Probyn) as he stood before them in full uniform. You felt that the Englishman was the finest man of the three, fitted in all respects to command these stalwart hill-men, not only *par droit de conquête*, but also *par droit de naissance*.

If judged by the appearance of the Prince and his staff, India should be the healthiest country in the world. I never saw His Royal Highness looking so well and strong —not a trace of fatigue about him. All on board, indeed, appeared to be in the most perfect enjoyment of splendid health.

Lady Lytton and myself are delighted with all we have seen of Egypt, except the pyramids, which are, I think, impostors. At least, their reputation is certainly greater than their size. Seen only in imagination, through the dim mist of ages, one instinctively associates those survivors of the Pharaohs with a vague sense of vastness and grandeur, which, in my case at least, was entirely dispelled by the actual contemplation of them. What most charmed me, both at Cairo and Alexandria, was the marvellous grace of gesture and dignity of movement which distinguish the whole Arab population. The effect of this is, no doubt, greatly aided by their loose flowing garments and statuesque draperies, but it is also, I think, innate. Next to this, the rich colouring and picturesque architecture, here and there, of some of the bazaars, are among the pleasant impressions we have carried away from Egypt. There is especially one corner of the great bazaar at Cairo, devoted to the sale of carpets and embroidered clothes, which would, I am sure, have enchanted Princess Christian by its dim glow of infinitely varied but harmonious colours, could Her Royal Highness have seen it, as we saw it, in the noon light of an oriental sun, softened by the mellow shade of fantastic awnings; while through the narrow street, in front of the little Moorish

court where the carpet merchants spread their wares, a quaint crowd of men and women, in every variety of costume, was escorting, with flutes and trumpets, an Arab sheikh who had just returned in triumph from the pilgrimage to Mecca with the dignity of Hadji. He was a fine-looking fellow, and quite ready, I have no doubt, to cut the throat of any infidel for the honour and glory of Allah.

I must respectfully request your Majesty to pardon this, not very legible, letter, which I am obliged to write on my knees, having no office on deck, and the heat in my little cabin downstairs being already scarcely tolerable.

We are now, I think, about half-way through the Red Sea, which is in one of its most amiable moods, as blue as one of Mrs. Somerville's books, and as smooth as a speech of Gladstone's. . . . With our humble duty to your Majesty, I have the honour to be, Madam, your Majesty's devoted humble servant and subject,

LYTTON.

On the 7th of April the *Orontes* reached Bombay.

To THE QUEEN. *Calcutta, April* 14, 1876.

. . . I have the honour to inform your Majesty that, after an excellent passage, Lady Lytton, myself, and our children landed in perfect health at Bombay on the afternoon of the 7th of April. On the landing-place, which was very prettily decorated, I was received by Lord Napier, Sir Charles Staveley, and the civil authorities, besides a great number of English and native residents, to whom we were introduced. . . . Our reception by the population of Bombay appeared to me very enthusiastic. The streets were densely crowded, and we were loudly cheered, nearly the whole way to Government House. I think I never in my life saw a town so picturesque as Bombay—I do not even except Venice; and its very mixed population is clad in an almost infinite variety of costume, except those who are not clad at all. The

Parsee ladies seem to wear no petticoats; but the Parsee gentlemen make up for the deficiency by wearing a great many petticoats. These Parsees are, I think, among the very best of your Majesty's Indian subjects; and I wish that your Majesty had more of them. They are a wonderfully thriving community wherever you find them. They have a genius for business, and rarely fail in it. I have not yet seen a thin Parsee, and I doubt if I have seen a poor one. They seem to be all fat, rich, and happy. A population engaged in successful industry, and making money rapidly, is always conservative and loyal to the power which protects its purse. We stayed only one day in Bombay; but during our short sojourn there I was able to visit the principal institutions and one of the cotton-mills, besides receiving many of the local notables.

On his way to Calcutta, Lord Lytton halted at Allahabad in order to consult Sir John Strachey, then Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, on questions of finance, and from there Lady Lytton and the children went directly to the hill station of Simla, leaving the Viceroy to continue his journey to Calcutta alone. Of this first interview with Sir John Strachey, Lord Lytton wrote to Lady Holland: "At Allahabad I had the opportunity of forming something more than a personal acquaintance—I think I may say a mutual friendship—with the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Strachey, who is certainly the ablest man I have met in India." Sir John Strachey told Lady Lytton in after years that the new Viceroy had captivated him at this first interview, and that when he left, after a day's acquaintance, he felt that he could refuse him nothing.

Lord Lytton's financial programme included some very big measures. To carry out these schemes, it was essential that he should have a strong Finance Minister thoroughly in sympathy with his aims.

Such a Minister he believed he had found in Strachey. The then Finance Minister, Sir William Muir, was anxious to return to England within a few months' time, and it was Lord Lytton's great wish to obtain from Sir John Strachey a promise to succeed him when the post became vacant. This promise could only be given at considerable personal and pecuniary sacrifice, but given it was nevertheless, to Lord Lytton's lasting gratitude and satisfaction.

"What I want," he wrote to Lord Salisbury,[1] "is the co-operation of an able man with whom I can work on terms of reciprocal confidence. Such a man I should certainly have in Strachey."

At 6 P.M. on the 12th of April the Viceroy arrived in Calcutta. He was received at the station by members of the Government of India, and drove to Government House. Lord Northbrook welcomed Lord Lytton at the top of the grand staircase, after which he proceeded to the Council Chamber, accompanied by the members of Council. The royal warrant of appointment was read, and then the new Viceroy, departing from precedent, made a short speech.

To MR. FITZJAMES STEPHEN.[2] *April* 14, 1876.

MY DEAR STEPHEN,—One line to let you know that I reached Calcutta safely on the evening of the day before yesterday. It was not without great hesitation that, in the last moment, I decided on breaking through all precedent by addressing to the Council, as soon as I had been sworn in, and while the public were present, the little speech of which I send you the report. It was, however, an experiment which seems to have succeeded. For all the papers I have yet seen notice it favourably, and I am told it produced an excellent

[1] April 18, 1876.

[2] Afterwards Sir James Stephen, K.C.S.I., later Mr. Justice Stephen, and in 1891 Sir James Stephen, Bart.

effect on the little crowd who heard it. What its effect may have been on the members of Council I have yet to find out. I find them all in a state of revolt. . . . The only two strong impressions I have yet formed about Indian affairs may probably prove, on further acquaintance with them, to be inaccurate or exaggerated; but they are, first, that our whole administrative system is too much centralised in every department, and, secondly, that the provincial jealousies and rivalries of our Civil Service here are lamentable. We are actually maintaining on every local Government three separate establishments of Engineers, &c., under three different authorities (two of them remote from the locality to be administered), who are doing by contract—at three different rates—precisely the same sort of public works which might, so far as I can yet judge, be much more easily and cheaply done by a single Engineer officer, with a very moderate staff, acting under the local governor. The local governor himself is expected to decide whether a crossing sweeper shall have three or five rupees per month, and all the departments of the supreme Government seem to be avaricious of authority in regard to a host of petty details in the provincial administrations.

I am much inclined at present to advocate an extension of the Mayo policy of Assignments, by giving the local Governments a fair profit on all increase of revenue derived from improved collection. My wife and children are gone up to Simla, and have just reached Umballa, where they are detained by heavy rains. They are all well. I have not suffered one hour from the heat till to-day and yesterday, when I have begun to feel a little fatigue. But I shall not linger long at Calcutta. I have received a most kind telegram from the Queen at Gotha. Lord Northbrook goes home to-morrow.—Your ever affectionate,

LYTTON.

Excuse this shabby letter written in haste.

Of Lord Lytton's speech to the Council, Colonel Colley wrote to Lady Lytton :—

I confess I had hoped he would not speak, for it is one of the occasions when it is so difficult to avoid platitudes on one side, or saying too much on the other, and I have hardly ever before heard that kind of address without wishing half of it unsaid. But now I am very glad he did speak, and that I was there to hear him, and only wish you had been too. I had not realised either the power or the modulation of his voice before; nor, though I was prepared for beautiful language, was I quite prepared for such perfect and easy command. But it was the simple earnestness which carried home more than anything else, and there was a sort of holding of the breath in the room at some parts. I cannot but think that that speech will help him greatly in his start; that the general impression was much the same as mine, I gather from the remarks I heard around me. A stranger standing near me I heard say: "That was a treat indeed worth coming to hear."

To LADY LYTTON. *Government House, Calcutta, April* 15.

Lord Northbrook and Miss Baring left Calcutta this morning in state. Last night I was again up till half-past two with Lord Northbrook talking over business, and as I had to be up this morning at six to accompany him to the boat, I feel rather tired. I am bound to say that Lord Northbrook has been to me most kind, frank, and friendly, and we parted from each other not altogether without emotion. He told me I had made a good impression here, and that my speech was a decided success. He begged me to write to him, and took a great deal of trouble before leaving to give me all the information in his power.

My really critical moment now begins. Before I leave Calcutta I think it absolutely necessary to obtain from

the Council an assent to the project which, as you know, I have in view; and which, with that assent, I can then at once put forward. But here I am treading on eggs at every step, and as yet groping my way in the dark. I consider that everything depends on the next few days. I hold my first Council on Thursday.

To LADY LYTTON. *Calcutta, April* 1876.

My first Council this morning went off, on the whole, satisfactorily. . . . I have carried the point which has been so anxiously preoccupying me all this week; and so far I consider my stay here a success. I am feeling very low and depressed, however, and words cannot say what a joy it will be to me to be once more with my dear comforter. This house is full of cockroaches and rats as big as young elephants. . . .

The point which Lord Lytton had succeeded in carrying was the agreement of his Council to the despatch of a letter from the Commissioner of Peshawur, by the hand of a native messenger, to the Amir, announcing the accession of the new Viceroy and the adoption by our Queen of the title of Empress of India, and informing the Amir of the Viceroy's intention to send a British Envoy to confer with him on matters of interest between the two Governments, if the Amir would name the place and the date at which it would best suit him to receive such a mission.

To LORD SALISBURY. *Calcutta, April* 20, 1876.

MY DEAR LORD SALISBURY,—It has been a great relief to my sense of utter forlornness at Calcutta to receive your warmly welcomed letter of the 24th, in reply to mine from Sorrento. The sight of your handwriting is, indeed, a real joy to me, for which the only return I can

make at present is to send you what I hope you may consider good news so far as it goes. I have this day obtained, without much discussion, the assent of my Council (at our first meeting) to the general policy of our project about Afghanistan (inclusive of the defensive treaty and the recognition of Abdulla Jan), and am now free to put the project into execution. In dealing with this question, I was so convinced of the necessity of not losing any advantage derived from the freshness of my position here, that I resolved not to leave Calcutta till I had talked over my six duennas, and secured their connivance at that flirtation with Sher Ali, which they had previously declared to be "most improper." At Bombay I secured the co-operation of Haines,[1] who, instead of going straight to Simla, as he originally intended, has kindly come to Calcutta, in order to support me on this question. I had also some talk, whilst there, with Napier, which resulted in a letter from him, received here, and written at my request, in which he expresses the opinion that our present position in Afghanistan is "unsafe and humiliating," and recommends that the uncertainty of it should be cleared away as soon as possible. . . . I have telegraphed to Pollock to meet me next Monday at Umballa. . . . Everything now is in good train. . . . Burne is of the greatest comfort and help to me. My gratitude to you for so kindly sparing me his quite invaluable assistance increases hourly. Colonel Colley, too, is a great success. He is a decidedly able man, and personally a very pleasant fellow.

To LORD SALISBURY. *Kalka, April* 25, 1876.

. . . What I have seen of the way things are done here, or rather the way in which they are talked over, and not done, convinces me of the necessity of an immediate and radical change in the *modus operandi*. I am told that I have already shocked all the social proprieties at Calcutta,

[1] The Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Frederick Haynes.

by writing private notes to members of Council, calling on their wives, holding levées by night instead of by day, and other similar heresies against the law of these Medes and Persians. But I fear I shall have to shock all the official proprieties more severely ere long. Meanwhile I take the earliest opportunity of privately reporting to you, as briefly as possible, the present state of the case about the Kabul Mission.

Yesterday Sir Richard Pollock met me, by appointment, at Umballa, whither I was accompanied by Sir Lewis Pelly and my native aide-de-camp. Dr. Bellew also joined me there by private arrangement. I instructed Pollock to sign and send the enclosed letter to Sher Ali. . . . I write this at the foot of the hills on my way to Simla. For the last week I have been suffering from incessant nausea and all its uncomfortable consequences, which are sad checks upon energy. But I hope to get rid of it in a cooler clime.

The results in 1876 of this first communication with the Amir may be shortly summarised here.

The Amir received the letter on the 17th May 1876. His reply to it reached Peshawur on June 1. It was a practical refusal to receive any British mission, on the grounds:—

1. That he could not guarantee the safety of British officers composing such a mission.

2. That if the mission should be authorised to make proposals from the British Government which he, the Amir, could not accept, trouble between the two Governments might ensue.

3. That it would be impossible to receive a British and refuse a Russian mission.

To this letter, the Viceroy, after consultation with the Home Government, authorised the Commissioner of Peshawur to reply in terms assuming that the Amir could not have fully realised the advantages he would gain in receiving such a mission,

and the serious character of his persistent refusal to do so. The Amir received this second letter on July 17, but sent no reply to it till September 3. In the meantime, reports came from Kabul that he was about to proclaim a Jehad, or religious war, against the infidels, and that he was cordially receiving Mahometan envoys from General Kaufmann and retaining them at Kabul. When finally the Amir replied to the Commissioner of Peshawur, his letter contained the suggestion that the British Native Agent at Kabul should be summoned to his own Government to inform them of the state of affairs at Kabul, and to carry back to the Amir all their desires and projects. This suggestion was immediately accepted by the Viceroy, and Atta Mahomed Khan, the British Native Agent, reached Simla on October 6.[1] He had two interviews with the Viceroy himself, communicated all the Amir's grievances, dating back to the interviews between his Prime Minister and Lord Northbrook in 1873,

[1] As the old fiction is still reasserted (for instance, by Mr. Paul in his *History of England*, vol. iv.) that Lord Lytton went out to India determined to pick a quarrel with the Amir, and that throughout their negotiations the Viceroy played the part of the wolf, and the Amir that of the lamb, it may be of interest to quote verbatim the terms of the memorandum which Lord Lytton gave to the British Native Agent at Simla to carry back to the Amir :—

"I authorise the Agent to tell the Amir that if His Highness wishes to make me his friend, I will be a warm and a true, a firm and a fast friend to him; doing all that is practically in my power to stand by him in his difficulties, to cordially support him, to strengthen his throne, establish his dynasty, and confirm the succession in the person of his selected heir.

"I am willing to give him, if he wishes it, a treaty of friendship and alliance, to afford him assistance in arms, men, and money, and to give to his heir the public recognition and support of the British Government. But I cannot do these things unless the Amir is, on his part, equally willing to give me the means of assisting him in the protection of his frontier, by the residence of a British Agent at Herat, or such other parts of the frontier most exposed to danger from without, as may hereafter be mutually agreed upon. I do not wish to embarrass the Amir, with whose difficulties I fully sympathise, by carrying out any such arrangement until after the signature of a treaty of alliance on terms which ought to satisfy His Highness of the perfect loyalty of

and stated all the demands the Amir still had at heart, viz. :—

1. A definite treaty of alliance with the British Government.

2. A guarantee that he would receive support in the shape of money and arms in every case of external aggression.

3. An undertaking from the British Government to recognise and support only his declared heir.

4. The promise of a permanent subsidy to enable him to support his troops.

5. An understanding that no Englishman should reside in Afghanistan, at any rate at Kabul.

These demands had been refused by Lord Northbrook in 1873. They were practically all assented to by Lord Lytton, in the name of his Government, with a partial exception in the case of the last.

The Agent returned to Kabul at the end of October, but it was not till December the 18th that the Viceroy learnt that Sher Ali had at last consented to enter into negotiations with the British

our friendship; nor until after he has had the means of satisfying his people that the presence of a British Agent on his frontier signifies our firm support of himself, and his Heir Apparent, with all the power and influence of the British Government. Nor have I any wish to disturb the existing Native Agency at Kabul, or to urge upon the Amir the reception of a permanent British Envoy at his Court, if His Highness thinks it would be a source of embarrassment to him. In short, it is my object and desire that our alliance, and the presence of our Agents on the Afghan frontier, should be a great strength and support to the Amir at home and abroad—not a source of weakness or embarrassment to him."

Had this language been used to the Amir three years previously, it is possible he might never have become alienated from the British Government. As it was, having failed to obtain the assurances he required from the Viceroy of India in 1873, he began to listen to Russia, and by the year 1876 Russia had already offered him the terms of alliance and friendship which Lord Lytton then held out. In the year 1874 the Russian Governor of Turkestan had written to the Amir: "I hope that, after your death, Sirdar Abdulla Jan will follow your example, and make himself an *ally and friend* of the Emperor."—(Speech by Lord Lytton in the House of Lords, March 3, 1881.) Lord Lytton's offer of friendship and alliance came too late. This, however, was only brought to light at the time of Lord Roberts' occupation of Kabul in 1879.

Government, and to send his Minister to Peshawur, there to meet our Envoy.

To return now to the narrative of the earlier part of the year.

On his way up to Simla in April, the Viceroy visited the beautiful gardens of the Maharajah of Puttiala, and reported to Mr. Justice Stephen a conversation which he held with the Eastern gardener:—

He produced with pride a huge British Bible, which he told me he had carefully read and compared with the Vedas. He found no important difference between the teachings of the two scriptures (both of them, in his opinion, praiseworthy compilations) except as regards the transmigration of souls; but that was not an ethical question, and on such points the conclusion to which he had come was expressed by a Hindu verse of his old master to the following effect: 'I have had many friends. All of them have left me for the next world, which each of them entered with a different belief as to what he should find there. But none of them have returned to tell me which of them was in the right.'"[1]

To Mr. John Morley. *Simla, April* 30, 1876.

The general ability of the I.C. Service seems to me to be overrated. They look at everything from a small local, and often a purely personal, point of view. But what wonder? I already find myself, to my horror, reading the local Indian newspapers with more interest than the English ones. I reached Simla only three days ago, and find, thank God, my dear wife and children all in good health here; as for myself, I am still on the sick-list, but I hope for better health by-and-by. Simla is a mere bivouac. The house is very small and very uncomfortable, but the climate is tolerably fresh and bracing.

[1] April 1876.

Lord Lytton found India full of "anticipations, hopes, and conjectures" about the proclamation of the Queen's new title, and the idea originated with the Viceroy to combine the public announcement of what might have been but an empty ceremony with measures pregnant with important consequences, and so to fulfil widespread expectation and cause the day of the proclamation ever after to be remembered as a day beneficent to the princes and people of India. Such a policy became all the more necessary in his eyes when the Royal Titles Bill was made the subject of attack in the House of Commons.

To LADY HOLLAND. *May* 22, 1876.

The opposition to the Royal Titles Bill has had rather a mischievous effect in India, where the natives were really prepared to hail the new title as the indication and inauguration of a new policy more in sympathy with native sentiment and interests. The mischief, however, has not yet gone far, and I hope to be able to counteract it. I can't understand the cry against the title in England. It all seems to me very parochial and small, as if the Queen were Queen only of so many Marylebone vestrymen, and bound to consult their prejudices exclusively in such a question. It would have been better if the Cabinet could have taken the Opposition into confidence on the Bill. But had they done so, apparently it would have made no difference, for Granville at first declared his own opinion to be favourable to the Bill, and did not then anticipate the opposition to it, which he afterwards supported.

The details of the great Durbar at Delhi for the proclamation of the Queen's new title were planned during this summer.

To Mr. Disraeli. *Simla, April* 30, 1876.

. . . The Opposition speeches at home have done some harm (though as yet no serious mischief) by suggesting suspicions of some meditated attack upon the rights of the native princes. But, on the whole, the predominant sentiment is, I think, a vague hopefulness that the new title may inaugurate a new era favourable to native feelings and interests. While the balance pauses languidly between hope and fear, a grain may turn it one way or other. . . .

To come, then, to the practical details of my project. You will find them in my printed memorandum, if Lord Salisbury thinks them deserving of consideration. I propose to announce the new title orally, and with great solemnity, in a special Durbar, which, on account of the climate and the necessity of careful preparations, cannot be held before the 1st of January next. But what I particularly wish to urge upon your consideration is this—whether the new title be announced in Durbar or otherwise, its mere announcement, if unaccompanied by certain acts of such a nature as to satisfy public expectation and rouse natural enthusiasm, will do no good at all. And if it does no good, it will do harm. Announced in the ordinary way by official circulars, its effect in India will be as ridiculous as that of the mountain-born mouse in the proverb; especially now that such a fuss has been made about it in England, and after Baron Reuter has informed the whole of India by telegraph that it has been approved by the Emperor of Russia. (I wonder what Reuter was paid for this telegram.)

On the other hand, if the great Chiefs and Princes of India are put to trouble and expense, merely for the purpose of informing them that the Queen has assumed a title which Her Majesty and her Government regard as a mere technicality of no importance, and which is unconnected with any practical advantage or benefit

to themselves—then they will go away disappointed and angry. I therefore propose that the Viceroy be authorised to make to them on this occasion certain simultaneous announcements specially affecting their personal interests and sentiments, and to accompany these announcements by a few acts of liberality which will, I am convinced, be received throughout the whole of India with energetic demonstrations of enthusiasm. . . .

The details of these arrangements you will find in my memorandum. They have been dictated by a careful study of native character. The presentation of guns and banners, as suggested in the memorandum, will, I believe, be much more effective than any political concession. . . .

Nothing has struck me more in my intercourse thus far with Indian Rajahs and Maharajahs than the importance they attach to their family pedigrees and ancestral records. Here is a great feudal aristocracy which we cannot get rid of, which we are avowedly anxious to conciliate and command, but which we have as yet done next to nothing to rally round the British Crown as its feudal head. Every Rajah I have yet conversed with has been curiously and amusingly anxious to convince me of the antiquity of his family, and the extent to which its importance has been recognised by the Suzerain Power at various times. Many of them have presented me with printed, and illustrated, genealogies and family records, lovingly edited by themselves and published at their own expense. Several of these genealogies are composed and printed in English. But what is worthy of special notice is that in all of them I find evidence that small favours and marks of honour bestowed from time to time by the British Government on the head of the family (such as an additional gun to his salute, the right to a return visit from the Viceroy, or a more honourable place in Durbar, &c.) are quite as highly prized and appreciated as the more substantial benefits (of augmented territory or revenue) conferred in earlier times upon their family by an Aurungzebe or an Akbar.

I believe that at the present moment an Indian Maharajah would do anything, or pay anything, to obtain an additional gun to his salute; and were we not such puritans, we might ere this have made all our railways with the resources thus obtained.

On the subject of my proposal to admit great Indian magnates to our Legislative Council, under conditions specified in the memorandum, may I add a few words of explanation? I have the strongest reasons for believing that this concession will be highly appreciated by them, and in no wise inconvenient to ourselves. It is the only practical effect which, so far as I see, can safely be given to the general suggestion of the English Press that the present opportunity should be seized for associating the native element more largely with our administration. . . . It will furnish an inducement, which the native princes do not now possess, for visiting the Viceregal Court, and paying their respects to the Queen's representative. As such visits are public acts of obeisance to the supremacy of the British power (a supremacy specially implied by the new title), and as they will afford the Viceroy opportunities, now rarely offered him, to exercise a personal influence over the native chiefs, I think they ought to be encouraged. . . .

To this letter the Prime Minister replied:—

I entirely approve of the general scope of the policy detailed in your last letter. Its application to affairs will require much tact, but that is a quality in which, happily, you are not deficient. . . . I watch your career with unbroken interest, but with equal confidence, and I trust that my policy in Europe will advance and assist your course in Asia.

To Lord Salisbury. *May* 11, 1876.

I am convinced that the fundamental political mistake of able and experienced Indian officials is a belief that

we can hold India securely by what they call good government; that is to say, by improving the condition of the ryot, strictly administering justice, spending immense sums on irrigation works, &c. Politically speaking, the Indian peasantry is an inert mass. If it ever moves at all, it will move in obedience not to its British benefactors, but to its native chiefs and princes, however tyrannical they may be. The only political representatives of native opinion are the Baboos, whom we have educated to write semi-seditious articles in the native Press, and who really represent nothing but the social anomaly of their own position. Look at the mistake which Austria made in the government of her Italian provinces. They were the best-governed portions of Italy; she studied and protected the interests of the native peasantry; but, fearing the native *noblesse*, she snubbed and repressed it. When that *noblesse*, having nothing to gain or to hope from the continuation of her rule, conspired against it, the peasantry either remained passive or else followed the lead of its national superiors in attacking its alien benefactors. But the Indian chiefs and princes are not a mere *noblesse*. They are a powerful aristocracy. To secure completely, and efficiently utilise, the Indian aristocracy is, I am convinced, the most important problem now before us. I admit that it is not easy of immediate solution. For whilst, on the one hand, we require their cordial and willing allegiance, which is dependent on their sympathies and interests being in some way associated with the interests of the British power, on the other hand we certainly cannot afford to give them any increased political power independent of our own. Fortunately for us, however, they are easily affected by sentiment, and susceptible to the influence of symbols to which facts very inadequately correspond.

From LORD SALISBURY. *Hatfield, June 9*, 1876.

. . . For myself I sympathise very much with your views. No fact comes out more strongly in the history of this country all over Christendom than the political lifelessness of the "masses," and that under the strongest stimulants democratic arrangements can supply. They wake up for a moment from time to time, when you least look for it, roused by some panic, or wounded sentiment, or some sharp suffering which they lay to the door of the wrong person and the wrong law. But for the most part they are politically asleep; and must never be counted upon to resist their real enemies, sustain their real friends, at the right moment. If this is true in the West, how much more in India? I agree therefore with you most thoroughly that to expect political support in a pinch from the natives of India, as a consequence and recognition of good government, is an optimist's dream. Good government avoids one of the causes of hate; but it does not inspire love. The literary class—a deadly legacy from Metcalf and Macaulay—are politically alive enough; but under the most favourable circumstances they never give any political strength to a state, whatever other benefits they confer: they seldom go further in the affirmative direction than to tolerate the existing order of things. In India they cannot be anything else than opposition in quiet times, rebels in time of trouble. There remains the aristocracy; and, I quite agree with you, it is worth making an effort to secure their loyalty. If they are with us, we can hardly be upset; and they run so bad a chance under any possible substitute, that their self-interest must be strongly on our side. The point is to get their sentiment with us too; and that, with English arrogance working against you, will be no easy matter. But it is worth trying.

To MR. FITZJAMES STEPHEN. *Simla, May* 29, 1876.

Your letters have a most grateful recipient. They form the pleasantest events in my Simla life, eagerly expected if ill deserved, and ever most joyfully welcomed. I fancy your life must be quite as busy, if not busier than my own. Thanks to the exceeding helpfulness and unceasingly considerate forethought of the quite invaluable assistance I receive from Burne (who is a friend indeed, being a friend in need on all occasions), I have certainly not as yet found my daily work at all overwhelming. . . . Not even constant physical discomfort can lessen the intellectual and moral relish of the work I have now in hand. . . . Pray, when you next see the revered, beloved Master Carlyle, give him my affectionate and reverent greetings, and ask him to give me in return his blessing. Had I time to record for his information and amusement some of my experiences as Viceroy, he would find in them strange confirmation of his philosophical contempt for government by machinery independent of hand or head power. . . .

The work proved more and more absorbing, and left little room for interests outside of it. The social life of India, to one used to the cosmopolitan society of the great capitals of Europe, had a flavour of provincialism. Lord Lytton writes laughingly of Simla society to Lady Salisbury during his first summer there:—

I do miss the pleasant scamps and scampesses of pleasant France, and having seen virtue embodied in the form of Lady ——, I don't agree with Schiller that if virtue were a woman all the world would fall in love with her. Of course, we are nearer heaven up here on the top of the Himalayas than you down there at the bottom of Arlington Street; but being of the earth earthy, I envy

you the pleasure of living amongst so many naughty people. Our own social surroundings here are so grievously good. Members of Council and heads of departments hold prayer meetings at each other's houses thrice a week, and pass the remainder of their time in writing spiteful minutes against each other. The young ladies are not allowed to dance lest they should dance to perdition; and I believe that moonlight picnics were forbidden last year by order of the Governor-General in Council lest they should lead to immorality. I wish I could report that our Empire is as well defended as our piety.

During the same summer he writes to John Morley: "I am hideously home-sick here, no social resource or relief from the official grind which never ceases."

One of the small trials of life as a Viceroy lay in the deprivation of all solitude.

To Lady Holland. *Simla, July* 23, 1876.

My life is at present one incessant official grind from morning to night. To myself, however, the worst part of it is that I cannot be for one second alone. I sit in the privatest corner of my private room, and if I look through the window, there are two sentinels standing guard over me. If I open the door, there are ten Jemadars crouching at the threshold. If I go up or down stairs, an A.D.C. and three unpronounceable beings in white and red night-gowns, with dark faces, rush after me. If I steal out of the house by the back door, I look round and find myself stealthily followed by a tail of fifteen persons.

The royal state which surrounds the Viceroy as representative of his Sovereign may in some cases preclude that sense of equality in friendship without which intimacy is impossible, but this was not the case with Lord Lytton. With his two secretaries,

his principal colleagues, and many members of his staff, his relations were those not merely of chief and subordinate, but of warm and intimate personal friendship. Lord and Lady Lytton discarded when it was possible the stiffness of court life, and the staff lived with them as members of a large and affectionate family. Both Viceroy and Vicereine evoked great personal devotion. No Viceroy, perhaps, was ever more bitterly attacked on public and political grounds than Lord Lytton; but he had no personal enemies, and many devoted personal friends; while Lady Lytton was universally beloved, and her influence always cementing and healing. "I get almost heart-broken," writes Colonel Colley to her, "when I see the amount of friction, ill-feeling, and extra work created just by a little want of temper and conciliation. The amount of necessary work in the world is quite enough, and to have that unnecessary work added is almost the only thing that ever really discourages me. A few more gracious queens in the world to smooth things down, and make people pleasant and amiable, would make it such a much nicer place to live in."

Towards the end of July, Lord Lytton, on grounds of ill-health, was ordered a trip to Narkunda, a place in the Himalayas, about one hundred miles from Simla. Lady Lytton, who was expecting her confinement, remained at Simla.

To his Wife. July 1876.

In spite of the rain and mist, the ride hither was really most enjoyable, and so much of the scenery by the way as was visible at all is certainly the most impressive I've yet seen in India, or indeed anywhere else. One bit just before you get to Fogo is most striking, and

unlike anything I have ever seen out of a dream; precipitous crag, and blasted pines of gigantic size, emerging vaguely on all sides round, out of a cauldron of boiling mist, which seems fathomless. Such a spot for Macbeth's witches to meet in! Leaving Fogo, you gradually pass into the ideal of a pastoral country; slopes of the greenest grassy hills, folded one within the other, far as the sight can reach, till the green melts into purple, and the purple melts into air. Little shepherds' huts dotted along the uplands, where the prettiest little black cows are grazing —just the sort of land in which you could fancy the Shepherd Kings of the East at home. But all this is far down beneath you as you ride along the narrow *khud*, and above you for the greater part of the way are high, beetling crags. The mountain air is much sweeter and purer here than at Mushobra, and I feel as if I were in Scotland. But it is Scotland under a powerful magnifying-glass, with something of the Apennines about Camaldoli about it.

This trip very nearly cost him his life through an accident, of which he writes to Mr. FitzJames Stephen.

Narkunda, August 5, 1876.

My dear Stephen,—I meant to write you a long letter by this mail, but am so tired by my pilgrimage hither, that for the present at any rate my good intention must go, like many another, in contribution to the pavement of a certain road said to be considerably broader than that infernal bridle-path from which I was yesterday precipitated head over heels some hundreds of feet down one of the steepest and nastiest of *khuds*. I had sent on coolies to mend the road from Mushobra to Narkunda, over which I have been "plodding my weary way" for three days under an uninterrupted downfall of rain—the sudden apparition of a returning gang of these swarthy nudities, armed with pickaxes, frightened my pony, and down we rattled to-

gether over the *khud* till I was stopped by a trunk of a tree. Had the ground not been soaked to a sop by the rain, I should not have been alive to write you this stupid little note. But, *laus Deo* (*pace* Morley), I have survived that fall in life without a scratch or a contusion.

On the last stage of the way back to Simla, the Viceroy heard that his wife had been safely delivered of a son. "As soon as we reached the next bungalow," he writes to his mother-in-law, "each of us dripping and weary, the young gentleman's health was enthusiastically drunk in bumpers of champagne by all our party except, I am ashamed to say, myself, who was so tired and excited that I could neither eat nor drink. The next day I rejoined my dear wife, and found her, thank God, wonderfully well, with really a very pretty baby."

To THE QUEEN. *Simla, August* 20, 1876.

MADAM,—I gratefully and respectfully request your Majesty to accept the sincere thanks of Lady Lytton and myself for the great and valued honour which your Majesty has deigned to confer on us both, and upon our son, who will, I trust, with God's help, grow up to deserve it.[1] We feel additionally flattered by your Majesty's goodness in having sanctioned the name we wished to give him, after one which your Majesty's reign has rendered dear and memorable to every one of your Majesty's subjects, and having also so graciously added to it another name which will associate the first with that of one of the most deservedly beloved princesses in Europe. Lord Salisbury has most kindly consented to be one of my boy's godfathers, and I have asked Lady Lytton's cousin, Lord Clarendon, to be the other. We trust, therefore, that your Majesty will kindly allow us to add to the names of Victoria and Alexander those of George

[1] The Queen had graciously asked to be godmother to the child.

and Robert: the first in memory of my wife's uncle, to whom we were both tenderly attached; the second, after that of my kind and generous chief, Lord Salisbury. Apropos of the more illustrious name of Alexander, I have just made the discovery that your Majesty's present godchild was born on the birthday of the poet Dryden, who appropriately celebrated, by anticipation, some centuries ago, "The Feast of Alexander." But that is no wonder, as Dryden is said to have been an astrologer as well as a poet, and may, therefore, have foreseen the future.

Much excitement in the Anglo-Indian papers was caused at this time by what came to be known as "The Fuller Case."

Lord Lytton writes of it: "I am just now being most energetically abused by all the Indian newspapers for having suspended a magistrate, who fined an Englishman sixty shillings as what he considered an adequate punishment for killing his native servant. But it does me no harm; for I feel no doubt whatever that my action in this case was right in law as well as right in justice."[1]

With the help of his Finance Minister, Lord Lytton this year paved the way for the financial reforms which were carried out in 1878.

To Mr. John Morley. *Mushobra, September* 9, 1876.

Dearest Morley,—I have had very uphill work with my Council on all these foreign questions. But I no longer feel any anxiety about Khelat. I am now drafting a treaty which will place our future relations with that state on impregnable ground; and if I can only get my colleagues to agree to it, I anticipate no difficulty in

[1] To Mrs. Villiers, August 12, 1876.

signing it with the Khan on my way to Delhi.[1] This, together with the arrangements I hope to effect simultaneously with Kashmir, will enable us to turn the flank of Sher Ali. But 'tis at best a *pis aller*, and certainly nothing can be more sinister than the present prospects or condition of our relations with the Amir. He is now in close correspondence with Kaufmann, and receiving Russian agents in rapid succession; whilst he shuts the door of Afghanistan fast in our faces, refuses to admit a British officer into any part of his dominions, and carries on a dangerous flirtation with the Turkomans, regardless of our advice, and under our very noses. However, I have great faith in the helpful influences of time and patience, when one has a definite and determined policy to *be helped* by them; though none in the Micawber policy of "waiting for something to turn up." Lord Auckland's unhappy Afghan Expedition has been a lasting misfortune to India, for it has paralysed the common sense of all his successors, and bequeathed to the Government of India a perfectly unreasoning panic about everything that concerns our relations with Afghanistan. *Me judice*, the three great faults of our past frontier policy have been:—

1. Putting all our eggs into one basket;
2. Publicly proclaiming that, if those eggs are broken, we cannot make an omelette; and
3. Taking no precaution whatever to keep this precious basket under our own arm.

As I cannot get a firm hold on the basket, I content myself for the present with taking the eggs quietly out of it, and placing them in safer receptacles; and this is what I am now doing. In home affairs, I have just

[1] The terms of the treaty were drafted with a view to securing the following objects:—

(1) Commanding British influence in Khelat.
(2) The support of a strong and settled government there.
(3) The freedom and security of the Bolan Pass and other trade-routes.
(4) A permanent British officer and hospital at Quettah.

had a piece of good luck which proves that "favourable opportunities" must be made, and not waited for till they make themselves. I suspect that "Opportunity" is a female goddess and likes to be forced. One of the first things that struck me as soon as I began to look round me in India was the discreditable absurdity of maintaining at a considerable expense a huge wall of China across the heart of India, for preventing the circulation of a commodity which in this country more than any other is a necessity of life—viz. salt. When I demurred to the wisdom of such a system, I was told that if I touched a stone of this temple of the fiscal Solomons of the past I should be buried alive under the ruins of it. That all my predecessors in their green period had—like me—begun by lamenting its inconvenience, but in their ripened season had ended, as I should do, by acknowledging its necessity. I said, "Let us test the necessity before we acknowledge it." The unanimous official answer was, "The opportunity is not yet favourable." Why? "Because you cannot equalise the duties on British salt till you have got the salt supplies of all the Rajputana States into your own hands, you can't get the Rajputana salt into your own hands till you are able to undersell it by cheapening British salt, and you can't cheapen British salt without equalising the duties. So you are in a vicious circle, and besides, separate negotiations with the Rajputana States even would be the business of years." So, as I could not afford to "wait years," I determined to make a beginning at once, and by the favour of the gods I discovered one man who was ready to go up with me to Gilgal to battle.[1] In less than a month's time we had reduced all the difficulties of negotiation with the Rajputana States to one—Bhurtpore—and with this state they seemed so formidable that even my solitary supporter lost heart and wanted to postpone them till next year. But after a tough fight with the Public Works

[1] Sir John Strachey.

Dept., I got the Agra State Railway to reduce its freight on our Sambhur salt from 7 to 4 annas per maund, and then enticed the Maharajah to Simla; where we have so frightened him with the prospective ruin of his own salt revenue that, although he only arrived here eight days ago, he has this afternoon offered to give up all his salt mines and manufactures, undertaking to provide other employment for those engaged in them, if we will give him at once a certain pecuniary compensation. The terms he has stated are quite reasonable, and we could have afforded to be even more liberal for the attainment of a great object, despite our depreciated rupee. This has put me in very cheery heart. For although, of course, the demolition of our huge customs cordon is not a short business, and may even be the work of a couple of years, I think I shall now be able to announce its death-warrant in our next Budget statement, and to see, if I live a few years longer, the completion of a reform which (even if financial exigencies compel me at starting to make a slight temporary increase in the salt duties of the two Southern Presidencies) will eventually and ere long confer on the people of India an unlimited supply of cheap salt and free sugar, besides relieving the transit trade of the Empire from a heavy incubus.

The imperial assemblage at Delhi promises fair to be a great success. We anticipated great difficulty in getting all the chiefs to come, a difficulty which I thought it best to risk. But every one of them has enthusiastically accepted my invitation. The entire Press, native and English, have taken the announcement most favourably, and the thing grows daily more and more popular. I anticipate from it a good effect on all the frontier states. But the danger of failure lies in the almost unmanageably vast dimensions which the undertaking has already assumed. However, I have sanitary, decorative, military, and other committees sitting daily to work out the details, and we have a fair measure of time before us.

The Queen seems to take a great personal interest in the affair, and insists upon drawing the designs for the medals herself.

My official relations with Salisbury are delightful. It is impossible to do business with him and not love him. I can't conceive how he ever acquired the reputation of being overbearing. I find him singularly considerate, most sympathetic, and most loyal in supporting me through my difficulties.

And now enough about India. Of personal matters I have little to say, except that my health is, as you will guess from this garrulous letter, improving; that my dear wife is as well as can be, and the newborn and his sisters, ditto. But we have much sickness and anxiety in the house: our two English nurses still dangerously ill of typhoid fever; the English governess, ditto, though not, I think, dangerously so; my English manservant (poor Green) sickening of it; and one of my A.D.C.'s obliged to go home invalided with a depreciated tho' enlarged liver.

To another friend he writes:—

I must not omit to tell you that my relations with Salisbury are delightful. He is so generous, so loyal, so considerate and sympathising, that it is a real privilege to work with him. Dizzy also is a courageous supporter, and the Queen, who is godmother to our boy, is most kind and friendly. The letters I receive from H.M. give me a great stimulus to serve her faithfully.

The news of the proclamation of the Queen's title to be made at Delhi was announced on September 11, and "all the principal chiefs responded with enthusiasm" to the Viceroy's appeal. The only difficulty was in restraining the size of the assemblage within reasonable limits.

In the first instance the entire Press, English

and native, received the announcement of the assemblage with approval, but in the late autumn news of the threatened famine in Bombay and Madras started hostile criticism. Money, it was said, was being spent on pageants when the people were starving. Lord Lytton, however, wrote:—

I am strongly of opinion that the Delhi meeting has become more important than ever. In the first place, if we are on the eve of a war,[1] it is of vital importance to rouse the enthusiasm and secure the loyalty of all our great feudatories; and no such opportunity of doing this has ever occurred before, or is likely to occur again. . . . Again, if we are really threatened with a serious famine, necessitating additional imperial taxation, and upsetting all our present financial calculations, the same opportunity will most advantageously enable the Government of India to enter into timely and personal consultation with the heads of local administrations on the subject of the financial policy required to meet the situation.

On the 14th of October the Viceroy left Simla on his autumnal tour. He was accompanied by Lady Lytton, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Burne, Dr. and Mrs. Barnett, Lord William Beresford, A.D.C., Captain Rose, A.D.C., and for the time being by the various civil and political officers through whose districts he passed.

To MR. JOHN MORLEY. *Camp Chubai, October* 29, 1876.

The march through the Himalayas is glorious. The weather heavenly, the scenery really sublime. Our life in camp, a gypsy life under canvas, with a tribe of 1500 followers, is very merry and healthful.

[1] With Russia.

To MR. VILLERS (*about the march in* 1876).
Written in 1877.

Dans ma tournée de l'année passée a travers les Himalayas vers la frontière, j'ai passé par les territoires du Rajah de Mundi. Ce Prince est Poète; il fait des Stokas en mon honneur. Et quand je le vois nous causons Sakoontala, et le Mahabharata. Comme tous les poètes il est très nerveux et un peu bizarre; du reste un petit homme très aimable et fort loyal à notre raj. Ce qu'il y a pourtant de plus curieux que le Rajah, c'est un lac mysterieux qui se trouve dans son petit royaume. Dans ce lac il y a deux isles; ces deux isles, sont assez grandes, très boisées, et couvertes de temples. Elles sont des isles flottantes; mais elles ne flottent qu'en obéissant à l'invocation d'une seule personne—le Prince du royaume. Une fois chaque année il y a un grand jour de fête—fête religeuse—ce jour là le Rajah entouré des grands dignitaires de sa cour et de son culte (il est Hindu) arrive, les trompettes sonnantes, sur le bord du lac. Là il somme les isles miraculeuses de venir à sa rencontre; et aussitôt que le prince les a appellé voila les isles qui se mettent en mouvement, et nagent vers le bord du lac, jusqu'à ce qu'elles arrivent devant le Rajah. Alors, le Rajah et sa cour s'embarquent sur les isles, et font le tour du lac. Après quoi le prince congédie les isles en les remerciant; et les isles, en saluant le prince de toutes leurs arbres, retournent a leur place au centre du lac. Ce petit Rajah de Mundi, a aussi une mine de sel parmi les sommets des Himalayas. Je dis mine ne sachant pas le mot dont je dois me servir, mais ce n'est pas une mine du tout et je crois que je dois dire carrière saline. C'est a dire que la plus part du rocher, ne consiste que du sel pur, qu'on travaille d'une façon fort primitive. Quand j'ai entré dans le térritoire du Rajah, son altesse est venu à ma rencontre. Quand un Rajah reçoit un

Viceroy il faut qu'il fasse tirer 21 coups de cannon en honneur de l'arrivée du Viceroy. C'est dans sa carrière de sel, parmi les Himalayas que le Rajah m'a reçu. L'endroit est fort beau. Des trônes et des tapis avaient été posés sur un précipice escarpé et fort sauvage, parmi les nuages et les aigles, en face d'un vaste amphithéatre de montagnes salines. Mais ici mon bon petit rajah ne pouvait pas faire monter des cannons. Dans ces circonstances au lieu de faire tirer 21 coups de cannons, il a fait sauter 21 livres de sel. Un morceau de ce sel m'a été apporté. Je le trouvais fort joli; et j'ai dis au Rajah que j'allais sur le champ le faire expédier à un ami cheri que j'avais a Vienne, qui était a la fois poète et savant, et par conséquent le seul homme digne de le posséder, d'autant plus que mon ami était très intime avec le bon Fichtra, de qui mon Rajah pretend être descendu. Là dessus le Rajah me fait quelques Stokas que j'oublie— avec force Salaams. Alors, sur le champs des ordres ont été donnés pour que ce petit morceau de sel vous soit expédié, mais j'ai oublié de vous écrire en même temps. Voilà donc l'histoire. Elle est salée, n'est-ce pas?

To LADY HOLLAND. *Peshawur Camp, November* 22, 1876.

Our camp life in the hills, and journeyings, performed partly on horseback and partly on foot, over precipices ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and amidst magnificent scenery, in the very cradle of the world's mightiest races, were exceedingly delightful, and have done me more good than all the doctors' stuff I have been taking for the last six months. But now we have descended to the ordinary level of life, and henceforth our way lies along the plains. The Kangra Valley, the great seat of the tea-planters, is so beautiful that I have been quite consoled by the sight of it for my inability to visit the Vale of Cashmere this year. The most original part of our march was our descent of the river

Ravi on beds placed across buffalo-skins inflated with air, and here called mussacks. These mussacks are guided down the rapids by men who swim alongside of them the whole way. It is a mode of locomotion which really transports one into remotest antiquity, for I remember to have seen an exact representation of it on the Assyrian sculptures in the British Museum. In this wonderfully conservative East custom seems immortal, and in some shape or other the past is always present. At Sultampore the village gods came out to meet me; twelve hundred silver images on arks, or sacred cars, and preceded by minstrels, whose instruments probably differed in no important particulars from those which David played before the Ark of the Hebrews.

At Muddhapore we were very splendidly entertained by the Maharajah of Cashmere, and there, for the first time in my life, I mounted an elephant.

This morning I breakfasted on the first Indian battle-field of Alexander the Great, and this afternoon we made a state entry into Peshawur.

Extract from Letter to THE QUEEN. *Camp Dalhousie, November* 15, 1876.

Treaty with Khan of Khelat.

I must now ask your Majesty's permission to say a few words on the subject of our frontier relations, which derive special importance from the present critical condition of the Eastern question. To begin with Khelat. Through the territories of this state your Majesty's Indian Empire is most open to attack, either from the Russian army of the Caspian, or from Afghanistan, if the Amir of Kabul were to enter into any alliance hostile to us. The assured co-operation or allegiance of this state, in case of war, is therefore essential to our means of defence or aggression. Six months ago, Khelat was seething with civil war; the

LADY LYTTON, 1876

From a Photograph by Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd, Simla

conduct of the Khan had been so unsatisfactory that we had broken off relations with His Highness, and no power remained in the state strong enough, or friendly enough, to control the predatory border tribes who had rendered all the trade-routes impassable, and were, with impunity, incessantly devastating our own territory, and plundering our own subjects. Some of the most experienced political officers of your Majesty's Indian Government advised the Government to depose the Khan and take forcible possession of his country; others proposed that we should enter into separate relations with the tribes and purchase their good behaviour (as the Romans of the Lower Empire purchased that of the barbarians) by paying them subsidies. The first of these two proposals appeared to me injudicious, and, indeed, impracticable; for I am convinced it would not have been supported by public opinion in England, where persons of all parties are frightened by the word "annexation." The second proposal also seemed to me pusillanimous and unworthy of a great empire. I have now, however, the satisfaction of being able to inform your Majesty that the Khan of Khelat has agreed to sign with me a treaty, the terms of which will make us virtually the masters of Khelat, not by annexing the country, but by re-establishing the Khan's authority on conditions which secure his implicit allegiance. This treaty puts an end to civil war in Khelat, and provides, I think, adequate guarantees against its recurrence. It is hailed with satisfaction by the Sirdars and the tribes, as well as by the Prince himself; and it secures for ever to the British Government the right and the power to place British troops at any time in any part of the Khanate. In anticipation of the conclusion of the treaty, and in view of the uncertain character of our present relations with Russia, I have, with the full assent, and, indeed, at the express request of the Khan, already thrown a small British force into Quettah, a post of great strategical importance in the event of war. The trade-routes have been re-opened, and commerce has peaceably resumed

its customary course. The Khan agrees to meet me on my march round the frontier, for the purpose of signing the treaty, and afterwards to attend the imperial assemblage at Delhi, accompanied by all his principal Sirdars, for the purpose of there publicly doing homage to your Majesty as his suzerain. I anticipate from this arrangement a great increase to our influence and prestige beyond the frontier.

On the evening of December 7 the Viceroy and his staff reached Jacobabad, and the treaty with the Khan and all his Sirdars was executed on December 8.

Extract from LADY LYTTON'S *Diary.*

An escort came out to meet us about four miles before we got to Jacobabad, and the road was lined with troops. Major Sandeman also brought a troop of Sirdars, and specimens of the roughest tribes about Khelat. There were two arches, flags flying everywhere, and guns firing, and the place looked very pretty with many large trees. We were tired on arriving at Jacob's Castle, as it is called, a large house built by General Jacob who founded the place, and all the English officers used to live in this one house. Of course, there was a dinner party, and R. again sat up late, till two, over work.

From LORD LYTTON *to* SIR HENRY NORMAN.
December 12, 1876.

Early in the morning after my arrival, I received, in a great public durbar, the Khan (who had previously telegraphed to me *en route*, offering to meet me on the road—an offer which I declined with thanks) and all

his Sirdars, not one of whom was absent. The little Khan was obviously either very nervous or very much alarmed, and trembled violently when I led him to his seat. He has the furtive face and restless eye of a little hunted wild beast which has long lived in daily danger of its life. But his manners are good, and as soon as it loses its expression of alarm and mistrust his countenance is not unpleasing. The durbar was most picturesque and uncouth. Immediately afterwards I made him a return visit, which was purely complimentary; and after luncheon, as soon as the English levee was over, I had a private interview with the Khan, his chief Sirdars and Ministers, Thornton, Munro, Sandeman, Burne, and Colley only.

The treaty was then signed quite privately, without any salvos or public demonstrations, as I think it best not to publish it immediately; and I addressed both the Khan and the Sirdars at some length in explanation of their mutual obligations to each other and to us, under the terms of it. To these injunctions and warnings the response from both sides was all that could be wished. Both Khan and Sirdars appear to understand every clause of the treaty thoroughly, and to be equally delighted with it. They left me about sunset; and this being the hour of prayer, they all knelt down together outside the house before mounting their horses, and offered thanks to Allah for the day's event. Khan and Sirdars are now on their way to Delhi.

CHAPTER XV

INDIA—(*continued*)

1877, AET. 45–46

> Man
> Would be deprived of grandeur if his life
> Had nothing grand whereon to place a crown,
> And nothing grander will it ever have
> Than a grand king.—*King Poppy.*

ON the 1st of January the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India at a great durbar on the plain of Delhi, in the presence of 68,000 visitors, including the ruling chiefs and princes of India, 300 native noblemen and gentlemen, the heads of every government of India, and many European visitors.

The Government at home had not sanctioned Lord Lytton's proposals to establish an Indian Privy Council and native peerage, and these schemes had been reduced to an association of some of the leading native princes, with the principal advisers of the Indian Government as "Councillors of the Empress." The further acts carried out in connection with the proclamation were as follows: Services hitherto inadequately recognised were rewarded; pensions enjoyed by loyal ancient native families were increased; numerous increased salaries for life were granted to the principal native chiefs; to each chief entitled to a salute was presented, in the name of the Queen, a large silken banner, bearing on one side the royal arms and on the other his own, to be carried henceforth at all State ceremonials in front

of those to whom they were given. Gold and silver medals commemorative of the day were also struck, and delivered respectively to each chief and to other selected persons. Honorary titles were conferred on more than 200 native noblemen and gentlemen. Honours were also conferred on the British portion of the community, and on the day of proclamation nearly 16,000 prisoners were released throughout British India.

From LORD SALISBURY *to* LORD LYTTON.
Rome, November 29, 1876.

The only point in respect of your Delhi address on which I can usefully say anything (for on all essential points you are a better judge than I am) is to ask you, as to the form of it, to remember that you have two audiences: one in India, oriental, fond of the warm colours of oratory, and pardoning exaggeration more easily than coldness; the other partly in India, mainly in England, frigid, captious, Quakerish, Philistine, only considering a composition faultless when it has been divested of all richness and all force. It would be very agreeable to speak entirely for the benefit of one audience only: a task of appalling difficulty to please both. Yet it must be attempted.

From LORD LYTTON *to* THE QUEEN. *Delhi, Pattiala, Umballa, Aligurrh, Agra; December* 23, 1876, *to January* 10, 1877.

MADAM,—I have so much to report to your Majesty, and so little time to write, that I should scarcely know where to begin this letter, if personal gratitude did not claim precedence even over public business. Yesterday was rendered eventful to Lady Lytton and myself by

our receipt of the splendid and beautiful cup which your Majesty has deigned to confer upon our favoured baby boy. It is impossible for me to express to your Majesty the pride we feel in being honoured by this exquisite gift from the beloved and revered hand of "Our Queen and gracious Lady," nor how greatly we admire the beauty and perfect taste of it as a work of art. This beautiful *tassa* will be an heirloom, cherished, I hope, for generations in a family to which your Majesty's godson, if his life be spared, will bequeath those sentiments of grateful and devoted loyalty which it is now his father's privilege to express on his behalf.

The day before yesterday (December 23), I arrived, with Lady Lytton and all my staff, at Delhi, punctually to the hour which was fixed three months ago. I was received at the station by all the native chiefs and princes, and before alighting from the train, I addressed to them a few words of welcome to Delhi, and thanks for the cordiality with which they had responded to the Viceroy's invitation. These were translated by Mr. Thornton, the Officiating Foreign Secretary; and then, after shaking hands with Kashmir, Sindiah, Holkar, the Nizam, Jeypore, and others, I immediately mounted my elephant, accompanied by Lady Lytton, our two little girls following us on another elephant. The procession through Delhi to the camp, which we only reached towards sunset, lasted upwards of three hours. It was a magnificent and most successful pageant. The Viceroy and staff were followed by the chief functionaries, civil and military, of your Majesty's Indian Government, mounted on elephants splendidly caparisoned. The streets were lined for many miles by the troops; those of the native princes being brigaded with those of your Majesty. The crowd along the whole way, behind the troops, was dense, and apparently enthusiastic; the windows, walls, and housetops being thronged with natives, who salaamed, and Europeans,

who cheered as we passed along. . . . The infinite variety of the non-British native troops presented a most striking and peculiar appearance. Those who saw it will probably never again behold in one spot so vivid and various a display of strange arms, strange uniforms, and strange figures. . . . Your Majesty's Highlanders were the admiration of all who beheld them, and your Majesty may well be proud of these splendid troops.

My reception by the native princes at the station was most cordial. The Maharajah of Jeypore (who has lighted the Viceroy's camp with gas of his own manufacture) informed Sir John Strachey that India had never seen such a gathering as this, in which not only all the great native princes (many of whom have never met before), but also chiefs and envoys from Khelat, Burmah, Siam, and the remotest parts of the East, are assembled to do homage to your Majesty. He himself, he said, could hardly realise the difficulties which had been overcome, or the success which had been achieved, by this assemblage; and, indeed, up to the present moment there is, so far as I can ascertain, only one opinion on the part of Europeans, as well as natives, that our great undertaking has commenced most successfully, with every promise of a no less successful conclusion. . . .

I began this letter to your Majesty on the evening of my arrival at Delhi; but my time since then has been so incessantly occupied by other duties to your Majesty that I have only been able to continue it interruptedly at rare intervals of time. I will now endeavour to give your Majesty a short account of all that has happened up to date, without breaking the narrative by dating the interruptions in it.

Sunday and Christmas Day were days of rest. Divine service was performed in the Viceroy's camp by the Bishop of Madras and Archdeacon Baly: and special prayers were offered up for your Majesty in reference to the event we were about to celebrate. Our Christmas Day

was saddened by a sudden and deeply felt bereavement. Captain Clayton of your Majesty's 9th Lancers, who was attached to my staff as an extra aide-de-camp at Delhi, broke his neck by a fall from his pony, whilst playing at polo, and expired in the course of the night. This excellent and most efficient officer was warmly beloved by all who knew him. His untimely death is a great loss to your Majesty's service, and a lasting sorrow to his fellow-officers and many friends. To poor Lord William Beresford, who, from boyhood, had known and loved him as a brother, the shock and grief of it have been quite heartrending to witness. I have written to express my deep sympathy to the officers and men of his regiment. He has been buried in the camp at Delhi.

On Tuesday (December 26), from 10 A.M. till past 7 P.M., I was, without a moment's intermission, occupied in receiving visits from native chiefs, and bestowing on those entitled to them the banners, medals, and other honours given by your Majesty. The durbar, which lasted all day and long after dark, was most successful. The order of the chiefs' visits to the Viceroy had been carefully arranged on a new principle, which completely obviated all difficulties and heartburnings about precedence, and each of them left my tent radiant with pleasure and surprise, and profuse in protestations of the most grateful and devoted loyalty. The medals are most artistic. They are universally admired. Their recipients seem to be exceedingly proud of them; and there is already a growing competition amongst both Europeans and natives to obtain even the silver ones; which, I may say, have been particularly useful, by enabling me, in your Majesty's name, to distinguish many minor services for which no other decoration, or honour of any kind, was available. The banners, which are splendidly embroidered by hand on the finest Chinese satins of every colour (the colours chosen for each being those most appropriate to the ruling prince to which it was given), have had a great

effect. Their only fault, which I had not anticipated, is that the brass poles, which are elaborately worked, make them so heavy that it requires the united efforts of two stalwart Highlanders to carry one of them; and, consequently, the native chiefs who have received them will, in future processions, be obliged, I anticipate, to hoist them on the backs of elephants. This is what they did on the first occasion of their use in procession at the review I held on the day of my departure from Delhi. Your Majesty's portrait,[1] which was placed over the Viceregal throne in the great durbar tent, was thought by all who saw it to be a very good copy, and an excellent likeness of your Majesty. The native chiefs examined it with special interest.

On Wednesday, the 27th, I received visits from native chiefs, as before, from 10 A.M. till 1 P.M., and from 1½ P.M. to 7½ P.M. was passed in returning visits. I forgot to mention that on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings I gave great State dinners to the Governors of Bombay and Madras. Every subsequent evening of my stay at Delhi was similarly occupied by State banquets and receptions to the Lieutenant-Governors, the Commanders-in-Chief, and the Governor-General of Goa. To these dinners the Siamese, Nepaulese, and Yarkand ambassadors were invited, besides many distinguished natives. After dinner on Thursday, I held a levee, which lasted till one o'clock at night, and is said to have been attended by 2500 persons —the largest, I believe, ever held by any Viceroy or Governor-General in India.

After referring to the spontaneous expressions of loyal enthusiasm uttered by Sindiah at the great proclamation, and to the gratitude of Holkar for the promised rectification of the Khandeish boundary in his favour—a gratitude which took the practical form of an immediate subscription of £800 to the famine

[1] A copy of Angeli's half-length portrait.

expenses of the British Government—the letter goes on to say:—

The satisfactory and cordial assurances received from Kashmir are, perhaps, less important, because his loyalty was previously assured. But your Majesty will, perhaps, allow me to mention, in connection with the name of this prince, one little circumstance which appears to me very illustrative of the effect which the assemblage has had on him and others. In the first interviews which took place months ago between myself and Kashmir, and which resulted in my securing his assent to the appointment of a British officer at Gilgit, I noticed that, though perfectly courteous, he was extremely mistrustful of the British Government and of myself. He seemed to think that every word I had said to him must have a hidden meaning against which he was bound to be on his guard. During our negotiation he was careful to keep all his councillors round him, and he referred to them before answering any question I put to him: and although he finally agreed to my proposals, he did so with obvious reluctance and suspicion, after taking a night to think them over. On the day following the Imperial assemblage, I had another private interview with Kashmir for the settlement of some further details. His whole manner and language on this last occasion were strikingly different. He spontaneously dismissed all his councillors, no one besides ourselves remaining in the room, except Mr. Thornton, my own Foreign Secretary, and Colonel Burne;[1] and when I began to explain to him the reasons why I wished him to do certain things, he stopped me at once by saying: "It is unnecessary to explain all that. I am now convinced that you mean nothing that is not for the good of me and mine. Our interests are identical with those of the empire. Give me your orders and they shall be obeyed."

I have already mentioned to your Majesty that one of the sons of Kashmir acted as my page at the

assemblage.[1] I can truly affirm that all the native princes, great and small, with whom I was previously acquainted vied with each other in doing honour to the occasion, and I sincerely believe that this great gathering has also enabled me to establish the most cordial and confidential personal relations with a great many others whom I then met for the first time.

Thursday the 28th was passed, like the preceding days, in receiving and returning the visits of the native princes, with a dinner and levee in the evening. This levee was so numerously attended, and the difficulty of making arrangements for the convenience and good order of so large a crowd under canvas, and in tents, to which the entries and modes of egress are necessarily somewhat small in size and limited in number, was so great that the crowd became almost unmanageable; and as many persons thus suffered from the crush, some Europeans who had come to Delhi resolved to find there a pretext for grumbling, being able to find no other, complained that proper arrangements had not been made for their comfort in connection with this levee. But really I know not what more could have been done than was done by the members of my staff, who, though their number had been largely increased for the occasion, had been working day and night for more than a week at the complicated arrangements necessary for the entertainment of the Viceroy's numerous guests, and the countless other details connected with the assemblage. For my own part, I cannot express too warmly my admiration of the intelligence and foresight of all their arrangements, nor my gratitude for the cheerful devotion with which they have borne all their fatiguing labours; especially are my thanks due to Colonel Burne and Colonel Colley, who, during the last fortnight, cannot have slept more than two hours out of the forty-eight, and to whose indefatigable exertions the complete success of the assemblage is mainly due. If the vast

[1] The Viceroy's other page was a young midshipman in H.M. Navy.

number of persons collected together at Delhi, and all almost entirely under canvas, be fairly taken into consideration—a number including the highest executive officers of your Majesty's administration from every part of India, each with his own personal staff; all the members of my own Council, with their wives and families, who were entertained as the Viceroy's personal guests; all the representatives of the Press, native and European; upwards of 15,000 British troops, besides about 450 native princes and nobles, each with a following of from 2 to 500 attendants; the foreign ambassadors with their suites; the foreign consuls; a large number of the rudest and most unmanageable trans-frontier chieftains with their horses and camels, &c.; and then an incalculably large concourse of private persons attracted by curiosity from every corner of the country—I say if all this be fairly remembered, no candid person will, I think, deny that to bring together, lodge, and feed so vast a crowd without a single case of sickness, or a single accident due to defective arrangements, without a moment's confusion or an hour's failure in the provision of supplies, and then to have sent them all away satisfied and loud in their expressions of gratitude for the munificent hospitality with which they had been entertained (at an expenditure of public money scrupulously moderate), was an achievement highly creditable to all concerned in carrying it out. Sir Dinkur Rao (Sindiah's great Minister) said to one of my colleagues: "If any man would understand why it is that the English are, and must necessarily remain, the masters of India, he need only go up to the Flagstaff Tower, and look down upon this marvellous camp. Let him notice the method, the order, the cleanliness, the discipline, the perfection of its whole organisation, and he will recognise in it at once the epitome of every title to command and govern which one race can possess over others." This anecdote reminds me of another which may perhaps please your Majesty. Holkar said to me when I took leave of him:

"India has been till now a vast heap of stones, some of them big, some of them small. Now the house is built, and from roof to basement each stone of it is in the right place."

The Khan of Khelat and his wild Sirdars were, I think, the chief objects of curiosity and interest to our Europeans. . . . On the Khan himself and all his Sirdars, the assemblage seems to have made an impression more profound even than I had anticipated. Less than a year ago they were all at war with each other, but they have left Delhi with mutual embraces, and a very salutary conviction that the Power they witnessed there is resolved that they shall henceforth keep the peace and not disturb its frontiers with their squabbles. The Khan asked to have a banner given to him. It was explained to His Highness that banners were only given to your Majesty's feudatories, and that he, being an independent prince, could not receive one without compromising his independence. He replied: "But I *am* a feudatory of the Empress, a feudatory quite as loyal and obedient as any other. I don't want to be an independent prince, and I do want to have my banner like all the rest. Pray let me have it."

I anticipate an excellent effect by-and-by from the impressions which the yet wilder envoys and Sirdars of Chitral and Yassin will carry with them from Delhi, and propagate throughout that important part of our frontier where the very existence of the British Government has hitherto been almost unrealised, except as that of a very weak power, popularly supposed in Kafristan to be exceedingly afraid of Russia. Two Burmese noblemen, from the remotest part of Burmah, said to me: "The King of Burmah fancies he is the greatest prince upon earth. When we go back, we shall tell all his people that he is nobody. Never since the world began has there been in it such a power as we have witnessed here." These Burmese are writing a journal or memoir of their impressions and experiences

at Delhi, of which they have promised me a copy. I have no doubt it will be very curious and amusing. Kashmir and some other native princes have expressed a wish to present your Majesty with an Imperial crown of great value; but as each insists upon it that the crown shall be exclusively his own gift, I have discouraged an idea which, if carried out, would embarrass your Majesty with the gift of half-a-dozen different crowns, and probably provoke bitter heart-burnings amongst the donors. The Rajpootana chiefs talk of erecting a marble statue of the Empress on the spot where the assemblage was held; and several native noblemen have already intimated to me their intention of building bridges, or other public works, and founding charities, to be called after your Majesty in commemoration of the event.

But I must resume my narrative.

Friday, the 29th, was passed in receiving native noblemen and decorating them, and in presenting banners to the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, and medals to the Members of Council and others entitled to receive them. On Saturday, the 30th, I received the Khan of Khelat, paid some final return visits, had interviews with the Nizam, the ladies of the Gaekwar's family, the Begum of Bhopal, and the Princess of Tanjore. In the afternoon I held a long and very important Council, at which we settled various arrangements for the administration of the famine districts, about which we could not possibly have effected a satisfactory understanding with the local governments had it not been for the Imperial assemblage, which afforded us the means of taking the Governors of Madras and Bombay into personal conference. I think it fair to Sir Philip Wodehouse to inform your Majesty that he appears to me to be dealing with the scarcity in Bombay on sound principles and with great efficiency. But we have been obliged to send Sir Richard Temple to Madras to stop an alarming waste of money which would, in our

opinion, if unchecked, eventually lead to a great waste of life in that Presidency. The Imperial assemblage, which has brought together all the principal Talukdars of Oudh, has also enabled me to complete, with their concurrence, arrangements for the early annexation of Oudh to the North-West Provinces. In fact, the great pageant at Delhi, so far from being a mere empty show, has enabled me to settle promptly and satisfactorily a great many important administrative questions.

Sunday, the 31*st.*—The accumulation of famine and other business obliged me to work hard all the morning. But in the afternoon I was able to visit the beautiful Kutub (one of the wonders of Delhi), where the Duke of Buckingham, with his daughters (and Lord and Lady Downe, who are now staying with us, and whose visit is the greatest comfort to Lady Lytton and the greatest joy to us both), picnicked with us among the ruins.

Monday was the day of the assemblage, which I cannot attempt to describe to your Majesty. The weather was fortunately most fine. Every one who witnessed it is unanimous in the opinion that it was the grandest spectacle and the most impressive they had ever seen. The afternoon was passed in the transaction of business; and at a State banquet during the evening it was my privilege to propose the health of your Majesty as Empress of India.

To MAJOR-GENERAL H. T. PONSONBY.
Benares, January 12, 1877.

It has hitherto been uncustomary for any female member of the Viceroy's family to appear in any public ceremony to which natives of rank are admitted; the notion being that the strict seclusion, not to say suppression, of the female sex is so prevalent throughout the East, that the appearance in public of any Englishwoman, of the least rank or position, would shock native prejudices, and lower her in the eyes of the natives. I

was, however, persuaded, from my previous personal intercourse with the better class of natives in India, that this was merely one of those anachronistic official traditions of our own, which have lasted so long because no one has taken the trouble to question the sense of them, and that the danger apprehended by all my official advisers as likely to arise from the abrogation of it was a purely imaginary one. Nobody admits more readily than I do the duty and propriety of forbearance and conciliation towards native sentiment, and even towards native prejudice, in all matters that concern exclusively the domestic or religious life of the natives themselves; but I cannot admit that we are bound to conform our own social life and customs to the low standard of those whose masters we are by reason of our superior social enlightenment. In any case, the particular prejudice which this un-English custom was intended to satisfy appears to me to be one which it is not only beneath our dignity and self-respect to adopt and incorporate into our own manners and customs, but also contrary to the acknowledged principles of our policy, and the best interests of our Government, to encourage and perpetuate on the part of the natives themselves. We have put down *suttee* with the strong hand, and have done much to improve the position of Hindu widows and Mahometan wives. We are establishing *zenana* schools throughout India, and exhorting the better class of natives to educate their women and humanise female life in their homes. Is it consistent with such a policy to stultify our precepts by our practice, or to select, for conforming our own conduct to a prejudice we deprecate and deplore, those occasions, of all others, when our power is most conspicuously displayed, and our wisdom most publicly proclaimed? To me the adoption of such a course seemed singularly inappropriate to the solemn proclamation of the title of a female Sovereign to the Empire of all India. We had already decided on a great innovation in another direction by taking occasion

of the Imperial assemblage for doing away with the worn-out and inconvenient system of exchanging presents ; and it appeared to me that the occasion was a singularly fit and favourable one for introducing a more rational procedure in this direction also. I therefore decided that Lady Lytton should accompany me in my State entry into Delhi, and also have a place on the daïs behind the Viceregal throne at the assemblage. I trust that Her Majesty will not disapprove of this arrangement. I can truly say that the effect of it has been most satisfactory. So far from shocking the native princes, it has, to all appearances, greatly flattered and pleased them. Each of those who were present at the Viceroy's subsequent receptions spontaneously asked to be presented to Lady Lytton, and all of them showed her the most deferential and courteous attention. When she afterwards appeared at the races, they rose, greeted, and conversed with her as respectfully and cordially as the most polished English gentleman could have done. Such conduct on their part was an entire novelty, surprising to many, and gratifying to all who witnessed it; and I fully believe that the course adopted in the ceremonials at Delhi, if judiciously followed up, will help to bridge over at least some portion of the inconvenient and deplorable gulf which unavoidably exists between English and native society.

In officially reporting the proceedings at Delhi in connection with the proclamation of Her Majesty's imperial title, I shall abstain from asking for any public recognition, or reward, of the services rendered to me on that occasion by the members of my staff, lest my own appreciation of them should be thought partial or interested. But I think it only fair to Colonel Burne and Colonel Colley, my private and military secretaries, that the invaluable assistance I have received from them, and the great labour and anxiety they have undergone, in promoting and ensuring the success of an undertaking of such historical and political importance, should not be

altogether unknown to Her Majesty, in whose great reign this event is a happy epoch.

To Sir James Stephen, K.C.S.I. *January* 11, 1877.

The assembly has been a complete success, beyond the most sanguine expectations. . . . We have not had a single accident, a single hitch, a single difficulty about precedence, a single case of sickness, a moment's confusion, or an hour's failure of supply, although the concourse at Delhi was gigantic. All the native chiefs have gone away in the best possible humour, and profuse in expressions of loyalty and personal satisfaction. . . . Both the assembly itself and the subsequent review are declared by all who witnessed them to have been spectacles unique in the magnificence of their effect. And I feel no doubt when our visitors from Burmah, Nepaul, and the chiefs and Sirdars of Beluchistan, Chitral, and Yassin return to their own homes the political influence of our great Tomasha will be far-reaching along the whole frontier.

To Mr. John Morley. *Calcutta, January* 19, 1877.

My dearest Morley,—I have ill deserved the extraordinary pleasure you have given me by your delightful letters from Italy. But how delightful they are!! Letters so full of thought and wit, so interesting in matter, so exquisite in style, are a gracious anachronism in this age of futile haste. They recall the golden age of letter-writing before it had ceased to be one of the most charming departments of pure literature . . . and, *hei mihi*, to me they recall the golden age of my own life—how vividly and with what bitter sweet! . . . There the most emotional days of my life were lived, and thence I bore away its one and only fateful, bitter, desolating affection—the torment of many years—how wasted! My social recollections of Florence date from the old grand-ducal

time, when it was one of the pleasantest, naughtiest little cities in Europe—it is still, I think, the most beautiful. But I scarcely wish to see it again. It is there, by the way, that I formed with Browning a friendship which I thought must last for life, and this too is among the dead. I share your contempt for that little, mean slut of a Medicean Venus, but she has survived many a more worshipful goddess of beauty. I was, like you, disappointed by the extreme smallness and pettiness of all the classical ruins of Rome; and then, nothing remains there of the Great Republic, and the Rome in which one is most interested. Almost all that survives belongs to that wretched Empire of the ignoble Cæsars. The only grandiose ruin is the shell of a mere wild-beast show. If I lived at Rome I think it is the remains of the Roman middle age that would most interest me there. But how wonderful, and how unlike anything else in the world, is the Campagna, with "that eternal wash of air, Rome's ghost since her decease"!

Our great Tomasha at Delhi is over, and I have sent you some Indian papers about it. All candid spectators of it share my conviction that it has been a complete and far-reaching success. But . . . well, I was about to spin you a long yarn on this subject, and many others—when I was interrupted. I have been interrupted ever since, and shall be interrupted to the last moment before the departure of the mail, by secretaries, telegrams, and office bores—all urgent—on famine business. Indeed, so long as my work here continues at its present high pressure, I foresee no chance of ever being able to write you a satisfactory letter. . . .

P.S.—Examination of a Bengalee competition.

Q. Who was Mary Queen of Scots? Any remarkable facts in her life?

A. Mary Stuart was a great and unfortunate queen, who in the seventh month of her pregnancy blew up her husband severely.

Fact! L.

To MR. JOHN MORLEY. *January* 31, 1877.

DEAREST MORLEY,—. . . The miserable policy or want of policy approved by your political friends on "The Eastern Question" is having already its natural effect upon our position in India, and while the excitement not only of our Mahometan but also our Indian subjects is rapidly growing to a white heat, which may soon dissolve all confidence on their part in the foresight and firmness of our dominion, the Russians, with great energy and prevision, are as rapidly pressing towards Merv and Herat. . . . I fear I must have ill explained to you my feeling about the hostility of the English Press. For its personal attacks on myself I care not a brass button. But the systematic misrepresentation or misconception of a policy, and the facts determining that policy, have in a situation so critical as the present this evil consequence—that (our institutions being what they are) decisive action or fatal inaction is liable to be determined by the impulse of a public profoundly ignorant or hopelessly misled about the situation in reference to which its verdict is enforced. However, it matters not much. The only efficient instructors of opinion in England will now be facts and events, which are likely to prove terrible teachers. . . . My own Council is now enthusiastic and unanimous in its support of my own policy. . . . Only one friend can adequately justify my work in India, and that is the Future. . . .

On the 27th January the Peshawur Conference opened between the Viceroy's Envoy, Sir Lewis Pelly, and the Amir's Minister, Syud Noor Mahomed Khan. The first meeting between the two took place on January 30, the last on February 19. In spite of the precautions taken to secure beforehand the Amir's acceptance of a basis of negotiation—namely, that a British officer should be allowed to reside somewhere in Afghanistan—it was doubtful whether the Amir *had* authorised his Minister to accept this

sine quâ non condition, and ultimately, after much fencing, he rejected it. Sir Lewis Pelly then broke off the conference, on the ground that if the basis on which alone any discussions were to take place was not accepted, he had no authority to open negotiations, though he consented to refer what the Envoy had said to the Viceroy.

The Viceroy in his reply complimented Sir Lewis Pelly on the judgment and ability he had shown, and authorised him to close the conference, after giving him full explanations of the reason for which he considered it desirable to do so.

At this juncture Syud Noor Mahomed Khan, who had been ill throughout the conference, died.

It subsequently became known to the Viceroy that Sher Ali would never have acquiesced in the proposals made to him at the Peshawur Conference, even had he made a temporary pretence of accepting them, for he was already too far committed to the Russian alliance. But there is little doubt that he was anxious to prolong the conference to the latest possible moment, whilst actively pushing forward his own warlike preparations.

Our Native Agent at Kabul was also at this time withdrawn, having for purposes of trustworthy information become worse than useless, and other and better means of obtaining information having been devised by the Viceroy. It has been asserted that Lord Lytton committed an unfriendly act towards the Amir in withdrawing the British Native Agent from Kabul. The facts with regard to this matter he detailed in a letter written the following year to his brother-in-law, Henry Brougham Loch:—

To MR. HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH. *November* 25, 1878.

By the Dost Mahomed Treaty, the Amir undertook to keep a *vakeel* at Peshawur, and the British Government

undertook to keep a *vakeel* at Kabul. The first part of the bargain had never been fulfilled by the Amir. The objects for which one Government keeps a representative at the Court of another are, first, to represent its own policy and conduct truthfully; secondly, to furnish accurate information as to the conduct and policy of the Government to which he is accredited; thirdly, to maintain with that Government a friendly personal influence favourable to his own Government; to prevent misunderstandings, inspire confidence and respect, counteract hostile intrigues, and give warning of dangers. In the exercise of all these functions our Native Agent at Kabul had signally failed. He had become the mere creature of the Amir, whose pay he received, and on whose capricious humour he was helplessly dependent. His reports to us were always submitted to, and frequently dictated by, the Amir himself. They contained little information; none of the slightest value; and they were, for the most part, altogether misleading. Instead of exerting any influence over the Amir, our Agent was completely under the Amir's influence, and acted rather as his Agent than ours. He was heavily in debt to the Amir; his very life was in the Amir's hands. He could see no one at Kabul except by the Amir's permission, and he was so afraid that if better relations were established between the two Governments his post would be abolished and replaced by a permanent British Mission, that he did all in his power to widen the breach between them. Having accompanied the Amir's Envoy to Peshawur, he there entered into secret correspondence with the Envoy and the Court of Kabul, urging them not to yield an inch to the British Government. The discovery of this correspondence, as well as the accumulated experience that the *vakeel's* presence at Kabul had been not only not advantageous, but positively mischievous, determined me not to send him back there. I was ridiculed a year ago for saying in a speech that I looked for influence over our native neighbours not to the bayonet or the cannon, but

to the presence in their midst of upright and intelligent English gentlemen.[1] But this has really been the secret of our influence everywhere. Wherever well-selected political officers get into personal contact with the frontier tribes and states, our relations with them soon become friendly, and our influence over them insensibly establishes itself. Wherever we trust those relations to native go-betweens, mistrust, misunderstandings, and open quarrels invariably occur. If frontier experience in India has convinced me of anything, it has convinced me of this, that the dominant cannot effectually speak through the mouth of the subject race.

There is no doubt that the Amir was profoundly affected by the European situation of this year. In April 1877, shortly after the close of the Peshawur Conference, war broke out between Russia and Turkey; and though it might have been supposed that the Amir's sympathies would have been with the Mahometan power, the fact that his great European neighbour Russia was getting the best of it, and that England took no step to go to the assistance of her Mahometan ally, deeply influenced Sher Ali, and when the Sultan of Turkey this year sent a mission to the Mahometans of India and Afghanistan, its effects on the Amir proved to be *nil*. The Envoy was received at Kabul with great pomp, and an obvious desire to impress him by a strong display of military power; but the Amir did not grant him an interview for fifteen days. When the interview took place, the Envoy found His Highness badly disposed towards the English, and his sympathies strongly Russian. Russian influence he found predominant at Kabul. Ultimately the Envoy departed, having totally failed to establish better relations between the Governments of India and of Afghanistan. Shere Ali's attitude grew

[1] In the Budget speech of March 1877.

more and more hostile and insolent, but that of the British Government remained passive till they heard of the reception of the Russian Mission at Kabul in 1878.

To THE QUEEN. *Naini Tal, April* 24, 1877.

The recent conference at Peshawur has thrown a great deal of light on the real state of affairs in Afghanistan. It has enabled me to dispel some dangerous illusions on the part of the Amir, and to disentangle this Government from some equally dangerous liabilities on his behalf. Beyond this it has, as yet, led to no practical result. I closed it on the death of the Afghan Envoy; because it had become obvious that the Amir was only trifling with us in order to gain time, while he was arming to the teeth, concentrating his troops on our frontier, and making every effort to place himself at the head of a religious war, or Jehad, by all the Mahometan states and tribes on our frontier, ostensibly directed against the British Government. In this state of things, I thought it was time to put an end to the pretence of a protectorate which was being openly abused. This I have done; and, up to the present moment, the result is that the Jehad has apparently quite broken down, and that the Amir's own troops are mutinying against his authority.

Our little house at Simla is now undergoing some necessary repairs and alterations, and for this reason I have been obliged to delay my return to headquarters. I have taken advantage of the opportunity to visit some important military sanatoria in this part of the country, and increase my acquaintance with the population and officials of the North-Western Provinces. We have been travelling through beautiful scenery, and enjoying delicious weather. The letter which I have now the honour to write to your Majesty, is written within sight of a charming little mountain lake basking in the sunlight and embosomed by wooded hills. Here the rhododendron trees

grow to a great height (as tall as oaks or pines), and the whole of the hillside foliage is flushed with the glow of their blossoms, which, now in full bloom, are a blaze of red light.

Extract from Letter to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I have been haunted by a mysterious correspondence about some extraordinary animal, called a Metna, belonging to your Royal Highness. I have not the slightest notion what a Metna is. But it appears, from the latest information received about the creature, that this particular Metna has been sold on your Royal Highness's account; and that, if your Royal Highness wishes for another Metna, one will be procured and sent to England. Of all the extraordinary creatures that I myself (being, alas! no sportsman) have yet encountered in India, the most extraordinary is the Bengalee Baboo. May I venture to repeat to your Royal Highness another story I have just heard (on official authority), illustrative of the ways of this animal? In the High Court of Calcutta a Bengalee pleader was recently defending the case of a native lady not in Court. The Judge interrupted him with this question: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Chunder Ram, but is your client an adult?" To which the native pleader promptly replied: "No, my Lord; she is an adultress."

Sir Richard Temple has certainly covered himself with glory by his masterly management of his very difficult famine mission.[1] One of his friends said to me the other day: "Temple is sure to go on rising till he becomes at last an Archangel." But what a prospect for the Celestial Host! . . .

From LORD SALISBURY *to* LORD LYTTON. *May* 10, 1877.

MY DEAR LYTTON,—A small packet will reach you about the same time as this letter, containing a humble

[1] To Madras.

offering to the Porphyrogenitus, from his affectionate godfather. Will you present it, with an expression of my homage, couched in befitting terms? It may serve in other days to remind him that he was born at the commencement of your honour, and of our official connection, which may be brief—and of our friendship, which I am sure will be enduring. Pray remember us very kindly to Lady Lytton, and believe me, yours most sincerely,

SALISBURY.

To LORD SALISBURY. *Simla, June* 4, 1877.

MY DEAR CHIEF,—It is inexpressibly kind in you to have thought, in the midst of all the anxieties and disgusts of this destestable Eastern question, of that favoured "inch of nature" who is honoured by your sponsorship.

What I felt on reading your letter, *à son adresse*, and what I still feel, I am quite unable to express, and can only say, like Imogen, on her receipt of the letter from Posthumus—that it is "beyond! beyond!"

You disquiet me sorely by hinting at any early cessation of our official relations. I am not so selfish, or so unpatriotic, as to murmur if the cause of such cessation were your assumption of the Premiership or the Foreign Office. But I greatly doubt whether it would be possible for me to continue in my own office here under any other chief, unless, indeed, the settlement of two or three "big questions," which I have deeply at heart, had previously been placed beyond the power of any new Secretary of State to reverse or impede. As to the friendship which you so kindly recognise as reciprocal, I can only say that, on my part, time can hardly increase, and can never diminish it. The only pleasant and prized part of my official life has been its association with you. The only bright point I can recognise in the prospects of our dear stupid old empire is the certainty that you must sooner or later be master of its destinies. I shall always be proud to serve

under you in any official capacity, and should my political prejudices ever disable me from marching in the rear of your political action (which I don't think likely), my eager interest in the triumph of your cause, and the supremacy of your genius, will still have all the fervour of the warmest personal sympathy, gratitude, affection, and respect.

Only fancy—simultaneously with your letter I received a most compact, attractive, and neatly packed little case. Jumping in the most unreasonable and emotional way to the conclusion that it contained your gift to the Neogilos, I proceeded to open it in the presence of a select and sympathetic group of spectators. But the case, opened by me with the most careful and tender manipulation, contained, alas, only two dozen bottles of *eau dentifrice!* The case has not yet reached me.

To THE QUEEN. *From Simla, June* 4, 1877.

I am making great efforts to effect some practical settlement of the exceedingly embarrassing question of the admission of your Majesty's native subjects to Government employment; but the question is a most difficult and complicated one. The two following specimens of answers by native students to questions asked in examinations for University degrees will, I think, amuse your Majesty. In explanation of the first, I should mention that there is in Central India a rather savage tribe known as the Bheels.

Q. What do you know about the Bheels?

A. The Bheel is a very black man, but more hairy. He carries in his hand a long spear, with which he runs you through when he meets you, and afterwards throws your body into the ditch. By this you may know the Bheel.

Q. Describe the horse.

A. The horse is a noble animal; but, when irritated, he will not do so.

In the winter of 1876–77 Lord Salisbury had himself attended the conference of the Powers at Constantinople, just before the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war. Lord Lytton, who watched with grave anxiety the effect in India of any English hostility towards the Mussulman Power in Europe, was concerned to notice in Lord Salisbury's letters, written subsequently to this visit to Constantinople, a tone less hostile to Russia and more hostile to Turkey. Of all the European Powers, England alone was inclined to oppose Russia. Germany, Austria, Italy, and France declared for neutrality. In the British Cabinet, Lord Derby as Foreign Minister opposed the support of Turkey by her one ally, and England then too declared for neutrality. Consistently with this attitude, the Home Government sent an order to the Government of India to stop the passage of the Turkish Envoy to Kabul through India, which had been guaranteed by the Viceroy. The telegraphic protest against this, however, from the Government of India forced from the Cabinet at home a withdrawal of this order.

To LORD SALISBURY. *Mushobra, June* 23, 1877.

. . . May I venture to entreat you not to rely on the assurances of men like Sir George Campbell that our Mahometans care nothing for the fate of the Sultan, and are uninterested in what is taking place. It is quite true that, at the commencement of the present war, they appeared to be very indifferent to it. But since then, owing either to the telegraph or other agencies unknown to us, their excitement is as intense as it has been sudden. Every bazaar and every native Government in India—even Hindoo as well as Mahometan, every native soldier too—is now vibrating to a strain of suspended sentiment in a condition of extreme tension. At present I can detect in the tone of native feeling no symptoms of disloyalty; on

the contrary, so far as I can judge, it is rather favourably disposed towards us still, by a belief which the native mind is slow to relinquish, that we cannot resign our supremacy in the East without striking a vigorous blow for its salvation. But if this mass of glowing, though still suppressed, emotion ever explodes in the midst of our little camp, the explosion will be terrible; and it is my strong impression that, at the present moment, the lives of all your officers and European subjects in India mainly depend on the course of your Eastern policy, and its freedom from all appearance of subserviency to Russia. If this fact be disregarded at home, I anticipate a by no means distant fulfilment of Kaufmann's impudent prediction of the day when the British Government will be obliged to invoke the intervention of his troops for the protection of the Indian Government from its own subjects. There is no getting over the fact that the British empire of India is a Mahometan power, and that it entirely depends on the policy of Her Majesty's Government whether the sentiment of our Mahometan subjects is to be an immense security, or an immense danger, to us.

To SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.S.I. *Simla, July* 2, 1877.

I feel sensibly touched by your distress on my behalf in reference to the animosity of the Anglo-Indians to myself, as reflected in the private gossip and newspaper articles about Indian affairs in England. So far as I can judge, this animosity is rapidly dying out, of a natural death, for want of pabulum in India itself. It will die out slower in England, because there it is associated with other animosities over which I have no control, and possibly represented by two or three Indian civilians, who have personal grievances, and who have gone home with the avowed purpose of avenging them under the mask of political critics. I admit that this state of feeling is a bore, and a temporary obstruction, which, to some extent, handicaps my faculty of good and efficient action; but I

do not think the importance of it is very serious, and, in any case, it cannot be helped. One can fight a giant, but not a phantom. I could deal with an opposition founded on fact, but I cannot go out of my way to conciliate an opposition created by fancy.

Of more contemptible personal accusations he writes to the same friend in another letter, after taking pains to show the falsehood of each accusation in turn:—

July 9, 1877.

You have always been a most kind, true, wise, and courageous friend to me. There is no man whose good opinion I more honour, or more desire to deserve; but if that opinion is capable of being influenced by such miserable, petty, personal stories about me, I think I am entitled to ask you to verify your impressions of my character and conduct as Viceroy by reference to trustworthy and competent witnesses. I have now been in India nearly a year and a half, and for the vindication of my character and conduct I appeal with confidence to the testimony of all my colleagues in Council. I am sorry to find that I have so many invisible ill-wishers, but I am confident that they are either persons who know very little about me, or who have some petty personal grudge against me which is more their own fault than mine. Do you remember the story in the "Arabian Nights" of the merchant who, seated at the gates of Bagdad in most innocent contemplation, was munching dates and throwing the stones away, when a terrible Jin suddenly rose before him and accused him of having knocked out the eye of his (the Jin's) son with a date stone? In vain the merchant protested that he knew nothing of the Jin's son; had never seen him, nor ever wished to injure him. The Jin's son was invisible, but he happened to be in the way of the merchant's date stones, and hence the merchant's crime. I need not draw the moral.

The most pressing trouble of this year was the famine in Southern India. Signs of scarcity first showed themselves in the autumn of 1876, and in 1877 these developed into "a famine which, in respect of area and population affected, and duration and intensity," proved "one of the most grievous calamities of its kind experienced in British India since the beginning of the century."[1] The failure of the crops extended over about half the Madras Presidency, over the whole of Mysore, the southern half of the Hyderabad State, and all the Deccan districts of the Bombay Presidency. The area affected was about 200,000 square miles, containing a population of 36,000,000.

In the earliest stages of the famine, considerable difference of opinion existed as to whether the relief measures should be mainly based on the system of employing the people on large or on small works. Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of Bombay, taking a serious view of the extent of the disaster which had befallen the country, advocated from the first the commencement of large public works. The Government of Madras, on the other hand, adopted the system of opening small and scattered works, which would not involve a large expenditure if the anticipated famine should turn out not to be very severe, and their views were at first supported by the supreme Government. Lord Lytton, however, soon perceived that tentative measures were unsuitable where the certainty of having to deal with a great and widespread famine became established, and he disapproved of sending instructions to the Bombay Government to restrict its operations. The account given by the Duke of Buckingham when at Delhi revealed a state of things in Madras which excited the gravest apprehensions in the mind of the Viceroy. The notion of dealing with the scarcity in that presi-

[1] Famine Commission, 1880.

dency was apparently to keep down prices artificially by huge purchases of grain; "not perceiving," wrote the Viceroy, "that the high prices, by stimulating import and limiting consumption, were the natural saviours of the situation." The result was that the Madras Government not only shook the confidence of trade, but also created a pauper population, whose numbers were no test of the actual scarcity, and whom it would be very difficult to get rid of. The Viceroy's Government were unanimous that this policy must be stopped at once, and they determined to send Sir Richard Temple, on account of his experience in the Behar famine of 1874, in the character of their commissioner to Madras. The Viceroy considered that Sir Richard Temple carried out his instructions at Madras with admirable tact, judgment, and energy, and for the time being exerted a much-needed check on the expenditure of the Madras Government. Unfortunately, there was a relapse to the original condition of excessive extravagance soon after Sir Richard Temple's departure. The state of things in Madras grew worse and worse. In Bombay, where the scarcity was the same, a much lower rate of wages was found to work successfully, and in that presidency there had been far less famine mortality. The mortality in Madras was terrible, and, in the Viceroy's opinion, was in no small degree attributable to the defective management and unsound principles of the local Government. Towards the end of July drought was so widespread as to threaten a general scarcity, and the Viceroy informed the Governor of the Straits Settlements of the failure of the crops, requesting him to communicate the information to the Governments of Cochin-China and Siam, where there was abundant grain for export. He also decided to go to Madras and Mysore himself, although this necessitated travelling through the plains at the hottest period of the year, and the

doctor would not sanction his taking the journey till he had submitted to a small operation, which enabled him to face the heat without danger to life. Lord Salisbury had suggested that a dictator should be appointed for the management of famine affairs. The Viceroy now conceived the scheme of persuading the Duke himself to become such a dictator, to act independently of his Council, and to secure the services of the ablest men who had controlled the Bombay famine, and would be able to guide the Duke in the quality of experts. Lord Salisbury sanctioned the scheme, and with this in view Lord Lytton left Simla on August 17, accompanied by his private and military secretaries, Sir Owen Burne and Colonel Colley; his famine secretary, Mr. Bernard; and Mr. Arbuthnot, his Minister in Council for famine affairs. On the 26th of August the Viceroy met the Duke of Buckingham at Bellary, and was greatly relieved in mind by their first interview, which left him with the hope that the Duke would accept his suggestions. This hope was afterwards fully realised, and the Viceroy was able to write from Madras on the 30th that everything had been satisfactorily settled between them. He then went on to Mysore, where he found the famine at its height. Here, too, the conflict between large and small works had gone on as elsewhere, but had taken a peculiar form. Lord Lytton found less than the usual number of labourers employed on departmental works, a nearly equal number employed under civil officers on small scattered works all over the country, and the great majority suffering under the most demoralising form of public charity—gratuitous relief, distributed in the form of cooked food, to paupers herded together in poorhouses. Even the personal authority of the Viceroy failed to break down the Chief Engineer's objections to the wiser policy, or to convince him of his error, and

Lord Lytton had to remove him elsewhere, replacing him by Major Scott Moncrieff, R.S., whom he brought down from the North-West Provinces. At the same time he placed the administrative charge of the famine in the hands of Mr. Elliott,[1] to whom he gave the title of Famine Commissioner of Mysore, and he appointed as his secretary Mr. A. Wingate, who had earned much credit by his management of famine relief in one of the Bombay districts. On the 27th of September the Viceroy was back at Simla. A private fund in aid of this famine was raised in England. The Viceroy held the view that any appeal to private charity in England would be a dangerous folly, unless a sphere of operation could be marked out for it which should not overlap the field already occupied by Government organisation; but the sums collected were profitably used in helping farmers, who, in time of famine, had been forced to sell their agricultural implements, to buy them back. The Viceroy's own subscription of £1000 towards the Madras Charitable Relief Committee was a practical answer to the report propagated by some persons that he was personally averse to private subscriptions.

During the following year all relief operations were wound up. At the close of 1877 a measure was introduced in the Legislative Assembly of the Indian Government by Sir John Strachey, designed, together with the Acts previously passed in that year, to provide for the future cost of famines.

To Lord Salisbury. *Simla, July* 29, 1877.

I fear it is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the situation we have now to recognise, and, if possible, to deal with, in Madras and Mysore. . . . The situation in which we are now landed, with the prospect all round as black as

[1] Now Sir Charles Elliott.

night, is one of such difficulty that the boldest man might shrink from dealing with it. You suggested in a former letter the propriety of a famine dictatorship on future occasions. There never has been yet, and I doubt if there ever will be again, in India an occasion so urgently needing such a dictatorship, but no one in India is able to give the word of command. It is, I am convinced, not in the power of the Madras Government to cope unaided with the present difficulties and dangers; which, though partly due to its own mistakes, are also in a great degree the inevitable results of a famine which now threatens to be unprecedented in duration, extent, and intensity. The adequate management of such a famine urgently requires all the ability and experience which can be found in India. We are fighting a desperate battle with nature, and our line of battle has been completely broken at Madras. It is there, therefore, that we should at once concentrate our reserves. But I cannot, of course, force upon the Madras Government assistance which it will neither invite nor accept. . . . So long as there was a fair prospect of the worst of the Madras famine being over shortly, I have thought it best to refrain from visiting Madras; for, since it was decided not to interfere with a system I thoroughly mistrusted and disapproved of, I could do no good by going to the seat of its operations, and should only have placed the Duke and myself in an awkward position. Now, however, the situation is so alarming that (although I anticipate no practical good from the result) I feel that, "for appearance' sake" alone, I ought to proceed at once to Madras; and in order to do this, I have submitted to an operation which will, I hope, enable me to undertake the journey. . . . I may possibly be able, with the assistance of Arbuthnot, who is a Madrassee and knows the members of the Duke's Government, to persuade them to make some slight ameliorations in their present system. But these will be wholly insufficient to avert the catastrophe I fear; for their system is rotten to the core.

To Lord Salisbury. *Simla, August* 12, 1877.

. . . Reference to a former letter of yours, in which you threw out the idea of appointing a dictator for the management of future famines, has suggested to me that, in all probability, my only chance of repairing in time the present complete collapse of administrative efficiency and political common sense in Madras will be to endeavour to induce the Duke himself to accept and undertake the dictatorship of his own famine—that is to say, to take the management of it into his own hands, as Lord Northbrook virtually took into his the management of the Bengal famine; to act, for all practical purposes, independently of his Council; to get rid of his Revenue Board (I mean, of course, not to get rid of the Board, but to take the famine business away from it); and to provide himself with the advice and assistance of two or three first-rate men in any capacity in which he may please to employ them. I have taken legal advice on all this, and find there is ample legal sanction and machinery for all such management without even resort to the power of ordinance. . . . If the Duke accepts my proposal, he will have a very good chance of greatly distinguishing himself, and converting an enormous administrative failure into a remarkable success. If he rejects it, the inevitable fiasco of his administration will be the smallest of the evils which must be anticipated.

To Sir James Stephen. *August* 12, 1877.

I start for Madras next Thursday, with but very little hope of being able to avert what threatens to be an unprecedented catastrophe. . . . The weather is hideously hot, and I start on my journey with a profound sense

of discouragement, having little assistance here, nor, in short,

> "hope nor health,
> Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
> The sage in meditation found."

If I survive this adventure, you will doubtless hear from me at Madras.

Lord Lytton's despondency at this crisis was greatly increased by the illness of Sir John Strachey, the colleague and friend upon whose help and counsel he most relied. Sir John was suffering from a serious affection of the eyes, and the doctors feared that he would have to choose between resigning his office and losing his eyesight. To Lord Salisbury the Viceroy writes of this :—

Strachey's assistance, if he could accompany me, would be quite invaluable. He is the only man in the Government of India who thoroughly understands the problem we are now dealing with. But I fear this is out of the question; for he is still confined to a dark room, unable to attend Council, and suffering sadly, not only in his eyes, but in general health. His courage is indomitable; and if he were stone-blind, he would still see further, clearer, and quicker than any other man in India. But I feel very unhappy about him, not only because he is immeasurably my ablest adviser, but also because I love him as a true friend.

To LADY LYTTON. *Durhampore, August* 1877.

DEAREST LOVE,—Got here quite well, with the advantage of a delightful talk with dear Colley, and a frightful quantity of dust and shaking. Just going to preside at a native ballet by moonlight, so no more at this present from your loving R.

Jubbulpore, August 19, 1877.

MY DEAR, BRAVE WIFE,—I am at last able to write to you a few lines less incoherent than those I sent you from Allahabad. We have now got over the hottest part of our journey, and really the reported excessive heat has been a mere bugbear. None of us have suffered from it; and as for myself, I was never better in my life. I have received here a very satisfactory letter from Salisbury, approving my proposed plan of operation with the Duke, and promising to support it. The gentleman in whose house we are halting most comfortably till 5 P.M., when we resume our pilgrimage, has a pretty garden, and has given us a very good breakfast. We got here at 6 A.M. this morning, and I feel much refreshed by a long sleep, from which I am only just awaked. If the Duke accepts my suggestion readily, I see no reason why we should not be all back at Simla very soon. But in spite of Lord Salisbury's support, I anticipate a good deal of difficulty and resistance. However, "time and the hour wear out the longest day." I am longing for news of you and our darlings. Always send me news, when you write, of my dear Strachey. Let him only get well, then all will be well.

To LADY LYTTON *from* COLONEL COLLEY.
August 1877.

Our trip has been wonderfully successful so far; the weather is cool and pleasant, and I have given up looking at the thermometer—the heat it registers is quite contemptible. H.E. lay awake nearly all night reading a French novel, and consequently is not quite as fresh as he might be this morning. I tell him it is not quite fair to his backers to prepare himself so badly for this encounter with the Duke—about which he is unnecessarily and almost nervously anxious. But

his general health has, I think, really gained by the trip. He seems to be brighter and fresher for it—see what it is to get away from domestic worries, eh, my lady?

The country here is still so unlike Northern India. It is not quite like the Central Provinces about Jubbulpore, which almost reminded me of Devonshire, with its bright green fields and rich red soil. But it is still green and rich-looking, with plenty of trees about, so different from the barren, parched-up N.W.

The stations along this line, too, are very pretty and very nicely kept—do you remember them as we came up? and some of the hideously hot dining-rooms? I hope you have received our last bill of fare, which was a real curiosity. I have telegraphed on and asked them to moderate their zeal and give us fewer dishes at the remaining dining-places, as we really have not time for such elaborate meals.

To LADY LYTTON *from* LORD LYTTON.

We reached Poona at 11 P.M. last night, all of us in excellent condition; and really, as for myself, I feel, thank God, even better for the journey. This house, the famous Fitzgerald one, is really most beautiful and luxurious, by far the most civilised official residence I have yet seen in India, with a very pretty garden. I am told it is unusually hot here, but I don't find it hotter than Simla, and I think the climate agrees with me better. I have written to-day a hurried letter to Strachey on business—please tell him I feel like "the valiant Thumb facing the Castle Glum, and the giant Fie-Fau-Fum!" I have been very busy all the morning, and now am summoned to luncheon, so no more at this present.

Poona, August 24.

I start for Bellary, where I meet the Duke, to-morrow evening at 10 P.M.

To LADY LYTTON *from* COLONEL COLLEY. *Bellary.*

Excitement is intense; gladiators have met, but as yet have only walked round each other looking at each other's muscles. . . .

To LADY LYTTON *from* LORD LYTTON. *August* 27, 1877.

I write this after a very long interview with Sardam.[1] He is difficult to keep to the point when it is not one of detail. But he means to be loyal. . . . He professes general concurrence with principles of general government of India, and says he has long felt the famine had become an imperial, not a local, affair. The matter therefore is, thus far, in good train. The real fight will be at Madras, whither Sardam returns to-night, and I will join him on Wednesday. All as yet is rather vague, and we are by no means out of the wood. . . . Weather here very bearable. I continue wonderfully well, but intolerably nervous and anxious about the whole business. An immense strain will be off my mind when it is over. Dear Colley has afforded me invaluable advice and assistance. I am so thankful to get good news of dear Strachey.

Bellary, August 29.

I am thankful to say I feel much relieved in mind by my conversation of yesterday with the Duke, which was, I think, on the whole decidedly satisfactory. . . .

[1] A cipher name for the Duke of Buckingham.

The Duke informed me he was obliged to return to Madras to hold a Council on the afternoon of the following day. . . . After talking over with Colley, who has been most helpful to me, our plan of campaign, I sat down at once and wrote the Duke a letter of twelve pages, fully explaining my views and intentions, and leaving him only the alternative between the removal of the seat of the supreme government of Madras and the plan originally devised by Strachey, with some modifications and, I think, improvements, suggested by subsequent reflection and information. It was a quarter to 3 A.M. when I finished my letter, which I delivered to the faithful Jemadar, to be handed to the Duke early next morning, as the Duke was to meet me after breakfast, and I thought it best to have it all down in black and white before we met. I then went to bed, but was too restless to sleep sound, and was waked at six by the guns of my own salute. My plan, I think, succeeded well, as it prepared the Duke for what he was to hear, and I found him more tractable than I had expected. I think the neck of the difficulty is now broken. It is quite astonishing how well I contrive to keep. If I get through my work at Madras successfully, I shall fling up my hat and sing *Io Paean*. . . .

Madras, August 29.

Arrived here this morning all safe and well. I think everything in a very promising groove, and hope to be able to telegraph to you to-morrow that all is satisfactorily settled. Weather by no means intolerable. Duke most amiable. Love to all. . . .

Madras, August 30, 1877.

Hurrah! I think, my love, that I may now safely inform you that everything has been satisfactorily settled between the Duke and myself. . . .

Madras, September 2.

I am thankful to say that in all the objects of my visit to Madras I have succeeded far beyond my expectation. The Duke has behaved uncommonly well and very much like a gentleman. The arrangements I have now concluded with him are fully described in the long telegram I despatched to-day *en clair* to the President in Council. I am certainly in very good spirits myself. The more I think over what must have happened if I had failed to settle matters amicably with the Duke on their present footing, or if, in accordance with the advice given me either by Arbuthnot or Temple, I had adopted a different course, the more I am convinced that we have very narrowly escaped a very dangerous, discreditable situation. This house is rather an ugly one, in the centre of a park not very well kept up. But from the veranda of my room here there is a fine view of the sea, and an occasional whiff of the sea breeze. Detached from the house is a fine large building called the banqueting-hall, which is very convenient for receptions. I held a levée in it last night, and hope to be let off many centuries of Purgatory for having undergone a public breakfast at 9.30 A.M., attended by 400 persons, in the same building last Friday. At some little distance from Government House there is a villa called "The Marine Villa." It was given to the Governors of Madras by the Nabobs of the Carnatic. This villa immediately faces the sea, and here it is, I believe, the custom for the Duke and his young ladies to have afternoon tea twice a week. The regimental band (a very fine one) of the 67th plays on the public promenade in front of the villa. . . . Here we had tea yesterday afternoon, and the band played very well a selection from the "Fliegende Holländer" of Wagner. I have now been over most of the relief camps round Madras, and you never saw such "popular picnics" as

they are! The people on them, who do no work of any kind, are bursting with fat, and naturally enjoy themselves thoroughly. The people get meat, fish, vegetables, and spices. The Duke visits these camps as a Buckinghamshire squire would visit his model farm, taking a deep interest in the growing fatness of its prize oxen and pigs. He points out to me with pride that such and such a camp only extended, so many months ago, as far as such and such a tree, whereas the camp now covers an area thrice as great, with proportional augmentation in the number of its inmates. He paternally asks these fat, idle coolies if they find there is more flavour (owing to the recent rains) in the vegetables given them "to season their food" than there was last month, and purrs with pleasure over affirmative replies. The officers in charge all say with pride: "Ah! our people here, who were never so well off before, and will never be so well off again, will bitterly regret the termination of the present famine, which has been a Godsend to them." But the terrible question is, how the Madras Government is ever to get these demoralised masses on to really useful work. I should not be surprised if it has some mutinies. Colonel Herne, the police commissioner, a very intelligent man, seems to expect something of the kind. Noticing that the mothers of all the thin babies were extremely fat, I asked the reason. Robinson immediately replied: "Ah! this is one of the saddest things we have to deal with. Though the mothers look in such good condition, their milk has failed, and we are now buying milk for all the babies." Afterwards I privately said to the supervising officer: "Do you believe that these fat women are the mothers of those thin babies?" He replied: "Of course not. All the babies here are probably hired. Famine infants have long been at a premium." Dear Owen[1] has been more than ever sympathising and helpful. My plan of campaign with the Duke, which

[1] Sir Owen Burne.

has been so successful, was laid out by Colley, and owes its success to his military genius. The climate here is moist and muggy, but much less oppressively hot than I expected.

To LADY LYTTON. *Coonoor, September* 11, 1877.

We reached this place yesterday just at nightfall, after a rather fatiguing journey, and the inspection of several relief camps on the way. I was conveyed up the ghat in a thing very much like the buck-basket in which Falstaff was concealed by Dame Quickly. It corresponds to the Simla jonpon, and is here called a tonjon. The rest of our party were mounted on animals which the Commissioner was pleased to call ponies, but they looked more like what the beasts in the Apocalypse might have been after several months of famine diet. Colley's animal—under the pangs of starvation, I suppose—insisted on devouring the hinder parts of the animal immediately in front of him; and poor little Thornton, who happened to be mounted on it, being much alarmed for the safety of the same part of his own person, which was certainly the plumpest of the two, descended in panic to the ground from "that bad eminence." It was so cold here last night that fires were lighted when we reached the little inn where we are now lodging, and very welcome they were. I slept well, and had a pleasant stroll this morning before breakfast with Burne and Villiers. All I have yet seen of Coonoor (which, of course, is but little) pleases me greatly. No grand scenery, but amiable, lazy undulations, pretty gardens, hedges of rose and verbena, a soft, sweet, cloudy air, and excellent roads.

I don't know what are the feelings with which I am regarded by the male inhabitants of Madras; but the ladies of that place, or some of them, seem to be much interested on my behalf. For I have received from Madras two anonymous letters, each obviously written by a woman, the one expressing a lively interest in the

state of my soul, the other a tender regard for my body. The first writer informs me that she could not sleep all night for thinking whether I am prepared to meet my Maker, whether I am aware of the heinousness of sin, and the possibility of pardon by washing in the blood of the Covenant, &c. She concludes by sending me a copy of "Doddridge on the Rise of Religion in the Soul."

The other writer declares that she couldn't sleep all night for thinking of my eyes, that the least tone of my voice, the least touch of my hand lives in her memory, and thrills her yet; and she concludes with "Thine for ever, even though in vain." Neither of the letters are signed, and I have not the slightest notion who can be the writers of them, for the only ladies I met at Madras were all of them ugly, and most of them old. I should not have thought they had so much "chaff" in them.

It is really a mercy you did not come. The amusing incidents of our journey have been few and far between, the anxiety and fatigue of it incessant. But all's well that ends well.

To LADY LYTTON. *Ootacamund.*

The Duke drove me in his pony carriage this morning to the first stage. The morning was fine, and for the first time I have seen Ootacamund. Having seen it, I affirm it to be a paradise, and declare without hesitation that in every particular it far surpasses all that its most enthusiastic admirers and devoted lovers have said about it. The afternoon was rainy and the road muddy, but such beautiful English rain, such English mud. Imagine a combination of

Hertfordshire lanes,
Devonshire downs,
Westmoreland lakes,
Scotch trout-streams,
Lusitanian views.

GENERAL KENNEDY *to* SIR JOHN STRACHEY.

The difficulties would have been insurmountable had they not been met with rare tact and address by his lordship, whose management of the Duke has been simply admirable, and he has carried him entirely with him from first to last.

LORD LYTTON *to* THE QUEEN. *Simla, October* 11.

The measures in which I was so fortunate as to secure the Duke of Buckingham's co-operation in Madras, and those which before leaving Bangalore I set on foot throughout the Mysore provinces, are already producing excellent results, and the weekly reports, both from Madras and Mysore, now show a steadily increasing diminution in the number of persons gratuitously supported by the State, as well as a marked improvement in the health of those put upon works, and a reduction in the death-rate. This improvement in prospects so anxious and almost desperate a few weeks ago, is no doubt partly due to the recent rains and the partial revival of agriculture; but the rains could have effected no appreciable change for the better for many months to come, at least, had no change been previously effected in the system of famine relief; and as regards Madras, I think the improved condition of that presidency is mainly attributable to the ability with which General Kennedy is discharging his very difficult and delicate task there. This officer is certainly one of the ablest of your Majesty's public servants in India. It is entirely owing to his great foresight and energy that, whilst the Madras famine has cost the Government of India over ten millions, the Bombay famine, under his management, has cost only four millions, although a much larger saving of human life has been effected in Bombay than in Madras.

On the 22nd of December Lord Salisbury wrote to Lord Lytton that the order of Grand Commander of the Bath had been conferred upon him:—

I was very glad to have the opportunity of expressing the Queen's and the Government's gratitude to you for your conduct of the famine business, and your other services, in the form of a G.C.B. It marks one's feelings much more distinctly than can be done by mere expressions in speeches and despatches. The Prime Minister was very cordial in concurring in the recommendation, and it was very graciously received. I may add, as an historical detail, that the Queen's pleasure was signified at the famous Hughenden luncheon.

No sooner was the acute anxiety about the famine relieved in the autumn of 1877, than the Viceroy had to face a struggle with his frontier civil and military authorities, and to authorise a small punitive expedition against a frontier tribe.

In the spring of 1877 Lord Lytton had written a minute in which he had laid down principles of frontier reorganisation. In the first place, he said, it should be our aim to cultivate more direct and frequent intercourse between ourselves and the tribes on our borders. For this purpose he advocated the appointment of a Chief Commissioner at Peshawur, invested with exceptionally high powers. Secondly, he was in favour of discontinuing as much as possible the employment of native middlemen. Thirdly, he was in favour of somewhat relaxing the restrictions placed on district officers corresponding with chiefs and officers beyond the border. Fourthly, he purposed to increase the police force, with the conviction that a police force not less inured to hill work than the tribes they would have to act against, but better armed,

organised, and disciplined, would be able to maintain in ordinary times the security of the frontier without the assistance of troops; but that when once the troops should be called out, the control of all armed forces should pass into the hands of the officer commanding those troops. To the system, up to then in vogue, of small punitive expeditions he was strenuously opposed, and twice already he had refused to sanction such an expedition. He believed that this system perpetuated semi-barbarous reprisals; that it rarely touched the guilty parties, and most heavily injured the innocent; that its tendency was to perpetuate animosity rather than to encourage good relations; that it left no permanent mark; that there could be no more trying fighting for our own troops than that which obliged them ultimately to retire before an enemy increasing in strength and boldness. "Finally," he wrote, "I object to this system because I think the confidence of the hill tribes, and their warlike spirit, are quite as likely to be raised as lowered by contests in which they generally fire the last shot at a retreating foe."

In the autumn of this year the Jowaki tribes had perpetrated such incessant raids upon the Peshawur border that the Viceroy sanctioned a small military expedition against them, but was anxious that it should be conducted in accordance with the principles enunciated in this minute. His difficulties were great, owing to the multiplicity of authorities with whom he had to deal; and the first expedition was an utter failure. In despair of otherwise coming to a satisfactory understanding with the frontier authorities, the Viceroy sent his military secretary, Colonel Colley, to Peshawur to ascertain the real facts of the situation there, and to assist him in arriving at some practical decision on the various proposals submitted to him. The

principles laid down at this conference were as follows:—

"1st. To avoid, as far as possible, operations necessitating the ultimate retirement of the British troops under pursuit and fire of the enemy.

"2nd. To hold all positions once taken until the absolute submission of the tribe has been secured.

"3rd. To make the loss and suffering fall as heavily as possible on the enemy's fighting-men, and as lightly as possible on the non-combatants."

Under the new system advocated by the Viceroy, operations were begun against the offending tribe, under General Keyes, on 9th November, and were completed with unprecedented success by the beginning of December; and early in the following year the tribe unconditionally accepted the terms imposed upon them, namely:—

1. The surrender of arms and ringleaders.
2. The opening up of the country by roads.

To LORD SALISBURY. *Simla, October* 4, 1877.

I said in one of my recent letters to you that, notwithstanding the famine, the frontier still remains the most anxious and the most troublesome question I have to deal with. The main difficulty of it lies in the multiplicity of authorities who have their fingers in the pie. . . . During my absence from Council, the raids and outrages on the Peshawur border have been incessant. The small expedition which I was induced to sanction, on the understanding that it was to be a night surprise, was, nevertheless, carried out as a military parade in broad daylight. . . . The tribes were thus made aware in good time of all that our authorities flattered themselves they were keeping secret; the expedition was ludicrously ineffectual, and has, of course, done more harm than good. I can get no assistance from my military advisers in organising a proper preventive system. . . .

Under these circumstances, I have sent my military secretary, Colonel Colley, quite unofficially, and without any written instructions, to Peshawur, to endeavour to ascertain for me the real facts of the situation there (which the official reports leave quite unintelligible), and to assist me in arriving at some practical decision on the various proposals which have been submitted to me. . . . Strachey's absence,[1] and the pressure of famine business, rendered it absolutely necessary for me to rejoin my Council without further delay. Moreover, my own visit to Peshawur would have made too great a splash in the water, and I could not spare Burne at a time when I am more than ever in need of his assistance in the transaction of current business. . . .

To LORD SALISBURY. *November* 1, 1877.

Fighting the famine at Madras with the Madras machinery was a joke compared to the task of governing the frontier with the Punjab machinery. The local officers there, and the soldiers at headquarters here, are all doing their best to get the Government of India into a great frontier campaign. Nothing but the most incessant, detailed, and fatiguing attention to the questions mainly dependent on their conduct and intelligence has hitherto enabled me to keep matters tolerably quiet, but I am not sanguine of continued success; for when raids and outrages, which under any rational system of border defence would be impossible, have attained a certain degree of frequency and audacity, the dignity of the Government must be avenged, and the lives and property of its subjects protected at any cost.

To LORD SALISBURY. *November* 23, 1877.

General Keyes entered the Jowaki country on the 9th instant with a force of about 2000 men of the

[1] He was then away on sick leave.

Punjab Frontier Force, only in three columns. No detailed or written report of his operations has yet been received, but from our daily telegrams it appears that he captured and occupied Paia and Turki with no difficulty and little loss. During the next few days he was employed in strengthening his position in those villages and bringing up supplies. An attempt made by the Jowakis to cut off his grass-cutting parties was successfully repulsed. Paia is off the main line and within rifle range of some hills, which it is inconvenient to occupy. Finding this position less satisfactory than he had anticipated, General Keyes moved on the 14th and 15th from Paia to a position opposite Bagh at the mouth of the Jummoo valley, and immediately threatening Jummoo itself. On the 17th he returned to Kohat to allay a perfectly groundless panic which had arisen there, and to make preparations for an attack from that side, through the Bazid Khel Pass, simultaneously with one from the position occupied near Bagh, upon Jummoo, which is the principal stronghold of the Jowakis.

The troops have suffered somewhat, and operations have been delayed by constant rain, but otherwise all has gone well. The men are reported healthy and eager for the attack on Jummoo, which the Jowakis will doubtless defend. If they do so, their loss ought to be considerable; for, isolated as they are from the other tribes, their fighting power numbers no more than 1200, or at most 1500, men, who will thus be focussed in opposition to a larger force armed with breechloaders. The loss of our own troops, up to date, has been 11 wounded; none killed. The known losses of the Jowakis have been 9 killed, 8 wounded, and several prisoners. But their losses are supposed to be greater; and, allowing for the usual proportion of casualties, this probably represents a loss of 40 or 50. All the fortified towers in the Paia valley, and in the villages eastward and southward, have been destroyed, but the houses, as a rule, have been spared. The Jowakis are reported to be much dis-

couraged and to be divided amongst themselves. Their applications for help have been rejected by the other Afreedee tribes to whom they were addressed. The uncommitted sections of the Adam Kheyl, who, before we commenced operations, had given 600 selected hostages for their neutrality, have as yet shown no disposition to break faith, or to side with the Jowakis, but are, on the contrary, trading actively and peacefully in our own country.

The terms I deem it expedient to enforce will probably be somewhat more stringent than those suggested at the conference, for I think it absolutely necessary that they should be precautionary as well as punitive, but they will not comprise any cession of territory. Their principal points will be the surrender of arms, and, if possible, of ringleaders: and the opening up of the country by roads, which, if the Jowakis mean peace and good behaviour for the future, will be extremely beneficial to their own trade; whilst, if they mean mischief, this latter precaution will cripple their power for doing it. When these terms have been complied with, the troops will be immediately withdrawn.

On December 7 he adds:—

Our operations against the Jowakis have, thus far, been an unprecedented success. Our troops are now masters of nearly the whole Jowaki country. The tribe seems to be quite bewildered and cowed by the new tactics which I have at last succeeded in getting our frontier authorities to adopt. The Jowakis have shown hardly any fight; but considering the small amount of fighting there has been, the losses of the enemy have been unusually large, and our own unusually small. None of the other tribes have shown the slightest disposition to join the Jowakis, who, being thus completely isolated, with all their strongholds destroyed, and all their cultivated land in our hands, have already

sent in headmen to sue for terms. All that is now necessary is that the terms imposed on them be sufficiently precautionary as well as punitive. We must secure guarantees for the future as well as inflict punishment for the past. I anticipate from the success of this expedition the permanent establishment in India of a whole set of new and better principles of border warfare. I don't think it likely that our frontier officers, having once recognised the ease, safety, and superior result of the new system, will ever again revert to the old one, which its most inveterate advocates of a year ago now admit to have been "justly condemned"; and I trust we have heard the last of the old "British raid." Our frontier authorities, both civil and military, write me word that not only has the new system of operations been signally successful against the Jowakis themselves, but that it has also made a profound impression on all the surrounding tribes, who now, for the first time, perceive that war with the British Government may be to them a much more serious matter than it hitherto has been.

In the following year, when the Government of India were forced into a war with Afghanistan, Lord Lytton had reason to rejoice in the advantage gained by the reorganisation of our whole frontier policy. When he arrived in India all the passes of the northern frontier were effectually closed to us.

To MR. HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH. *November* 25, 1878.

Most of the Pass tribes were incessantly raiding with impunity all along our border, whilst, against some of them, we were endeavouring feebly to maintain a perfectly ineffectual blockade. No Englishman could venture a mile beyond any part of the border without a chance of being shot, and this state of things was regarded by our frontier authorities as perfectly natural

and legitimate. When I met Sir Richard Pollock at Umballa a fortnight after my arrival in India, an officer on my staff, who was sitting beside him at dinner, expressed to Sir Richard his wish to see the celebrated Khyber Pass. Pollock, who was then Commissioner of Peshawur, replied, with a laugh:

"You would be shot if you attempted to do so."

"Why? Are we at war with the Khyber tribes?"

"Oh dear, no!"

"Why, then, should I be shot if I entered their country?"

"Why, of course, because it is their country and not ours, and have they not every right to shoot us if we enter it?"

"And are they kept out of our country, and do we shoot them if they enter it?"

"Of course not. They come freely into it every day."

This accurately describes the state of the whole frontier when I came to India. Our frontier authorities were men overburdened with judicial and administrative work, who sat at their desks all day, and had no personal intercourse with the frontier tribes. Their relations with those tribes were conducted for them by native middlemen, or *arbabs*, all more or less corrupt, self-seeking, and untrustworthy. Any officer, civil or military, was strictly forbidden to mix or communicate with the trans-frontier tribes, and severely punished if he did so. Major Cavagnari, who is now my ablest frontier political officer, once entered the Afridi hills, where he was hospitably received by the tribes there; but on his return he was strongly reprimanded. Captain Tucker, a police officer, for accepting an invitation from a trans-frontier chief, from whom he obtained much valuable information, was dismissed from his post. Our frontier authorities, civil and military, were profoundly ignorant of the geography of the country, and of the disposition of the people two miles beyond our border;

and, in the meantime, the very tribes who are at this moment our most useful allies against the Amir were plundering and murdering with impunity our own subjects in Peshawur itself, which is our largest frontier garrison. I am confident that if the Queen's subjects whom her authorities in India have during the last seven years allowed to be systematically robbed and murdered, under their very noses, on our north-west frontier, had been British farmers or colonists, able to make their voices heard in Parliament, the Governments and the officials who allowed such a state of things to exist, and who now profess to be the only experienced judges on frontier matters, and the only representatives of humanity and justice, would long ago have been sent about their business.

Such were the results of the frontier policy I found in full swing when I came to India.

. . . Now the Khyberi and Mohmund, and other Afridi tribes who, two years ago, were constantly raiding on our border, and were considered by Sir Richard Pollock entitled to shoot us if we crossed it, are now our cordial allies, and actively supporting our operations against the Amir. In these operations Sir Samuel Browne acknowledges that the information obtained during the last two years respecting the Afridi country by the Guide Corps, and those enterprising young officers whom I have encouraged to explore it, have been quite invaluable to him. Since the Jowaki campaign, into the conduct of which I succeeded in introducing new principles of border warfare, against the united opposition of all my military authorities, and of all the old-fashioned frontier officials, there has been no raid on that part of the border, notwithstanding the disturbed condition of men's minds there in consequence of the events of the last two or three months; and such is the terror inspired by the rational use of our military power for the repression of border crime that, in all probability, my successor will have no tribal raids of any importance to deal with.

LORD SALISBURY *to* LORD LYTTON. *December* 22, 1877.

Your campaign in the Jowaki country appears to have been skilfully managed, and to have met with great success. The idea of punishing them by making a road through their territory is taking a leaf out of the book of General Wade, and will, I trust, produce the results which he achieved. I was particularly smitten with another suggestion I saw in one of the papers you forwarded to me, that of making a regular survey of the hostile country one of the conditions of submission. The combination of punishment and benefit, of indignity with civilisation, is peculiarly happy—and it has the additional advantage that it will make punishment for any future breaches of the peace easier.

In the autumn of 1877 the Viceroy lost the services of Sir Owen Burne, who could no longer be spared from his post at the India Office at home, and Colonel Colley succeeded him as private secretary.

To LORD SALISBURY. *October* 4, 1877.

. . . The two years for which you so kindly and generously granted to Colonel Burne, on my behalf, leave of absence from his permanent post at the India Office are now approaching their term. Had it been possible to provide for him in India any adequate pecuniary compensation for the surrender of his post as political secretary at home, I fear I should have been selfish enough to ask him to remain with me. This, however, is not practically possible. My virtue has been spared a temptation which it might not have resisted, and in view of Burne's return to England next spring, I have offered the private secretaryship on my staff from that date to Colonel Colley, and the military secretaryship to

my wife's cousin, Captain George Villiers. Both of these officers have, with the permission of the Duke of Cambridge, accepted the above-mentioned appointments; Colonel Colley foregoing the headship of the Staff College which was about to be offered him, and Captain Villiers resigning the military attachéship at Berlin. I can never sufficiently thank you for your kindness in sparing me Burne's able and experienced assistance during the two first years of my Viceroyalty. It has been quite invaluable. I do not believe that any man in my present official position ever enjoyed the comforts of a private secretary more intelligent, more helpful, more tenderly attentive, thoughtful, and laborious than Burne has been to me. His knowledge of the details of all Indian questions, his rapidity of work, his cheerful endurance of long-sustained mental and bodily fatigue, are very remarkable. But what will ever most endear to me the recollection of the time he has been working with me and for me is the warm heart and loyal hand I shall so often miss when he is gone. I am thankful to feel, however, that on his return to the India Office, Burne will be able to give you information fresher than any possessed by the members of your Council, and fuller than any I could hope to furnish by the most detailed correspondence upon many questions that are likely, I fear, to remain anxious ones for some time to come; and I anticipate much advantage to myself from the great familiarity with these questions in their latest phase which he will bring to his charge of your political department. . . .

To MR. JOHN MORLEY. *Chepal, November* 9, 1877.

MY DEAR MORLEY,—Yes, the outlook for this empire is, doubtless, grave—it is *always* so, but chiefly, I think, because the Government and the very maintenance of India depend ultimately on the will of a people from whose political life the sentiment and instinct

of empire seems to be dying out. . . . From no other point of view does the future of our Indian Empire inspire me with any serious alarm. I have immense faith in the energy, ability, and ruling instinct of the men on the spot who are holding it. The financial conditions, though certainly difficult, do not seem to me by any means so desperate as they seem to many others; and I am confident that in India itself there is no power capable of upsetting our own. Our case may be very different when we have an immediate European neighbour in Asia. That is the danger I most fear for India; and chiefly because it is the danger which will be least understood at home. I take advantage of a temporary release from office boxes to scribble you these few lines of affectionate greeting, but I fear I have nothing to tell you of the least interest. I am writing to you at the door of my tent, amidst some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery of the Himalayas; and in an hour hence I shall "fold my tents like the Arabs" and steal away: but not silently, for two thousand coolies accompany my camp. . . .

To MR. WILFRID BLUNT. *India Maind, November* 12, 1877.

I am writing to you at the door of my tent, like Abraham, surrounded by my tribe, behind me a tiny city of canvas with gaily bannered domes, in front a grassy plateau swarming with mules, horses, ponies, and dusky naked figures who squat round huge wood fires. Beneath me, a mountain torrent, deepest green flecked with foam, dashing down a gorge of darkly wooded hills; behind and above these, intricate and infinite folds of barren summits, passing through every variety of aerial colour into a silvery azure; and above and beyond these last, and highest of all, three pinnacles of sunlit snow. . . .

Adieu, my dear Wilfrid. I have no more belief in your philosophy than in any other. Whether we work or

play, love or hate, we cannot escape the "wiles of the unconscious."

But I too have made, during my harsh experience here, some discoveries, valuable perhaps as to the worth or worthlessness of friendship, and have learned to like my professed enemies a great deal better than most of my professed friends.—Ever, dear Wilfrid, your affectionate LYTTON.

To MR. JOHN MORLEY. *Government House, Calcutta, December* 17, 1877.

MY DEAR MORLEY,—I am now in the last pangs of parturition with our Budget for this year, which I hope Strachey will be able to lay before the Council next week. If we pass it (and my present expectation is that in India it will be received with a general sense of relief) we shall, within two years from the date of my connection with the Government of India, have increased our permanent revenue by nearly 2½ millions sterling without recourse to an income-tax, or any appreciable pressure on the community.

CHAPTER XVI

INDIA—(*continued*)

1878, AET. 46–47

I sought to heal this sickness into health :
To mitigate, not magnify, man's wrong :

. . . . .

I sought to attain this by no violent aids.

. . . . .

But no ! the vulture swoop'd, the eagle scream'd,
The roused hawk hunger'd, and the dove must bleed !

—*Chronicles and Characters.*

AT the Budget Councils of December 1877 and February 1878, Sir John Strachey was able to introduce those measures of famine and financial reform which had been foreshadowed in Lord Lytton's letters of 1876, including the creation of the famine insurance fund, the equalisation of the salt duties, and the abolition of the import duty on coarse cottons and other articles. The new taxes imposed for supplying the famine insurance fund came to £1,000,000, while the remission of taxation in connection with the equalisation of the salt duties, the inland sugar duties, and the import duties on cotton goods, &c., amounted to £600,000, with a further remission within two years of £1,100,000.

Lord George Hamilton subsequently told Lady Lytton that when the Indian financial reforms of 1878 were debated in the House of Commons, the duty of making a party attack upon the Indian Budget was entrusted to Mr. Fawcett. It was whispered the day before the debate that he had

enlisted the aid of Mr. Gladstone, who would take part in the discussion. Lord George Hamilton was at that time Under-Secretary of State for India, and so confident was he of the excellence of the case to be urged on behalf of the proposals of the Indian Government, that he was certain that, if he could speak before Mr. Gladstone rose, he would be able to prevent him from joining in the assault upon Lord Lytton's policy. He contrived, therefore, to speak somewhat early in the evening, and he had the satisfaction of seeing that, as he proceeded, Mr. Gladstone took fewer notes, until finally he tore up the notes that he had already made and threw them upon the floor. When the division was called he walked out of the House. Next day Sir Henry Maine informed the Under-Secretary of State that he had achieved a great triumph, and that Mr. Gladstone had told Mr. Fawcett that the case advanced on behalf of the Indian Government was so sound, and the policy propounded was so wise and prescient, that he declined to take any part in attempting to thwart or counteract it.

The principal measure carried out by the Government of India in the spring of 1878 was the Vernacular Press Act.

To MR. FREDERIC HARRISON. *Camp Dugshai, April* 2, 1878.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I am filled with shame and remorse for having left so long unanswered a delightful letter from you, which I received on my way to the famine districts, when my head was so full of canals, tanks, and relief camps, that I postponed the enjoyment of a *causerie* with you in the hope of a leisure time which never came; and thus while "to-morrow and to-morrow" has crept on this petty pace, I have been playing the fool o' the time—the spirits of the wise doubtless sitting in the

clouds, their habitual abode (judging from their utterances during the last twelve months), and mocking me; as it is so easy for those who sit in the clouds to mock those who are toiling in the dust and heat. . . . I am sick of the modern cant about British interests as the sole justification of British action. The interests of the British Empire never have been, and never can be, exclusively material, or even exclusively English. On the contrary, more than those of any other great Power, they are essentially moral and primarily European. It was by convincing Europe that England is the most *unselfish*, and at the same time the most *resolute*, of the great Powers, that she secured that high position in the world which all our politicians of both parties have, for the last twenty years, been doing their best to repudiate and fritter away. . . . I have long believed that the permanent maintenance of a great empire is incompatible with our present institutions. Either the Empire must go, or the institutions. Very probably both will go eventually—the Empire first, I fear, and then the institutions. What alienates me from the English radicalism of the day, with which on one or two points I should otherwise be disposed to sympathise, is its utter want of patriotism and practical common-sense. So far as I can judge, it would willingly burn down every rafter of the great fabric of the British Empire in order to roast in the ashes some of its own little half-addled theoretical eggs. . . . I am writing this on the march—the only time when I can ever indulge in the luxury of private correspondence—and as I have just received notice that my camp must be struck within half-an-hour, I must bring this letter to a close without attempting to defend or explain to you any of the deeds—which, if you hear of them at all, you will probably hear of as *misdeeds*—of mine during the course of the last year, such as the famine regulations, the codification programme, the frontier reorganisation scheme, the plan for establishing a close native Civil Service (which is now dependent on the assent of the Home Authorities, but

which has received the concurrence and support of all the local governments in India except Madras), the gagging Bill for the suppression of sedition propagated by vernacular journals (which Bright and Gladstone, I hear, are going to denounce as an outrage to the liberty of the Press), and the new taxes and decentralisation measures, which, taken together, will add three million sterling permanently to the revenues of India.

Mais à quoi bon vous ennuyer en vous expliquant mes propres ennuis. There are only two conditions of power, action and criticism. Each has advantages and privileges peculiar to itself. There is a power in criticising the action of others, and a power in acting *maugre* the criticism of others. I know not which has the best place in the game—the man with the ball, or the man with the bat. I esteem it a privilege to have had the opportunity of doing, in the teeth of much opposition, and with the certainty of incurring much misrepresentation and personal abuse, two or three things which, rightly or wrongly, but at any rate strongly, I believe to be for the benefit of my country and several millions of its subjects. Those who have done nothing have the privilege of finding fault with all that has been done—a privilege I by no means despise, for it is sometimes useful, and generally enjoyable. Every man's ideal "Right" is somebody else's ideal "Wrong," and a hundred years hence which of us (I or my critics) will be the better for your Credo (if it be more than a Credo) in posthumous vicarious vitality? For my own part, I care not a d—n. *Nunc est vivendum.* But the *nunc* is the smallest of particles, and the *vivendum* a very weak verb. Still, they are all we have, and "while this machine is to me," I am, my dear Harrison, very faithfully yours, LYTTON.

Russia's successes against Turkey in Europe had by January 1878 opened to her the road to Constantinople. Rumours that the Russians were in the suburbs of Constantinople set London and

the House of Commons in a ferment. On 15th February the British fleet was sent through the Dardanelles, with orders to aid the Turks if the Russians advanced nearer the Ottoman capital, and war seemed imminent. On 3rd March Turkey and Russia signed the treaty of San Stefano. England refused to recognise the treaty, and announced that she would not send representatives to a general congress unless Russia would consent to submit the terms of the treaty for discussion by those Governments which had signed the treaties of 1856 and 1871. In this she was supported by Austria and France. Lord Derby, unable to agree with the policy of his colleagues, resigned; Lord Salisbury became Foreign Secretary in his place, and Lord Cranbrook succeeded to the India Office. The Government proceeded to strengthen the fleet before Constantinople, despatched fresh troops to Malta, which were supplied from India, and declared the treaty of San Stefano to be contrary to the interests of this country. The Czar, receiving no European sympathy, agreed to treat with England, and to call a European congress. The famous Berlin Congress opened June 13, 1878, and a month later the Berlin Treaty was signed.

To Lord Salisbury. *April* 3, 1878.

My dear Lord Salisbury,—It is with a real pang that I read your telegram informing me of the change which deprives me of the chief to whom I am indebted for great forbearance, generous support, and considerate guidance. I shall ever recall with grateful feelings the support you have given me in every principal episode of the time during which I have had the honour to serve under you. The cessation of our direct official relations is a sad event in my life; nor are my regrets wholly selfish, for the withdrawal from the India Office, especially at

this moment, of your long experience of Indian administration, and intimate knowledge of the character of the men engaged in it, will be a real loss to India. On behalf, however, of the highest public interests, on behalf of the character of the Government and the honour of the nation, I must confess that I unfeignedly rejoice to know that the conduct of foreign affairs has now passed into your hands.

Notwithstanding the innumerable obstacles to a "bold foreign policy" which you mentioned in your letter, and which I keenly recognise, I feel confident that our foreign policy will now be at least a strong and intelligible one; though prudent, not pusillanimous; and if flexible, as every foreign policy must be, still not aimless. Assuredly never did an English Minister assume the seal of the Foreign Office at a time more pregnant with difficulty and anxiety, nor can the blunders and neglect of twenty years be rapidly repaired. But your courage is the herald of your success, and if only you are adequately supported by the Cabinet and the country, I feel sure you are destined to be one of England's greatest Foreign Ministers. Such a Minister she never needed more than now. I cannot sufficiently express the deep sympathy and affectionate interest in your most anxious but beneficent task with which I am, dear Lord Salisbury, yours ever obliged and faithfully, LYTTON.

From Lord Salisbury he received the following letter:—

April 5, 1878.

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,—I have passed from the quiet haven of India to the stormy sea of foreign politics, and I now write no longer, alas! in official relations, but merely to say good-bye. I shall retain long a very pleasant recollection of my association with the earlier years of your Viceroyalty, and with your vigorous famine, financial, and political administration, and shall watch, so

far as I have the opportunity, the development of your policy with the keenest interest. A great career of activity and fame, during the three years of your official tenure yet remaining, lies before you, and I earnestly hope you may have health to fulfil the bright promise of its beginning. I have to thank you very cordially for your hearty and loyal co-operation during a period that has been always full of difficulty, and often of anxiety. The two offices are so placed towards each other that they tend naturally to friction, and it is only by such friendly and considerate conduct as you have shown that it can be avoided. I am sure that you will find in my successor a character with which you will sympathise, and that he will heartily appreciate you. Pray convey to Lady Lytton our kindest remembrances and regards, and believe me ever, yours very sincerely,

SALISBURY.

To LORD SALISBURY. *Simla, May* 1, 1878.

MY DEAR LORD SALISBURY,—At the risk of haunting you with the unlaid ghost of a defunct correspondence, I cannot leave unthanked your most kind and touching letter of the 5th ultimo.

Your parting absolution and benediction are, to me all the more dear and precious, from my consciousness of how greatly I need the one, and how little I deserve the other. The machinery of our dual Government for India is certainly, as you say, productive of friction, and I fear almost unavoidably so. My own impression is that it is altogether an anachronism. But, notwithstanding the clumsiness of its framework, any Viceroy can govern successfully with the support of the Secretary of State, and no Viceroy can do so without it. Your co-operation has, therefore, been far more valuable to me than mine could ever be to you. And if . . . *præsidium et dulce decus meum!* . . . in the course of the two years during which it has been my privilege to serve under your com-

mand and protection, the administration of India, though occasionally creaking, has made steady progress, it is exclusively due to the generous support you have given me on critical occasions, and to your constant forbearance with the impulsiveness of a correspondent who must have frequently tried your patience. I feel, with something like the remorse of a repentant sinner, how often I must have seemed to you a sort of official *enfant terrible*. But, indeed, your fame and name are not less jealously dear to me than those of our old empire, whose future destinies depend more on your genius than on that of any other English statesman. From the privilege of unreserved correspondence with you on great political questions, I have derived many lasting advantages, but none which I value more highly than the friendship of a political chief whom I shall ever regard with the warmest personal affection.—Believe me, dear Lord Salisbury, your faithful old official servant, and grateful friend,

LYTTON.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *May* 1, 1878.

I hope you will be satisfied with the way in which your telegraphic instructions about the embarkation of troops for Malta have been carried out. . . . Volunteers have spontaneously flocked from every quarter to fill up the ranks of the depleted regiments. Pathans, Afreedees, Beloochees, Sikhs, soldiers of the Central India Horse, and the Hyderabad Contingent—representatives of all the best fighting elements of our native army in every part of India—have been telegraphing, at their own expense, for permission to be employed in this, or any other foreign, service against Russia. The Begum of Bhopal has written to place the whole resources of her kingdom, military and financial, such as they are, at our unrestricted and unconditional disposal in the event of war. Kashmere offers his best troops for the defence of the frontier. Nepaul offers its whole army

for garrison work. Scindhia is fretting for permission to furnish and lead a contingent; and numbers of our young hill Rajahs are offering to raise irregular cavalry regiments at their own expense. This is an entirely new political phenomenon. It is in many ways, I think, significant. . . . The enthusiasm of our native army is, so far as I can ascertain, spontaneous, unselfish, and genuine. And, so far as they go, all these manifestations of a desire on the part of native India to co-operate unreservedly in any active defensive policy on the part of the British Government, are thoroughly satisfactory.

To Lord Cranbrook. *May* 16, 1878.

. . . The case of the native woman Huchi is certainly a hard one. But the law, as it stands, seems to leave the young lady no power of combining Christianity with matrimony—the chief object of most Christian young ladies. Marriages in India are only compulsory in the sense that all the actions of children and minors are everywhere else compulsory. The Hindu marriage has three stages: the betrothal, which generally takes place in the cradle; the marriage, at an early age; and the consummation of the marriage, which usually takes place some years later. If you think it desirable, I think we could, without difficulty, institute confidential inquiries, addressed to the local governments, into the facts of infant marriages, and the state of native feeling about them, but I doubt if such inquiries would add much to our present information on the subject; and I don't think it would be safe to attempt prohibitory legislation at the present moment. My own belief is that, throughout Bengal, the native mind is ripe for a change in the marriage law, and that, very probably, we might suppress infant marriages in that province, without provoking any dangerous opposition. But throughout Northern India, where the population is not only more

ignorant, more superstitious, and more tenacious of their old customs, but also very capable of fighting in defence of them, such an experiment in legislation would, I fear, be exceedingly dangerous. All I have heard and seen in this country inclines me to believe that we might, perhaps, have imposed with impunity any laws of this kind immediately after the Mutiny. Had we then proclaimed that henceforth the whole population was to be christianised (being conquered), that no religion but that of the conquering power would be recognised, and that all institutions must be brought into conformity therewith, it is possible that even the most turbulent of our native subjects would have acquiesced, however reluctantly, in such a decision, seeing in it only what their history has accustomed them to regard as fair and natural, or, at any rate, inevitable, in the action of a conquering and alien power, the day after victory. A curious story is told (I cannot vouch for the truth of it, but I believe it is true) of Lord Lawrence, who, when Chief Commissioner, proclaimed by beat of drum through the streets of Lahore—according to the custom of that time—some trivial edict about keeping the streets clean, or something of that sort. A native deputation waited on him, with many salaams, expressed their appreciation of the "blessed law," but asked leave to make a few representations. It then turned out (to the horror of the Commissioner) that, through some blunder on the part of the translator, the proclamation had generally been understood and received as a law summarily prohibiting polygamy. In any case, there can be no doubt that the extent to which the native mind is predisposed to recognise, on the part of the Government of the Sahibs, the power of issuing summary fiats, is almost as unintelligible to an Englishman as the fiats themselves are unintelligible to the average native. But the whole tendency, and indeed the chief aim, of our rule has been for many years to justify the ways of its Providence to the natives of India; to explain, and submit to

discussion, the motives of its action, and to seek their intelligent assent, rather than their mere acquiescence in the laws we give them. I think, therefore, that (although, indeed, the disposition of your Council seems to me, I confess, deplorably obstructive in regard to administrative reform and executive progress) its conservatism in regard to legislation is quite sound, and that we cannot too carefully refrain from legislation, the want of which is not yet felt by the native population, or for which that population is not yet ripe. No doubt, we are working out in India the most gigantic social and political revolution the world has yet seen, but it is a task of ages, and cannot be completed hastily or jerkily. . . .

Lord Lytton devoted much time during this year to the subject of army reform, and appointed an Army Commission, who reported in the autumn of 1879.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *June* 14.

. . . Ever since my arrival in India, the question of our Indian army has, in some form or other, forced itself on my attention. It is the heaviest item in our expenditure; and, what is worse, it is an ever-increasing one—the *bête noire* of our financiers. It is by many considered the chief, if not the only, danger to our rule in India; and yet the efficiency of this costly army is more than doubted by our most experienced officers; whilst no one can deny that, for the most important duties of an army, it is practically useless. With a peace establishment nearly as large as that of Austria, and half again as large as that of England, combined with an expenditure heavier than that of either, I doubt whether we are at present in a position, as regards our actual resources, to put and maintain more than 10,000 men in the field. If called upon to do more than this, we should have to begin enlisting and training new men for the purpose—in short, creating an additional force.

What strikes me most about the Indian army is its utter want of expansive power. I suppose it is, at present, the only large army in the world which has no reserves—absolutely no means of expansion in war time—and which pays and maintains in peace time the full number of all the men it is able to put into the field, were we at war. Why this should be the permanent condition of our army, I am quite unable to see. It seems to me that the reserve system—that great modern improvement in military organisation—is more applicable to the army of India than to almost any other. It has been tried in England under every possible difficulty, and yet it has succeeded there. In India it would find every possible condition in its favour, and every possible facility for its introduction. . . .

In India we have a practically unlimited supply of recruits to draw upon. We have no difficulties about foreign service and relief. In a country which, like native India, is the stronghold of social conservatism and inveterate habit, it matters not whether a man be withdrawn from his home for two years or for twenty; he will find and take his place there, when he returns from service, just as if he had never left it. There is nothing which the Indian so much likes as to live at his home in receipt of a small supplementary stipend—no matter how insignificant it be—from the Government. He never moves. There is no man who can be found with greater ease and certainty, whenever he is wanted, than a native pensioner. And besides all these conditions, so singularly favourable to the introduction of a reserve system, there is in India an enormous number of small Government places—amounting, I am told, to nearly a quarter of a million—which are specially suitable to men who have passed through the ranks, and which would offer both inducements to enter the army and provision for the men thus recruited during and after their "reserve" time.

I have long been under a very strong impression that

some reduction, even if unaccompanied by any corresponding power of expansion, is possible, with more or less advantage to the organisation of our army, and with a certain relief to our finances. One or two proposals in this sense have indeed, from time to time, been put forward; and my military colleagues are at this moment engaged in savagely tearing to pieces a memorandum by Sir Garnet Wolseley, containing similar suggestions, which was communicated to us by Lord Salisbury. But I have felt that any such proposals could always be met by the undeniable fact that, even with our present force (large and costly though it be), we are utterly unable to undertake a campaign, and by the unanswerable question: "What, then, will be our position if we still further reduce it?" I am, therefore, conscious that it is incumbent upon me to show a definite prospect of increased efficiency in proportion to the reductions which I earnestly desire to see effected. . . .

Among our younger officers in India, there are many who are keenly alive to the backwardness and deficiencies of their service; but these men are not yet in a position to carry out great measures of reform. Moreover, such measures have always been carried, and probably can only be carried, by pressure from without, sufficient to overcome the inveterate *non possumus* from within. It is a common remark that all great military improvements in England have been introduced and carried by civilians—men such as Lord Herbert, and his successors in the War Office. I need not dwell upon this. Of the difficulties overcome by civil administrators who have advanced the progress of army reform, you, at least, can say with pride, *Hæc novimus ipsi!* But, at home, there is always a strong outside opinion which you can bring to bear directly on obstructive military authorities. You have a civilian War Minister, with a civilian War Office. You have, in Parliament, numbers of men possessing more or less military experience, and personally interested in the improvement of the army—men who

are often troublesome bores, but who are useful when you want to push forward a great reform. And, lastly, you have a Press, through which the younger, more advanced, and more intelligent officers of your army can get a hearing for their views and aspirations. Here, in India, we have not a single one of these controlling influences. The army rules itself. The Commander-in-Chief is a member of the Government, with a seat in the Council. He is a great officer, second only in power to the Viceroy himself: the natives call him "the Great War Lord," as they call the Viceroy "the Great Peace Lord." The War Minister and the War Office (or what answers to these in the Government of India) are all military; and they are as saturated with purely military traditions and prejudices as are the Commander-in-Chief and his officers. There are neither in nor out of the Government any civilians who have time or inclination to deal with great military questions; and there is no "public opinion."

I fear, therefore, that we have not in ourselves the means necessary for carrying out any army reforms. We must look for assistance from outside.

My proposal, if I may count on your support in taking up this question, would be to form a committee, in which modern military science and experience, Indian military experience and traditions, Indian local and administrative knowledge, and, last but not least, Indian financial interests, should all be represented. . . .

Such a committee might be called upon to determine, in the first place, what are our actual military requirements in India under two heads: (*a*) For peace garrison; and (*b*) for active operations in case of war. . . . On the practical basis thus furnished, the committee should then review our present military establishments and organisation.

While the Berlin Congress was still sitting, rumours reached India that a Russian mission

had been despatched to Kabul, and by the end of July it was ascertained that it had certainly arrived.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *June* 16, 1878.

. . . When the Russian Agent, now at Kabul, informed the Amir that a European officer of high rank was on his way to Kabul as Ambassador from the Czar to His Highness, the Amir, in dire alarm, wrote to Kaufmann declining to receive such an Ambassador, on the ground that he could not possibly answer for the life of any European officer in Afghanistan, owing to the turbulent, barbarous, and fanatical character of the Afghans; and, in short, recapitulating to the Russian Governor-General all the arguments he had used to us in justification of his flat refusal to receive an English officer. To this letter (our informants say) Kaufmann replied that the Ambassador had already been despatched from St. Petersburg with the Czar's instructions, which could not now be recalled; that he was far advanced on his way to Kabul, and that the Amir would be held responsible not only for his safety, but his honourable reception within Afghan territory. The Amir had said in his letter that if the Russian Government had anything important to say to him, rather than receive a Russian (European) Envoy at Kabul, he would at once send one of his own Ministers to Tashkend to receive the communication on his behalf; and to this Kaufmann replied that the Amir's proposal to accredit a permanent representative at Tashkend was accepted, and could not now be withdrawn without offending Russia, but that this arrangement could not supersede the special mission of the Russian Embassy to Kabul, &c. &c. The report continues that, on receipt of this reply, Sher Ali, after great hesitation, has made up his mind to submit to the Russian Embassy, and has issued orders for its safe conduct to Kabul, but that he is

in great trepidation, and is being pressed by his advisers to appeal to us for protection against the Russian demands, &c. . . .

To SIR RICHARD TEMPLE. *July* 18, 1878.

. . . What do you think of the result of the Congress, so far as it affects us? To me, I confess, it seems a magnificent masterstroke of wise and far-seeing diplomacy on the part of Lord Beaconsfield, though the stupid people here, in India, do not yet realise the immediate and far-reaching significance of it. Two great groups of important interests were seriously menaced by Russia's last attempt to tear up the Treaty of Paris with her own bayonets, and the result of her subsequent invasion of Turkey. One of these groups consisted of European interests, the other of Asiatic interests. In the defence of European interests (with the exception of one, viz. the maritime supremacy of the Mediterranean), we were concerned only as one of the great European Powers; and, obviously, much less concerned than the Danubian Powers—Austria and Germany. In the other group of interests we were much more directly concerned as the only European Power, excepting Russia herself, which is also a great Asiatic Power. Our interests in Asiatic Turkey, therefore, were essentially British and National, as distinguished from European and International; whilst in European Turkey our interests were (with the exception of those concerned in the maritime question) essentially European and International, as distinguished from National and British.

As regards the first group, the interests in conflict were between Russia and all Europe, of which we are only a part. As regards the second group, the interests in conflict were between Russia and England; the rest of Europe having practically no concern in the conflicting interests of these two Powers. To have put ourselves forward at the Congress as the special, or sole, champion

of European interests, in which we have only a collective and secondary concern, would, I think, have been doing more than we were called upon to do; whilst to have shrunk from taking our fair share in any general settlement, for the re-arrangement and joint assertion of those interests, would have been doing less than it behoved us to do as a European Power. On the other hand, to have trusted the future maintenance of our own special interests in Asiatic Turkey to no other security than the collective guarantee of a European Treaty would, I think, have been the maximum of unwisdom; for experience shows that no such guarantee would have been sufficient, if the Armenian settlement effected by it were broken by Russia, to oblige or induce a single one of the other European Powers to fight for interests generally felt to be exclusively British. It seems to me that Lord Beaconsfield has kept the golden mean between doing too much and doing too little. In the collective guarantee of Turkey's European provinces, as re-settled by the Congress, we have taken our fair share, and no more; whilst the defence of her Asiatic provinces, as similarly re-settled, we have rightly taken upon ourselves by a separate engagement, which furnishes us with adequate material guarantees and immensely increased facilities for efficient action in the future. . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *July* 29, 1878.

. . . One of our native medical officers, whose services we lent some time ago to Sher Ali, returned last week from the Court of the Amir to Peshawur with the following Kabul news, which purports to come direct from Sher Ali. A Russian European officer, said to be Kaufmann (which is unbelievable, but probably, if the story have any truth in it, one of Kaufmann's staff), had crossed over from Kilif, with a military escort, *en route* for Kabul, on a diplomatic mission to the Amir. The Afghan authorities on the Oxus had tried to stop him,

but he had disregarded their remonstrances, and was, with his escort, advancing towards Kabul. The Amir, much alarmed on receipt of this intelligence, had sent orders all along the way that, to prevent complications, no obstacle should be offered to the progress of the Russian Mission, and of this he had informed our native doctor when the man left Kabul. . . . I await confirmation of the news. Should it be confirmed, however, I don't think we can keep quiet, and a decision will have to be taken promptly. I shall then ask you to let me know, if possible by telegraph, how the Cabinet is disposed to view the reception of a European Russian Mission at Kabul, in reference to the Amir's flat refusal to receive a British Mission, and the terms of Gortschakoff's pledges to Lord Granville about Afghanistan. If the story turns out to be true, it will be known all over India that the Amir, having refused to receive a British Mission, has now received a Russian one, and the effect of this will be seriously injurious to us. . . .

Lord Lytton considered that the least aggressive measure which could now be taken by the British Government was to write to the Amir informing him of our intention to send a British Mission for the friendly discussion of the situation thus created. This measure the Home Government officially sanctioned on August 3rd.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *August* 3, 1878.

. . . It is now almost exactly a year since we addressed to your predecessor the enclosed despatch about Merv, which elicited from the India Office a somewhat sarcastic reply. We were then told that our warnings were witless; our anxieties, nightmares; our calculations, the crude excursions of an untutored fancy; our conclusions, airy fabrics raised by unreasonable fears from a foundation which, whilst we were building on it,

had already vanished from the region of fact. High authorities at that time impressed on me that "the complete collapse of Russia as a great military Power" rendered practically impossible any serious danger to the land frontiers of India from that quarter.

I venture to think that our political foresight will stand comparison with that of our critics, and that subsequent events have better justified our alarm than their confidence. Within the year now closing, Russia, though temporarily checked by the exceptional and unprecedented strain of her severe struggle in European and Asiatic Turkey, has made greater strides towards India than were then "dreamed of in our" repudiated "philosophy." When our Merv despatch was written, she had pushed forward a light movable column to Kizil Arvat. . . . Since then barely twelve months have elapsed—twelve months of circumstances exceptionally adverse to Russian progress in Central Asia. Yet Russia is now deliberately occupying the Akhal country and Kizil Arvat, with a force five times as strong as that which she then employed—a force probably strong enough to push almost to Merv, should she have any special motive for prematurely pushing so far. When we wrote our Merv despatch, Persia was seeking our support to a protest, on her part, against Russian action in this direction, and endeavouring to effect an alliance with, or to obtain the allegiance of, the Turkoman tribes. At that time Russia's forward movement, skirting the northern frontier of Persia, was still very hazardous. Now her operations in that direction are undertaken, and are being prosecuted, with the avowed sympathy and support of Persia. Now the Russian armies are being supplied from Persian territory. It is true that the rumoured preparations at Chargui have come to nothing. But this is only because the Russians have, apparently, abandoned that desert route, and deliberately selected one far more fertile (and, if available, far more easy) along the north-west border of Afghanistan. Now the

Russian outposts are actually 150 miles nearer to India than they were then. Now the Russian officers and troops have been received with honour at Kabul, within 150 miles of our frontier and of our largest military garrison. And this is a distance which, even on the large scale maps recommended to us by Lord Salisbury, looks very small indeed. . . .

There are three, and only three, courses of action still open to us, if we still desire to secure the effective command of a suitable northern frontier.

I state these three courses in a sequence which indicates what seems to me their relative merits:—

1. To secure, by fear or hope, such an alliance with the present Amir as will effectually and permanently exclude Russian influence from Afghanistan.

2. Failing this, to withdraw, promptly and publicly, all countenance from the present Amir; to break up the Afghan kingdom (which I think we can do, if so minded, without much difficulty); and to put in the place of its present ruler a sovereign more friendly to our interests, and more dependent on our support.

3. To conquer and hold so much of Afghan territory as will, in the failure of the two above-mentioned precautions, be absolutely requisite for the permanent maintenance of our north-west frontier. As a military operation, this will not, I think, be so formidable as it has often been represented; but, as a political measure, I should contemplate it with great reluctance only as a *pis aller*, rendered imperative by the failure of the two preceding guarantees. . . .

I propose, in accordance with your sanction, to send a British Mission to Kabul, as soon as it can be properly organised; and to precede it by a message, through a native agent, informing the Amir that it is on its way to him, and that he is expected to receive it (like the Russian one) with all becoming honours, &c. Our British Envoy, whilst instructed to use every endeavour to conciliate and convince the Amir, will be armed with a

formidable bill of indictment against His Highness; setting forth all his inimical, and hitherto unpunished, acts towards us; his attempts to stir up a holy war against us; his systematic maltreatment of our subjects, &c.; and the culminating insult of his reception of Russian officers at his capital, after his flat refusal to receive there our own officers, &c. The precise instructions to this Mission will require very careful consideration. But the terms I should deem it necessary to insist on (by making the Amir distinctly understand that, if he rejects them, we shall openly break with him altogether) are:—

1. A treaty binding him not to enter into negotiations with, or receive agents from, any other state or nation without our permission.

2. The right to send British officers to Kabul for special conference with the Amir, whenever we see adequate occasion for such special missions, on matters affecting our joint interests.

3. The permanent location of a British Agent at Herat. It might be useful to secure the right to send British officers to Balkh and Kandahar; but I would certainly not break off negotiations on such a point as this. . . .

I would confine our promises to efficient support against any unprovoked aggression on the part of other Powers. I think that our Envoy should insist strongly on our grievances, and make the Amir distinctly understand that, if he does not now come to terms with us, we shall find it necessary to take material guarantees for the prevention of mischief, or danger, to ourselves from his recognised hostility. . . .

The practical question we have to consider is, what we shall do if the Amir refuses to receive our Mission, or if the Mission fails to attain the object of it.

In that case I would propose—(1) to occupy at once the Kurrum Valley and Kandahar; (2) to open, simultaneously, independent and direct relations with some of

the border tribes who now own a half allegiance to the Amir, and to endeavour to detach them from it (an easy task, I think); (3) to watch the course of events from the position thus occupied. . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *August* 12, 1878.

. . . Sir Neville Chamberlain has accepted charge of the new Mission to Kabul sanctioned by your telegram; and I expect him shortly at Simla for the arrangement of its details. I propose to put upon the Mission, under him, Majors Cavagnari and St. John, with a carefully selected medical officer acquainted with the frontier. I have great faith in the indirect personal influence of medical officers, if they have had some political training, in our dealings with Afghans, Pathans, and other wild tribes. The dispensary is often a better protection to an outlying Indian station than a couple of batteries. . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *August* 26, 1878.

. . . Reports (received through merchants and others) represent the Amir to be in a condition of complete mental collapse, similar to the condition into which he was thrown once before by the loss of his former favourite son, during his struggle for the throne. I think that, in any case, our Mission ought not to start for Kabul later than the 15th proximo. It is a great advantage to the Russians to be on the spot at such a moment, and a great disadvantage to us not to be on the spot. I should be glad to know if anything has passed, or is passing, between Her Majesty's and the Russian Government on the subject of the present trespass.[1] But the real centre of the situation we have to deal with is at Kabul, not at St. Petersburg. . . .

[1] Lord Cranbrook writes to Lord Lytton on the 3rd of August: "At St. Petersburg they deny Imperial orders, or even those of General Kaufmann."

On the 21st news was received of the death of Sirdar Abdulla Jan, the Amir's heir-apparent. The messenger charged with the letter announcing the coming mission was accordingly kept back till August 30, when he left Peshawur, bearing an additional letter of condolence from the Viceroy to the Amir. These letters remained unanswered.[1]

To LORD CRANBROOK. *August* 31, 1878.

I feel sensibly grateful for your telegram on the subject of the Kabul Mission; and I have also to thank you for your letter of August 3rd and 7th, received this morning. . . .

It is a fact most promising, and singularly opportune, that within the last few days the population of the Kurrum Valley has been representing to us that the yoke of Sher Ali has become intolerable to it, and urgently requesting the presence of British troops for its protection; whilst almost simultaneously the headmen of the Ghilzai tribe have come in, with a strong deputation, to Quetta, spontaneously offering to raise their part of the country against the Amir if he breaks

[1] Mr. Paul in his *History of England* (vol. iv. p. 79) has asserted that "a letter of condolence from the Viceroy was almost immediately followed by Sir Neville Chamberlain's arrival at Peshawur, before Sher Ali could have acknowledged the intimation of his appointment." The implication here is that the Mission was forced upon the Amir without regard to his mourning, and without giving him time to protest if so minded. The facts are these: the Amir, while still conferring with the Russian Mission, tried to stop the progress of the messenger bearing the letters from the Viceroy. The Commissioner of Peshawur then wrote to the Amir's Minister to inform him that the proposed Mission was a friendly one, and that its departure could not in any case be deferred beyond the 16th of September. It was, in fact, deferred till the 20th, and could not have reached Kabul till after the forty days of mourning had expired. The letters announcing its coming were freely discussed at Kabul, and could easily have been answered long before Sir Neville Chamberlain moved from the frontier town of Peshawur. Having waited for the reply which never came, he moved forward on the 20th. Had he waited longer we should have lost the friendship of the border tribes, who understood quite well that the fact that the Viceroy's letter of condolence had not been answered was, according to native etiquette, an unpardonable affront.

with us. Thus, at the only two points where there is any probability of our having to enter Afghan territory, in the event of open rupture with Sher Ali, we are already assured of a welcome reception by the local populations. . . .

I cannot help thinking that, so far as it directly concerns Russia, our Afghan policy has hitherto been a dog-in-the-manger policy, of which she has fair cause to complain. We have, rightly, declared the independence and friendship of Afghanistan to be essential to the permanent safety of our frontier. To secure both the one and the other, by our own action in Afghanistan, we have had ample time, ample opportunity, and ample power. But, instead of doing this without reference to Russia, we have virtually asked her to relieve us from all obligations, in the least degree inconvenient to us, respecting Afghanistan, by undertaking, exclusively in our own interests, obligations inconvenient to herself. I think we were scarcely entitled to claim from her permanent recognition of such a fiction as our paramount and exclusive influence over a country in which we have never yet made a single rational effort to secure, or exert, any influence at all. . . . Just in the same way we have expected the Amir to treat our friends as his friends, and our enemies as his enemies, thereby undertaking liabilities on our behalf, whilst we decline to undertake any liability on his behalf. It is not surprising that he should have failed to appreciate the advantages of the part thus assigned to him, on behalf of interests declared to be common to the two Governments. . . .

From all I have seen of Sir N. Chamberlain, I think the Kabul Mission could not have been confided to safer hands. But if the Mission does fail, I shall be still supported by the knowledge that you, at least, will not have expected us to make bricks without straw, and that fair allowance will be made for causes of failure not created by the present Government of India. . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *September* 8, 1878.

. . . Sir Neville Chamberlain left Simla early this morning, in good heart and hope. I am greatly pleased by all I have seen of him during his stay with me; and I think the Kabul Mission could not have been confided to safer, or firmer, hands than his. His second in command (Cavagnari) is one of the very few Indian officials who have a really political head: a possession which he probably owes to his Genoese parentage. . . .

My latest information from Kabul, received this morning, and dated Peshawur, 4th September, is as follows:—

The Amir thinks it better for him not to reply to the Deputy Commissioner's letters of the 23rd and 27th. On hearing of the coming of the British agent" (*i.e.* the Nawab Ghulam Hussain, with my letter announcing the Mission), "he remarked that he could not see any use in it, considering the relations between the British Government and himself. But he gave permission to his Council to arrange as they might think best about the road. They therefore wrote to Golam Hardas Khan, and to Faiz Mahomed Khan, not to prevent the *vakeel* passing, but not to say they had permission. The Russian Envoy is said to have taunted the Mustaufi with acting otherwise than in the interests of Kabul: and the Mustaufi retaliated. This was in open durbar. The Russian Envoy then left for Tashkend with an escort of 100 Kabul sowars, saying that he would return in forty days. His subordinates remained behind. There is a small Russian party among the Afghan Sirdars. The Council advised the Amir to see the English Envoy, and to decide afterwards, saying that it would not be polite not to receive him. . . .

The Viceroy informed the Home Government by telegram that the mission would leave Peshawur on the 16th of September. On the 13th (in Lord Cran-

brook's absence) the India Office wired to the Viceroy to delay the departure of the mission till the official reply to a remonstrance had been received from St. Petersburg. In accordance with this telegram, the Viceroy delayed the departure of the mission from the 16th to the 20th. By that time negotiations with the border tribes made immediate advance a matter of urgency. Any further delay would have irretrievably lost us the assistance of the Khyberis, which had been secured. The mission, however, even then only advanced to Jumrood, which was still in British territory. Thence an officer was sent forward to ask the Amir's authorities at Ali Musjid if the mission could be allowed to pass. Permission was refused, and information of the refusal having been telegraphed home, Lord Cranbrook instantly wired back to ask what steps the Viceroy proposed to take. This telegram was received on 25th September. On the 26th Lord Lytton replied with a full statement of his views.

To THE QUEEN. *September* 26, 1878.

I deeply regret to inform your Majesty that, after patient forbearance, stretched out to the extremest verge of what was compatible with the maintenance by your Majesty's Indian Government of the dignity due to your Majesty's great name and power, in awaiting the will and pleasure of the Amir of Kabul, who has vouchsafed no reply to my letters announcing the Mission of Sir Neville Chamberlain, that Mission has, by the Amir's orders, been forcibly refused admission into his territories by his authorities at Ali Musjid. This public and deliberate affront, which has produced a profound sensation throughout India, precludes all further hope of amicable relations with Sher Ali. To leave it unavenged would dangerously shake the confidence reposed in the power of your Majesty by your Majesty's Indian

subjects. I have already reported, by telegraph, to your Majesty's Secretary of State for India, what steps I propose to take, without delay, for punishing the insult offered to the British Government in the person of its accredited representative. . . .

On the 1st of October, after communicating with the Prime Minister, Lord Cranbrook telegraphed approval of the Viceroy's proposals. Before resorting to force it was decided to send an ultimatum to the Amir, fixing the latest date within which his reply could be awaited. This date was the 20th of November.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *October* 3, 1878.

. . . A man sent by Buktiar Khan has just returned from Kabul with the following information. The early arrival of the British Mission had been announced to the Amir by the Mir Akhor, who asked for immediate orders, adding that he was continuing, under previous orders, to do all in his power to obstruct the Mission. The Amir sent for the Mustaufi and Wali Mahomed Khan, and consulted them privately. The Mustaufi said he "had long been trying to persuade His Highness that the alliance with England was more profitable than one with Russia could be; that no Power had ever stopped an Envoy even during war; and that it would be better to send for the Mission and hear what it has to say, than bear the blame of refusing it."

Sirdar Wali Mahomed Khan supported the Mustaufi. The Amir said he "was so disgusted with the British Government that he could not bear to see any one connected with it, not even this Mission." The Mustaufi asked the Amir to give him a certificate that such and such an official of his had represented to him the impropriety of stopping the Mission, but that he (the Amir) had not agreed with them. Such a certificate,

he said, "might be of use to him in the day of adversity, and they, his well-wishers, should not be held responsible by the people for not having understood the state of affairs." The Amir replied "very angrily and bitterly": "Perhaps you want this certificate from me to show the English." The Mustaufi said he "had nothing to do with the British Government, and had asked nothing from any Government, but that he spoke with a view to the welfare of the Amir, who must do as he thought best." The Amir remarked that "to allow the Mission to come just as the British Government wished it to come, was the same to him as if it came against his own wishes." At this moment a letter arrived from Mir Afzul Khan (of Kandahar) to the effect that, in his opinion, after hearing what was going on at Kabul, the Amir had better allow the Mission to come, and receive it with honour, and that the Amir should well weigh the demands of both the British and Russian Governments before choosing between them. The Amir remarked that "this Sirdar was too old to understand political matters." The Mustaufi returned home in anxiety, remarking that "it was strange that the Amir neither had any assurance from Russia, or any disposition to settle his differences with the British Government. Perhaps the days of adversity had arrived." The messenger adds: "The Amir is daily, and most anxiously, expecting the return of the Russian Envoy. The remainder of the Russian Mission, under two European officers, is still at Kabul. . . ."

After the repulse of his Mission at Ali Musjid, Sir Neville Chamberlain was asking some native notables (old friends of his) at Peshawur what they, and the natives on the border, thought of it. They replied: "It is doubtless a studied and great affront to the British Government, but not greater than the Amir's omission to answer the Viceroy's letter of condolence, for, amongst us (natives), such an omission is one of the greatest insults one man can offer another."

Sir Neville Chamberlain: "Well, what do the people about here say, and what do you think, we shall now do?"

The Notables (after much hesitation and pressing): "Well, sahib, to say the truth, the people say, and we think, that you will do nothing!"

To the PRINCE OF WALES. *November* 13, 1878.

. . . As your Royal Highness is aware, it has been decided by Her Majesty's Government to address an ultimatum to the Amir of Kabul. This communication was despatched to His Highness some weeks ago, and the time fixed for awaiting the Amir's answer will soon have expired. If Sher Ali accepts the conditions of the ultimatum, the settlement of our future relations with him must again be attempted by negotiation, in the result of which, I confess, I have personally no faith. On the other hand, if Sher Ali rejects the ultimatum, our troops will, without further delay, cross the frontier at three points, and secure those positions which can be conveniently and advantageously occupied during the present winter. In so doing, however, they will be particularly instructed not to injure, irritate, or interfere with the Afghan population, with which we have no quarrel, and which is in many places well disposed towards us. All their supplies will be drawn from the base, and not from the surrounding country, which is everywhere too poor to support an invading force. Transport and supply are, for this reason, our two main difficulties. . . .

No reply having been received up to ten o'clock on the night of 20th November, our troops crossed the frontier on the following morning, 21st November, while, at the same time, a proclamation to the Sirdars and people of Afghanistan was issued to the effect that the British Government had no quarrel

with the people of Afghanistan, but only with the Amir Sher Ali, upon whom rested the responsibility of having exchanged the friendship for the hostility of the Empress of India. On the 21st November General Sir Samuel Browne attacked and took the fort of Ali Musjid, and then advanced to Jellalabad without resistance. On the same day General Roberts entered the Lower Kurum Valley, and continuing his advance to the Upper Kurum Valley, encountered a large Afghan force, which, despite the difficulties of his position in that mountainous region, he attacked and routed with brilliant success.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *November* 21, 1878.

Jacta est alea! The Amir has not condescended to make any reply at all to our ultimatum. The latest hour fixed for the duration of the time within which his answer to it would be awaited and, if received, considered, expired, strictly speaking, at sunset yesterday, the 20th. For the Mahometan day ends at sundown. It was not, however, till 10 P.M. last night that I received from Peshawur, by telegraph, a message which had been delayed in its transmission from Jumrood by the darkness and defective signalling—that no communication from the Amir had been received at our outposts. On receipt of this message, orders were issued to the generals commanding the Khyber, Kurrum, and Quetta columns to cross the frontier and advance at daybreak this morning. I have since heard from Peshawur of the commencement of operations in the Khyber; and, probably, before the mail leaves Lahore this evening, I shall receive some further information as to their progress. Meanwhile, the delay of the last month has not been wasted; for, last night, the negotiations in which I have employed it were satisfactorily closed by the signature of a written agreement between Major Cavagnari and the representatives of all the Khyber

tribes, in which the tribes, detaching themselves from the Amir's authority, bind themselves to place the control of the Pass under the management of the Government of India, on terms similar to those of the Mackeson Pass administration. The Mir Akhor has sent word to the Amir that, if the British forces move, his position in Ali Musjid will be untenable, and he and his whole garrison must be massacred, unless promptly withdrawn or reinforced. But, so far as I can ascertain, the Amir has not made any response to this appeal. . . .

On the 26th of November General Biddulph entered Pishin, and found it already evacuated by the Amir's troops.

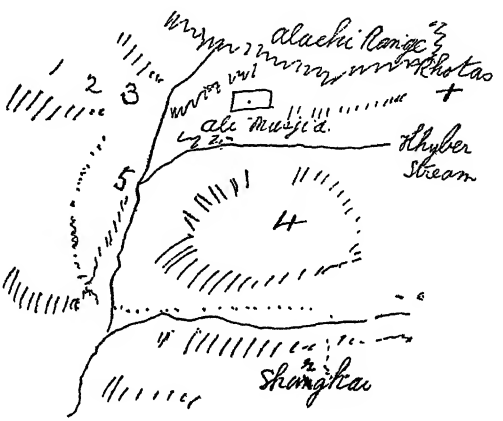
To the PRINCE OF WALES. *November* 27, 1878.

. . . I have already had the honour to telegraph to your Royal Highness the capture of Ali Musjid, and the complete expulsion of the Amir's troops from the Khyber Pass. The troops under General Sir Samuel Browne left Jamrood, advancing up the Shadi Bagiar Pass, at 7 A.M. on the 21st. The 1st and 2nd Brigades had left during the night to take up their positions at Kata Kooshta and on the Rhotas. The advanced guard reached the Shaghai heights at 10 A.M. It came upon the usual cavalry picket a little above Mackeson's road, and the picket retired after exchanging shots. The 9-pr. R.H.A. guns were got into action at 2300 yards at 12.20 P.M., and the 40-pr. Armstrongs at 2500 yards at 1.10 P.M. A strong gale of wind, blowing from the right, rather injured the practice, and assisted the enemy's shot, some of which pitched on to the Shaghai, killing a camp-follower and a horse.

No signs were observed of the Rhotas Brigade (under Colonel Macpherson), which was to have opened the

attack, and informed the advanced guard of the movements of the 1st Brigade (under Colonel Tytler) by sending signallers on to the highest peak.

At 2.30 P.M. General Sir S. Browne descended into the Khyber stream, passing the spot on which the interview had taken place a month ago between Major Cavagnari and Faiz Mahomed. Colonel Appleyard's Brigade went off to the low hills on the left. The line of advance is dotted on the marginal rough sketch. The enemy occupied the points 1, 2, and 3, each of which commands the other; No. 3 commanding Ali Musjid. These points had a mountain gun on each peak; and as our artillery made no impression on them, these guns harassed Colonel Appleyard's attack considerably. Darkness set in, and the position was not taken.



It was never intended to take it by an attack in front, nor do I think it could have been taken in that way without great difficulty and loss. The plan of the operation was, as your Royal Highness will have perceived, that the attack should be opened on the flank by the 2nd Brigade, under Colonel Macpherson, from the Rhotas, which commands Ali Musjid, the advance guard merely occupying the enemy in front, while the 1st Brigade, under Colonel Tytler, took the fort in rear from Kata Kooshta. The execution of this plan, however, was rendered impossible on the 21st by the non-arrival of the 2nd Brigade, which General Browne had expected to find in position on the Rhotas. The

R.H.A. battery towards the close of the day went to point 5 in the bed of the stream, which was swept by the fire of a gun below the fort at a short telling range, and this battery had to come out of action after expending its ammunition without much practical effect. It must be observed that of the total force detailed for this operation, only one-third came into action, owing to the non-arrival of the 1st and 2nd Brigades. In these circumstances General Browne wisely deferred the assault till the following day, bivouacking that night on the Shaghai ridge. During the night, however (which was very tempestuous), Colonel Jenkins, with the Guides and 1st Sikh Infantry, arrived in position at Kata Kooshta, in rear of Ali Musjid. The enemy, on receiving notice of the approach of these two regiments, precipitately decamped, leaving behind them all their guns and ammunition stores, camp equipage, &c., which are now in our hands. But their retreat was cut off by Colonel Jenkins, who completely dispersed the whole force, capturing a large number of prisoners, now at Peshawur. The rest of the enemy's force, which escaped into the hills, was there intercepted by the Afridis, who stripped the fugitives of their clothes as well as their arms. I feel sure that your Royal Highness will be gratified by this brilliant achievement on the part of your Royal Highness' Regiment, the Guides, to whose action we are really indebted for the evacuation of Ali Musjid, and the complete dispersion of its garrison on the night of the 21st. The two regiments under Colonel Jenkins are the only ones which reached their position on that night—a fact which reflects the greatest credit on Colonel Jenkins. Of all the officers now serving under General Browne, he is the one in whom I have always felt most confidence. And General Browne has warmly acknowledged that the information obtained by Colonel Jenkins, and his Guides, respecting the country in which he is now operating—a country of which when I came to India our military authorities were profoundly ignorant—

has been of invaluable service to him. . . . To return to my military narrative, however. On the morning of the 22nd, our troops entered Ali Musjid and found it entirely deserted except by a few sick and wounded, who (Cavagnari writes me word) "freely cursed the Amir." The 2nd Brigade, under Colonel Macpherson, turned up shortly afterwards, not having fired a shot, and having lost its food train. This was probably owing to the size and weight of the column, which had to make a forced march, on a very dark and tempestuous night, over a very wild and difficult country, through which it is only possible to march single file. The Amir's entire force being dispersed, General Browne rested his own force that day at Ali Musjid; and, on the 23rd, resumed his advance up the Pass, encountering no further opposition. He is now at Dakka; and thus the entire Pass is in our hands. The Khyberis, from first to last, behaved most satisfactorily, the entire tribe having joined us, and eagerly assisted in the expulsion of the Amir's troops. The Lalpoora chief and the headmen of all the Jellalabad villages are now in General Browne's camp offering their services. . . . The prisoners now at Peshawur I have ordered to be comfortably lodged and provided with any warm clothing of which they may stand in need; after which they will be dismissed at our outposts, each with a copy of the proclamation (declaring that our quarrel is with the Amir, not with his people), and a small gratuity to pay his way to his own home. I learn that Lord William Beresford, now with Sir Sam. Browne's force, is in good health, and has made himself very useful to the General, besides being the life and soul of all that is cheery and chivalrous in the camp. . . .

On the 30th of November, and after these military successes, a messenger from Sher Ali arrived at Ali Musjid with the reply to the ultimatum. The letter was regarded by the Home Government as evading all the requirements of the Viceroy's letter to him,

and the Viceroy was accordingly authorised to reply to the effect that, though the British Government had every desire to be on terms of peace and friendship with the Government and people of Afghanistan, there could be no cessation of hostilities till a clear and unequivocal submission was tendered by the Amir. On receipt of this letter, the Amir decided to fly to Russian territory, after releasing his imprisoned son, Yakub Khan.[1]

To LORD CRANBROOK. *December* 5, 1878.

I need not assure you of the anxious sympathy with which my thoughts are following you to-day to Westminster Hall, where the home enemy will be assembling his forces. I am in hopes that the good news I was fortunately able to telegraph to you this morning, and which has already been given to the Press, will burst like a bombshell in the ranks of the Opposition; and that, if it does not disconcert their attack, it will at any rate tend to weaken any base of attack they may have been able to find in popular sentiment. General Roberts' victory at the Peiwar appears to have been complete; and, if so, it is certainly a very important one in many respects. I think it will be materially impossible for the enemy to rally between Kabul and the Shutur Gurdan. Once the retreating force enters the narrow defiles, the retreat is very likely to become a rout. Thus Kabul will remain closely menaced on the two nearest lines of advance, and I think we may reasonably expect that, throughout Afghanistan, the moral effect of the Amir's double defeat will be considerable.

[1] Before his flight into Russian territory Sher Ali published a firman to his subjects, in which he quoted the following passage from a letter written him by General Stoletoff: "Like last year [that is, at the time of the Peshawur Conference] you are to treat them [that is, the English] with deceit and deception until the present cold season passes away; then the will of the Almighty will be made manifest to you—that is to say, the Russian Government having repeated the Bismillah the Bismillah will come to your assistance."

On the only two occasions on which his troops have, as yet, encountered ours, their position has been admirably chosen; in both cases it has been a position of immense natural strength, peculiarly favourable to the defensive tactics of the Afghans; and their artillery has not only been numerous and good, but remarkably well served. On both occasions our own troops have been operating at every possible disadvantage, over rough ground unfamiliar to them, almost inaccessible, and extremely fatiguing to lowlanders, where cavalry cannot act at all, and where our superior infantry fire cannot tell as it would in the open. Our commanders have also had very great difficulties to contend with in bringing up their guns across such a country; whilst it is now obvious that the enemy's guns must have been leisurely posted on the most commanding positions, and their range accurately adjusted by repeated practice long before the declaration of hostilities. Nevertheless, on each occasion the Amir's forces have been completely cut up and dispersed in a single engagement, leaving all their guns and ammunition behind them. At this rate, the Amir's artillery, which seems to be his strongest arm, will be rapidly reduced. General Roberts seems to have captured at least eighteen guns on the Peiwar, and Sir Samuel Browne captured twenty-five in the Khyber. That makes forty-three guns already taken from the enemy. . . .

To MRS. ROBERTS. *Camp Lahore, December* 11, 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. ROBERTS,—It gives me great happiness to learn by your welcome letter that my telegram reached you in time to relieve you from prolonged anxiety about the personal safety of our hero. I sincerely believe that you can scarcely be more keenly gratified than I am myself by the brilliant and important victory which has more than justified the confidence I have always felt in your husband's military ability. I say "more than

justified," because, though my expectations were justly high, they have been quite surpassed by the skill, energy, and prudence with which General Roberts has conducted what is likely to remain on record at the close of the present campaign as the most difficult and arduous enterprise undertaken in the course of it. I anticipate very important political results from the victory at the Peiwar Kotul. But my satisfaction on receiving the news of it has been greatly increased by the details of it, and of your husband's subsequent movements, which have since reached me. A victory is always welcome, even when, but for a lucky accident, it might have been a defeat. But a victory which is entirely due to accurate insight and faultless command has a value wholly independent of its immediate military or political results. The excellent organisation which enabled Roberts to push on so rapidly without weakening his communications or parting from his supplies, the rapidity with which he adapted his plan of attack to the unexpected difficulties of his position, and the judgment and energy with which he has surmounted subsequent difficulties in the course of his further advance, encourage the hope that India may have at last found in him—what she sorely needs—a practical military genius. I have already communicated to you the Queen's congratulations. In my letters to Her Majesty I shall not fail to explain how fully those congratulations have been deserved. . . .

To Sir James Stephen (*who had lately in the "Times" defended Lord Lytton's policy against the attacks of Lord Lawrence and Lord Grey*). *Lahore, December* 16, 1878.

My two and a half years of life in India have had their fair share of anxiety and discouragement, and even bitter associations, but they have given me two friends, whose friendship I prize infinitely beyond every other gift "the gorgeous East with richest hand showers on her kings," yourself and John Strachey, and for this

reason I esteem myself the most fortunate ruler and most favoured Viceroy India has ever had. . . . The details of Roberts' victory show that it was really due to military ability of a high order. I am so pleased; for he was my own particular selection, and I had been personally coaching him in my own notions about that line of advance (so deprecated by our German critics) for more than a year before he got his command there. I am conscious of having just said something which must seem very conceited—I being a civilian, and Roberts having just proved himself to be a very able military commander. But my coaching had reference only to matters which any civilian is competent to understand and judge of, if he has to attend to them; and which are perhaps for that reason too often disregarded by second-rate military men. . . . The effect of this war upon native sentiment and opinion in India has been electrical. Two years ago there was an universal and dangerously deepening impression on the part of all our native subjects and feudatories that the fighting days of the British Raj were over—with its fighting power; that we had become too effeminatised ever again to take up arms even in self-defence, unless the enemy were actually on our soil, and that then it would be too late; that the power of Russia had become irresistible, and that India was destined in a very short while to succumb to it. This impression was unconcealed; indeed, it was unmistakably marked throughout Northern India, and especially along the frontier. It was the customary topic of inconvenient interest in all the native durbars. Scindia used to allude to it—I am bound to say with profound regret, but as a matter of course—as a thing inevitable. It was beginning to tell very prejudicially on our practical relations with those Native States whose rulers had irregular agencies in England (Hyderabad, Indore, &c.); but what is most remarkable is the extension of this belief to the southern extremities of India. Chamberlain tells me it was prevalent

throughout Madras, where any native who considered himself ill used by a collector would say openly: "Well, the Russians will be here before long, and then we shall see!" The first shock given to this impression was the despatch of the Native Contingent to Malta. But after the Treaty of Berlin and the return of the contingent, native opinion relapsed to its previous condition. Sir N. Chamberlain, Cavagnari, Waterfield, and others were much impressed by the unreserve with which our native notables about the border avowed to them their conviction that, after the repulse of our Mission at Ali Musjid, we should probably talk a good deal, but we should never venture to act against the Amir of Kabul for fear of offending Russia. The news that our troops had actually crossed the frontier was instantaneously followed by a remarkable outburst of demonstrative satisfaction from all our feudatories and the whole native population of Northern India. As regards the former, there is not a single state, great or small, in any part of India from which I have not received enthusiastic and spontaneous offers of unreserved and unconditional co-operation, both financial and military, in the prosecution of the war. The entire vernacular Press of Northern India, especially those journals which are in the hands of Mahometans, have cordially approved and supported the action of the Government. The greater portion of the vernacular Press of Bengal has, I must admit, reproduced and exaggerated, with characteristic disaffection, all the utterances of the English Radicals and their Whig followers in depreciation of the Government and in approval of the Amir's conduct. But, on the whole, I sincerely believe that at no time since the suppression of the Mutiny has the Government of India stood so high as it now stands in the respect and confidence of its native subjects and feudatories, for the effect produced by our prompt action of the 20th has been confirmed by the rapidity and completeness of our successes in the Khyber, the Kurrum, and the Khojuk.

To SIR HENRY A. LAYARD. *December* 24, 1878.

. . . My latest information, received three days ago on my way here, is that on receipt, at Kabul, of the news of General Roberts' victory at the Peiwar Kotal, the Amir's authority instantly collapsed, and the remainder of his army began to desert *en masse*. Thereupon he, apparently, decided to release Yakub Khan ("that ill-starred wretch," as he calls him in his last letter), and to fly into Russian territory in company with the three remaining officers of Stoletoff's Mission. With this information a pensioned Ressaldar has reached Jellalabad, now in our hands. The Ressaldar had been furnished by the Amir with a letter stating that, on the advice of his Sirdars, he (Sher Ali) was proceeding to St. Petersburg to lay his case before "Congress" (!), and that any communications we might desire to address to him would be considered there (at St. Petersburg). The Ressaldar adds that he asked Yakub also to give him a letter, but that Yakub replied: "The letter given you by my father will suffice." I don't think this an unnatural, or necessarily hostile, answer from a man in Yakub's peculiar position when it was given. But Yakub is an unknown quantity. It is impossible to say what may have been the effect upon his character of six years' solitary confinement, or how far he will be capable of rightly appreciating the changes effected by time, during that period, in the condition of his own country, and its relations with other Powers. He is, I think, the only man now left in Afghanistan who, in the absence of Sher Ali, is at all likely to be able to hold the central authority together without very active foreign support, and I think it not improbable that his release may have been caused by some sort of *pronunciamento* on the part of the Ghilzais. But in Afghanistan the old tribal system, which was the main strength of Dost Mahomed, has long since been broken up by Sher Ali and replaced

by a standing army, of which the fighting power is now practically destroyed. I have instructed Cavagnari to inform Yakub that we have no quarrel, and desire none, with him or any one else, except Sher Ali, who is now out of the field, and that if he (Yakub) is willing to come to a reasonable understanding with us, I will at once suspend hostilities. . . .

CHAPTER XVII

INDIA—(*continued*)

1879, AET. 47–48

O the infinite effort that seems
But in infinite failure to finish!
Man's belief in the good that he dreams
Must each fact that he wakes to, diminish?
God forbid! whom thank thou for whatever
Of old evil remains—understood
As good cause for continued endeavour
In the battle 'twixt evil and good.
—*Chronicles and Characters.*

To MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN.[1] *Calcutta, January* 2, 1879.

. . . I am terribly cut up by the death of my dear old friend, George Lewes.[2] I have known and loved him since childhood. He had the most omnivorous intellectual appetite and digestion of any man I ever knew; a rare freedom from prejudice; soundness of judgment in criticism, and a singularly wide and quick sympathy in all departments of science and literature. It will be one of the great misfortunes of my later life that all the friends of my younger days were older than myself; and now they are all gone. He was the last of them. I feel as if a spring had snapped somewhere in my own life. His son tells me that she bears bravely her great bereavement, and intends to devote herself, for the present, to the completion of her husband's unfinished work. . . .

[1] Sir James Stephen became a judge in 1879.
[2] Author of the Life of Goethe, History of Philosophy, &c., and husband to George Eliot.

To MRS. LEWES. *January* 22, 1879.

Turn which way I will, the shadow of your sorrow still lies darkly on me; I measure it by my knowledge of the magnitude of your own great nature and his worth—who was the last of the few friends wiser than myself to whom from boyhood I have looked up. I shall honour his memory, and mourn his loss, and love and thank him as long as I live. But I cannot offer consolation I have never found, and do not feel. Your strength, your wisdom and insight, are immeasurably greater than mine; I am comforted by the consciousness that fine souls like yours know how to turn great griefs to best account. But I cannot comfort you. If there be any personal compensation for the death of those we love and need, it is unknown to me. The only mitigating consequence of such bereavement that I have ever experienced is one which you yourself once predicted to me, and which I therefore know you will not miss. Certainly, since my dear father died I have been in closer and more constant intercourse with him, and have seemed to understand him better, than when he was alive. But even this comes slowly. And oh, the difference! All intercourse with the dead is so shadowy, so indistinct, so like twilight after daylight.

My Edith sends you her lovingest love. Adieu, dear and great friend.—Your affectionate LYTTON.

To MR. JOHN MORLEY. *Calcutta, January* 30, 1879.

Many thanks for your letter of the 24th December. I suppose I must not congratulate you on the attainment of your fortieth birthday; but I am sure that none of your old friends can feel, on your behalf, any of that dejection with which you contemplate the event. How few men have reached the age of forty as richly laden with the "spoils of time." To the most difficult department of literature you have contributed works of unchallenged permanent value. You have set your mark

indelibly on your age, powerfully influencing the mind of your contemporaries, and impelling it on the way you wish it to move. And all this before that period in life at which most of the few men who do anything at all with their lives that is noticeable, are only just beginning to do it. . . . I cannot say, dear friend of former days, how acute is the pain with which I reluctantly recognise, as irremediable, all that is involved, to my lasting loss, in the fundamental difference between our respective views and feelings about things to which no Englishman should be indifferent, and which both of us deeply take to heart. I confess I have sometimes fancied that had our positions been reversed—you placed in mine and I in yours—my confidence in your character and intelligence would have sufficed to satisfy my judgment that there was more honesty and wisdom in your action than in the denunciation of it by persons who could not be fully acquainted with the causes and conditions of it. But no man dare say of himself how he would feel, or what he would do, in a position he has never occupied. And, very possibly, had I been in your position, I should have felt as you have felt, and expressed my feelings as you have expressed yours on this subject. At any rate, I think I have survived all sense of personal soreness about it. But this only increases the sadness of what I must face as inevitable. For I recognise that it is through no fault of yours, or my own, that I have lost all I most cherished in our old friendship. How can I find any comfort in intimate intercourse with one who conscientiously regards me as the willing, or witless, instrument of a wicked betrayal, or abominable mismanagement, of the highest public interests? And how can you value the esteem, or care to retain the professed friendship, of a man whose conduct irresistibly presents itself to your deliberate judgment in so odious a light? I cannot doubt that these questions must have forced themselves on your mind as they do on mine; and, thinking of days gone by, I think the obvious answer to them will have distressed you as it

distresses me. But we must accept the inevitable. I have, since I came to India, deliberately sacrificed many things to the discharge of duties which seem to me as high and solemn as any which, in these days, an Englishman can be called to undertake on behalf of his country. But this sacrifice was not deliberate; and no duty of my Indian life has cost me a keener or more lasting pang than the unavoidable surrender of your sympathy and good opinion.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *February* 7, 1879.

. . . Lady Lytton has presented me with a younger son, who was born at 2 A.M. last (Wednesday) night, while a great State ball was going on at Government House.[1]

As soon as it was known that Sher Ali had fled to Russian territory, the Government of India authorised Major Cavagnari to open communications with Yakub Khan with a view to a peace settlement. While, however, there was any prospect of the return of Sher Ali with Russian support, Yakub Khan was not regarded by himself or his fellow-subjects as a free agent. The death of Sher Ali at Magar-i-Sharif was rumoured about the frontier in the early spring, and immediately Yakub Khan sent a spontaneous communication to Major Cavagnari, containing distinct overtures for a reconciliation with the Britsh Government, and an offer of his good offices. A few days later, on the 28th of February, he wrote announcing the death of his father and his own succession to the throne. The Government of India authorised Major Cavagnari to reply by expressions of condolence, and by a clear statement of the terms in which peace could be entertained.

Those terms required that the foreign relations of His Highness should be placed under the control

[1] This son was called Neville after Sir Neville Chamberlain, and Stephen after Sir James Stephen.

of the British Government; and they provided for the effectual fulfilment of the mutual obligations involved in that condition—*firstly*, by securing to us the principal passes between India and Afghanistan; and, *secondly*, by the admission of a permanent British Resident in Afghanistan, with the right to depute British officers, as occasion might require, to any part of the Afghan frontiers. The new Amir at once agreed to place his foreign relations under British control; he also accepted in principle the condition respecting European British Agencies, but to the territorial conditions he demurred.

This reluctance the Viceroy attributed in part to exaggerated apprehensions as to the real character of the territorial demands in question, caused by mischievous misrepresentation of the policy of the British Government, and he believed that this last obstacle to the conclusion of a satisfactory treaty would be removed if there could be a frank interchange of views and wishes on the subject between the Amir and Major Cavagnari, in whose discretion and ability the British Government placed complete confidence. Proposals for such a personal conference were made to Yakub Khan and accepted by him. The place at first chosen for the conference was Kabul itself, but when, for military and sanitary reasons, some of our troops advanced from Jellalabad to the higher ground of Gundamuk, the Amir announced his intention of proceeding to that place, and it was there that the treaty was discussed and signed on the 26th of May.

The articles of the treaty were framed in the belief that they fully secured all the objects of the war. They gave the British Government control over the Amir's external relations, this being made possible by the establishment of a British residency at Kabul; they included measures for the protection and encouragement of commerce between India and

Afghanistan; and while the territorial concessions imposed on the Amir were light, and involved no permanent alienation of any part of the dominions claimed by his Government, they secured to the British Government the three principal passes into Afghanistan from India — namely, the Khyber, Kurrum, and Khojuk Passes. The towns of Jellalabad and Kandahar were restored to the Amir. The Amir appeared to accept the treaty not only with resignation but with satisfaction; while the Viceroy trusted it would prove the commencement of a new and better era in our relations with Afghanistan, though he did not for a moment disguise from himself that the practical value of the treaty would depend mainly upon the character and disposition of the Amir and his successors.

To THE QUEEN. *May* 15, 1879.

MADAM,—In the wish to be able to report the conclusion of the Afghan war, and the satisfactory re-establishment of friendly relations with Kabul, I have been induced to defer writing to your Majesty very much longer than I should certainly have done, could I have foreseen, three months ago, the length of time during which it would be necessary to continue waiting on events which might have been rendered very critical by any premature or impatient action on our part. Even now I regret to say that I am not in a position to inform your Majesty that all the objects of the war have been accomplished; but I think that, at least, the accomplishment of them is no longer far distant. The spontaneous arrival of the Amir, Yakub Khan, in the British camp at Gundamuk, as a suppliant for peace, is not only an important political advertisement, but also, I think, a very practical step towards the early removal of many political difficulties which have hitherto tended to protract an inconvenient and somewhat anxious period of suspense.

The course of events upon our north-west frontier since the commencement of the present year has been, briefly, as follows :—

On leaving Kabul, the late Amir (as your Majesty is already aware) released his long-imprisoned son Yakub Khan, who, shortly before the death of his father, wrote to Major Cavagnari to the effect that he was anxious for peace, and that if we would state the conditions on which it might be obtained, he would endeavour to induce his father to acquiesce in those conditions. This letter was followed almost immediately by another from His Highness, announcing the death of the late Amir Sher Ali, and his own accession to the throne of Kabul. In reply to the first of these two letters, Major Cavagnari was instructed to inform His Highness that we were ready to make peace with him at once on the following conditions :—

(1) The effectual control of all his foreign relations.
(2) The admission of British agents.
(3) The renunciation by His Highness of all pretension to exercise authority over the independent tribes of the Khyber and Michni Passes.
(4) The retention under British control of the Kurrum Valley up to the Shutar Gurdan, and of the districts of Peshin and Sibi; the occupation of these localities being absolutely necessary to give us command of the passes through our frontier into India.

It was added that, on the above conditions, we should be ready to restore to His Highness the cities and provinces of Kandahar and Jellalabad.

Of these conditions, Yakub Khan, after some hesitation, virtually accepted the first three. But he declared that it was absolutely impossible for him to entertain the fourth; and that, rather than do so, he would fight against any odds to the bitter end. At the same time, with considerable energy, he set about endeavouring to consolidate and reanimate the small remnant of military force left by his father at Kabul, and he entered into a correspondence

(hostile to us), which has since been intercepted, with the surrounding tribes.

The result of it was soon apparent in a recrudescence of tribal assaults, more serious than any we had previously experienced, on our positions and communications. These assaults were, of course, successfully repelled. But, as your Majesty's troops were not authorised to advance beyond their positions, so that under repeated harassment our forces remained stationary, the idea gained ground along the frontier that the British armies in Afghanistan were under some prohibition, or some inability, to march upon Kabul.

The effects of this impression were very injurious to our political as well as to our military position, and had it remained much longer uncorrected, the situation, I think, must have become very embarrassing. In the meanwhile, however, the increasing heat of Jellalabad was beginning to render that position very unhealthy for European troops; and in view of this fact, I felt justified in authorising a portion of Sir Samuel Browne's force to advance to Gundamuk, a higher locality, on the road to Kabul, where the climate is much more salubrious. Simultaneously, preparations were openly made by General Roberts to be in readiness to cross the Shutar Gurdan. Meanwhile Yakub Khan was informed that, if he wished for further explanations about our fourth condition, the nature of which he had very probably exaggerated, Major Cavagnari would be authorised to proceed to Kabul for the purpose of discussing it with him, and, if possible, arriving at some amicable agreement about it.

The Amir accepted this proposal, and a Native Agent was sent to Kabul to make arrangements with His Highness for Major Cavagnari's suitable reception there. While these arrangements were proceeding, however, the news of our advance to Gundamuk, and our preparations in the Kurrum, became known at Kabul, and the immediate effect of it was very remarkable,

as well as very advantageous to ourselves. The Kabulese, and the surrounding tribes, argued from it that the Amir, by pushing his waiting game too far, had exhausted our patience and failed in his negotiations with us; and that the British armies were consequently about to march upon Kabul. Just as the conclusion drawn by these impressionable observers, from our previous inaction, was that the British Government, instead of imposing its own conditions on the Amir, would in the long-run accept any conditions demanded by His Highness, rather than incur the necessity of breaking off negotiations and extending its military operations, so the conclusion drawn by them, with equal impulsiveness, from our advance to Gundamuk, was that the Amir, unable to defend Kabul, would have to submit to any terms we might there dictate to him. The result of this impression was that his troops mutinied, the tribes at once fell off from him "like water," and his Sirdars began making overtures to us on their own behalf. In these circumstances, Yakub Khan was shrewd enough to perceive that his authority entirely depended on his ability to secure our alliance; and for this purpose he determined at once to lose no time in coming in person to Gundamuk. We, of course, accepted that proposal. The Amir is now in our camp, and negotiations for peace have already been opened there with His Highness. This very promising event seemed to me of sufficient importance to justify me in announcing it to your Majesty by telegraph.

There is, however, "many a slip between the cup and the lip," and Afghans are very difficult gentlemen to negotiate with. Like Napoleon after Waterloo, Yakub Khan said that he came in person to throw himself, unconditionally, on the generosity of the British Government. But his idea of generosity seems to be that, in recognition of the compliment he has paid us by coming to our camp, we should reward him handsomely, and abstain from ever suggesting to him any conditions

which he does not like. He still strongly resists all idea of territorial cession. Major Cavagnari is authorised to tell His Highness that we do not want either his territories or his revenues, and that, without either taking the one or the other, we shall be content with the recognised right to place British garrisons on the Afghan side of those passes the command of which is absolutely requisite for the safety of our own frontier. In this, however, he seems unable to recognise any concession, and, rather than agree to it, he says he would rather remain a prisoner in our camp, or a refugee on British territory. Such language, however, is absurd, and I feel little doubt that we shall eventually effect satisfactory arrangements with His Highness. This will, however, require patience and good temper on our part; and although these are qualities always very necessary on the part of your Majesty's military and political servants, they are rarely exercised by the British public in its criticism of our conduct.

I regret to say that the condition of affairs at Mandalay, and our relations with the Burmese Court, ever since the accession of the present King, have been, and still are, not only unsatisfactory but anxious. As, however, I feel assured that your Majesty would greatly regret any necessity for war with Burma at the present moment, I am persuaded that, in this direction also, our best policy will be one of patience and self-restraint. . . .

The troubles which eventually led to the British annexation of Upper Burmah during the Viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin in 1885 were brewing in the year 1879, and the Burmese Government in this year proved so intractable that it was found advisable to withdraw our British Resident from Mandalay, and he was not replaced.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *Calcutta, February* 28, 1879.

. . . I must now say a few words about the present crisis in our relations with Burma. For years they have been getting worse and worse, and more and more discreditable to the British Government. . . . The situation is this. The late King of Burma had numerous wives, and a high Court functionary, whose business was to enter, in an official register, every visit paid by His Majesty to one or other of these ladies. When it was announced to the late King that the mother of the present King had presented His Majesty with a son, he consulted his register, and found by it that he had not visited the apartments of that lady for some years previously. The result was royal wrath, and Court commotion; to appease which it was represented to the King that the lady in question, whom His Majesty's neglect had induced to devote her affections to Heaven, had lately been receiving spiritual consolation from an exceedingly holy Bonze, whose ministrations Heaven had blessed in a manner which could not be decently resented by a religious monarch. This induced the King to hush up the affair, but during his lifetime His Majesty always declared that the son of the Bonze should never sit on the throne of Burma. Including this young gentleman, however, there were thirty candidates for the throne, whose rival claims, according to the custom of the country, could only be settled by the King's selection of one or other of them as his successor. The most promising of these candidates was the Nyoungyan Prince, who appears to have been very popular with the Burmese, and greatly esteemed by the King, on account of his humane character and intellectual gifts. I have seen something of this young prince, and formed a favourable impression of him. I believe him to be enlightened and advanced in all his views, well-disposed towards the British Government, and grateful for the

hospitality and protection he has received from us. He is said to have a large and powerful party in the country, besides being generally popular; and I have little doubt that, were he established on the throne, our relations with Burma might be pacifically and satisfactorily re-settled. Now, previous to the last moments of his life, the late King of Burma evinced extreme, and not unnatural, reluctance to the selection of his heir; fearing that any premature selection, which would be resisted by the disappointed claimants, might lead to bloodshed, and possibly to his own assassination. But I believe that he repeatedly expressed his intention to name eventually the Nyoungyan Prince as his successor. Whenever His Majesty fell seriously ill, he inquired for the Nyoungyan Prince; but as soon as he recovered, he again put off the performance of a duty which involved so many dangers to himself. Some little time previous to the late King's death, however, His Majesty's thirty sons, in accordance with a proposal made to them by the Nyoungyan Prince, signed amongst themselves a family compact, by which each agreed to respect and submit to the King's selection, on whomsoever it might fall, in order that the country might be spared the horrors of civil war. Not long after this the King died. On his deathbed he sent for the Nyoungyan Prince, for the purpose, as the Burmese apparently believe, of proclaiming him successor to the throne. But, in the meanwhile, the mother of the bastard, who was known to be a most unscrupulous and vindictive woman, had established herself in the palace, where she had, I believe, almost exclusive access to the King's apartment, and was practically mistress of the situation. The Nyoungyan Prince, on receipt of the King's message, fearing a *guet-apens*, fled with his brother into British Burma; and, within a few days afterwards, it was proclaimed by the Queen-mother that the King was dead, having on his deathbed nominated her son—the present King, whose father was the Bonze. The whole circumstances of the present King's

accession to the throne were so suspicious, and the news of it was apparently received with such sullen dissatisfaction by the people and principal personages of the kingdom, that I believe His Majesty did not venture to go through any of the customary ceremonies of coronation; and, so far as I am aware, he has not even yet done so. His Ministers, however, requested on his behalf that the Nyoungyan Prince and his brother might be removed by us from British Burma, where their vicinity to the frontier would be a menace to the safety of his throne. This request was complied with; and the princes have been removed to Calcutta, where they have been living, and are still living, at the expense of the Government of India. The King's first act, after our compliance with this request, has been to butcher all the relations of the Nyoungyan Prince on whom he could lay hands. Some eighty persons seem to have been deliberately murdered by the King's orders in the course of a single night. Simultaneously with the news of this atrocious massacre—which, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case as regards the Nyoungyan Prince, was to some extent an outrage on the British Government as well as on humanity—we received from our Resident at Mandalay, or from the Chief Commissioner at Rangoon (I forget which), information of a suspicion strongly entertained at Mandalay that the King of Burma had previously despatched secret emissaries to Calcutta for the assassination of the Nyoungyan Prince, who is living here on British soil, under the protection of the British Government, and in consequence of the British Government's friendly compliance with the King's request. About the same time, the Nyoungyan Prince himself, though quite unaware of the information we had received from our own authorities on the Burmese frontier, represented to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal that he was living in daily fear of an attempt to assassinate him by emissaries from the King, who had recently arrived in Calcutta. On this, reference was made to the Calcutta

police. The police report that three or four mysterious Burmese, who could give no satisfactory account of themselves, had lately arrived in Calcutta from Burma, and had been hanging about the residence of the Nyoungyan Prince. These persons are being vigilantly watched. They have been warned that, if anything happens to the prince, they will be immediately arrested on a charge of murder, and the guard upon the prince's residence has been doubled. The prince complains, though in very becoming language, which it is difficult to answer, that in consequence of our compliance with the King's request, which removed him from the Burmese frontier, where his presence might possibly have prevented the massacre of his kinsfolk, and whence his easy return to his own country would probably have enabled him to avenge it, he has seen his own relations murdered in cold blood, his own life placed in daily jeopardy, and his personal liberty painfully restricted. He asks if the British Government is prepared to go on acting as political gaoler for a usurper and a murderer; and I am certainly not prepared to say that it is compatible with the self-respect of the British Government to undertake any such function.

Meanwhile, great horror and disgust are said to prevail throughout Burma; the Ministers themselves, with the exception of two, being ready to desert the King in support of the Nyoungyan Prince if he appears amongst them. Strong indignation prevails throughout British Burma, and a growing feeling on the part of the commercial class in that province (where the increasingly unsatisfactory character of our relations with the Court of Ava has long been a source of great irritation and protest) that the British Government will be untrue to its trust if it does not promptly seize the present opportunity for clearing off scores with the Burmese sovereign, and placing our relations with that country on a less discreditable footing. There is also a very general feeling throughout India on the part of our English subjects—

and it is a feeling strongly entertained and expressed in my own Council—that, by allowing our Resident to keep the British flag flying at Mandalay, the British Government is virtually conniving at the outrages which have taken place there, and making itself, politically, a *particeps criminis*. Those of my official advisers who are best acquainted with the political conditions of Burma confidently assert that if the Resident, who would, of course, be accompanied by the unofficial Europeans, were now withdrawn from Mandalay, the King's power, such as it is, would swiftly collapse, and we should shortly receive from a better Burmese Government overtures for the re-establishment of relations on a more satisfactory footing. Much, of course, may be urged in these and all similar circumstances against decisive action before the preponderating dangers, or advantages, of inaction and reserved decision have been unmistakably demonstrated by events. But I think it right that you should know, and be able to weigh in time, all the foregoing facts; and I greatly regret that, under the incessant pressure of other business, it has not yet been possible to place them officially before you in an adequate form.

The Zulu war broke out this year. Sir Garnet Wolseley (in command of the British forces in South Africa) telegraphed after the Peace of Gundamuk the request that Colonel Colley should join him as chief of his staff. Lord Lytton reluctantly agreed to part with him for this purpose.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *Simla, June* 2, 1879.

. . . I am sorely inconvenienced by the unexpected loss of the services of my private secretary, Colonel Colley. But, of course, I could not for a moment stand in the way of the employment of his great abilities in the field; and *pro bono publico*, no less than for his own

sake, I cannot but rejoice at his appointment as chief of Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff. I feel assured that Her Majesty's Government could not possibly have a stronger guarantee than the present arrangement for the thoroughly successful and early close of the Zulu war, which, now that the Afghan war is happily over, will, I trust, insure you a good majority whenever you dissolve.

From MAJOR CAVAGNARI *to* VICEROY. *Camp Safed Sang, May* 28, 1879.

. . . It was a great relief to me the being able to telegraph that the treaty had been signed, for I never felt certain what any twenty-four hours might produce. I tried hard to prevail upon Yakub Khan to sign the treaty as telegraphed to the Home Government, and I was able to induce him to abandon nearly all his proposed amendments. The points he pressed for ultimately I had no good reason to refuse, nor do I consider that they in the smallest degree lessen the objects that were desired to be obtained. . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *June* 2, 1879.

. . . For the K.C.S.I., I can put no name before that of Colonel Colley, which I have already submitted to you by telegraph. From first to last, his services in connection with the guidance of the war, and the conclusion of the peace with Afghanistan, have been various, incessant, and invaluable; although necessarily rendered less conspicuous than those of other officers, by the private and confidential character of his important duties. But, in reference to these services, I have only now to express my grateful appreciation of the prompt recognition they had received in your obliging promise to submit them to the Queen for Her Majesty's favourable consideration.

Next in order, and *facile princeps* beyond that of all

other political officers, stands the name of Major Cavagnari.

The conspicuous claims of this able and distinguished officer, it is hardly necessary for me to dwell on; for he has, practically, been the guiding spirit on the Peshawur-Kabul line from the commencement; and without his assistance, I do not know where we should have been on this line. Indeed, the mere fact of his having been deputed as plenipotentiary to negotiate and sign a treaty of such importance as that just concluded with the Amir, would in itself give him a claim, which could hardly be overlooked, to this distinction. I am sure that you agree with me in the high judgment I have formed of his talents, and of the manner in which he conducted the difficult negotiations that devolved on him. . . .

To LORD NAPIER. *Simla, June* 9, 1879.

. . . I have long been wishing to write to you about Afghan affairs; but, up to the last moment, they were so constantly fluctuating that it seemed useless to do so until some definite result had been reached; for at no time was it quite safe to count our chickens before they were hatched. The treaty, however, was, at the last moment, concluded more rapidly than I had ventured to expect, and you will already have seen the text of it in the newspapers. I am hopeful that you will think it, on the whole, satisfactory, considering the great difficulties we have experienced in obtaining any treaty at all. . . .

We have swiftly and signally avenged the affront put on us by the Amir at the instigation of Russia. We have probably for a generation (if subsequent administrations do not recklessly throw away the fruits of our policy) destroyed her prestige, and re-established our own, all round and beyond our Indian frontier. We have publicly banished her presence and her influence from all parts of Afghanistan. We have completely

broken the fighting power of the Kabul Government. We have secured the willingly admitted, and honoured, presence of a permanent European Resident at the Court of the Amir, with the right to send European officers at any time to any part of the Afghan frontier. The ruler of Kabul has spontaneously placed the conduct of his foreign relations completely under our control. He has agreed to open his country to British trade, and to co-operate with us in establishing and maintaining telegraphic communication between Kabul and India. All these results have been achieved within a period not exceeding six months, by a campaign unmarked by a single disaster or repulse, with a scarcely appreciable loss of life, and at a cost of less than £2,000,000 sterling. Perhaps the most satisfactory part of it all is that the Amir himself is, to all appearance, thoroughly satisfied with these results, so far as they affect his own interests, and profuse not only in his professions of gratitude and friendship, but also in acts which thus far testify to their sincerity. He has placed in our hands the letters addressed to him by General Kaufmann; he has severely punished subjects of his own charged with robbing and maltreating our troops and camp-followers; he is about to proceed immediately to his northern frontiers, and, at his own spontaneous request, he will be accompanied thither by British officers. He has also spontaneously expressed, in the most cordial and respectful terms, his hearty desire and firm intention to visit India, for the purpose of paying his respects to the Viceroy, as soon as possible after his return from his northern provinces to his capital. . . .

From LORD CRANBROOK *to* LORD LYTTON.
May 23, 1879.

. . . The articles of proposed treaty came to me while we were holding a Cabinet on other matters, and I was able to have them discussed and decided on at once.

Most sincerely and warmly do I congratulate you on having secured what we want with so little disturbance of existing conditions. My telegram of approval will enable you to complete your work at once. . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *Camp, Naldera, June* 16, 1879.

I am answering in a devil of a hurry (unavoidably) your two most kind and welcome letters of May 20th and 23rd, which have reached me here only a few hours before my mail-bag must be closed.

First, I must ask you to accept my warmly grateful thanks for the valued approval of the Kabul Treaty so kindly expressed in these letters. The objects of the war forced on us by Sher Ali were reasonable, and I think that the conditions of the peace which secure them are not otherwise. But I am not more gratified by your approval of the result than grateful for the means—entirely owed to yourself—of bringing it about. In the conduct both of the campaign and the negotiations, there have been periods of unavoidable suspense and apparent uncertainty, which must have greatly tried the patience and confidence of the Cabinet. And, had it not been for your unfailing forbearance, sympathy, and encouragement, the executors of your policy in India must have lost head and heart in their task. . . .

From LORD SALISBURY *to* LORD LYTTON. *May* 23, 1879.

I have not ventured to write you a letter during all your Afghan troubles, partly knowing that your time was fully occupied, partly fearing that I might use some phrase which might unwillingly throw a cross-light on Cranbrook's letters. But I cannot allow the conclusion of this affair, which is, I hope, reported to-day, to pass without warmly congratulating you on the great success you have achieved and the brilliant qualities you have displayed. To my eyes, the wise restraint in which you

have held the eager spirits about you is not the least striking of your victories. If only the Queen was served in Africa as she is in Asia! The great military success has done us yeoman's service in negotiating with Russia; and I hope that the moderation of your terms will be of no small utility at Constantinople. . . .

To Lord Salisbury. *June* 16, 1879.

. . . You will readily believe how peculiarly grateful to me is your approval of the general management of the Afghan difficulties; for I can truly say my constant aim has been, from first to last, to conduct it in accordance with the principles, and direct it strictly to the objects, of the policy you confided to my charge when I had the advantage of talking over the Afghan question with you, "walking about the gardens and the halls" of Hatfield in the days that were. So far as I can yet judge, no one is better satisfied with the treaty than the Amir himself. He is certainly carrying out thus far, with great loyalty and promptitude, his own part of the obligations it involves. All our Mahometan feudatories have also expressed, in strong terms, their recognition of the fairness and liberality of the conditions we have insisted on in our negotiations with the Amir. I presume, however, that those who denounced the war will also denounce the peace. . . .

To Lord Cranbrook. *Simla, June* 23, 1879.

. . . Major Cavagnari is now with me; and, from all I learn from him, and other sources of information, I think you need be under no anxiety about the satisfactory execution, and results, of the Kabul Treaty, or any troubles in Afghanistan consequent on the withdrawal of our troops. I think the Kabul Treaty must be regarded not as a conclusion but as a commencement. I would not say this, and do not mean it, in any alarming

sense. But the new treaty is rather the inauguration than the crowning result of a sound and rational policy. . . . I think the Afghan people already regard us as their deliverers from a hated ruler and an oppressive system. They certainly do not view us with any ill-will; whilst, so far as can be judged, from deeds as well as words, Yakub thoroughly realises the advantage of our alliance, and is resolved not to forfeit it by misbehaviour. He has, at Cavagnari's suggestion, restored to favour and office the Mustaufi, who had been disgraced and imprisoned by his father, and he has now appointed General Daod Shah his Commander-in-Chief; and this he has done with a graceful alacrity which appears to have made a most favourable effect upon all concerned. As these two men now attribute their appointments to our influence, we may reasonably assume that their own influence at Kabul will not be anti-English. To Wali Mohamed, whom he had threatened to impale whenever he caught him, the Amir has frankly reconciled himself; and, altogether, he is carrying out with a good grace and complete loyalty his obligations under the amnesty clause, which of all his treaty obligations must have been those most distasteful to an Afghan prince. Yakub, by the way, told Cavagnari that his father had been much misled by an impression that Lord Lawrence would never allow us to go to war with him! Cavagnari improved the occasion by reading to the Amir some choice bits of Bright's speeches about the "barbarous Afghan." . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *Simla, July* 7, 1879.

. . . Major Cavagnari left Simla yesterday morning for Kohat, where he will pick up his staff and small escort, proceeding thence through the Kurrum to Kabul. I understand that the Amir has sent some Afghan regiments to meet him at Ali Kheyl. His staff will consist of a secretary (Mr. Jenkyns), an attaché, who also

commands the escort, and a doctor. Buktyar Khan will continue, for the present, to act as Munshi to the Mission; but I have recommended Cavagnari to get rid of Buktyar as soon as he has got thoroughly into his own hands all the threads and shuttles of the Kabul loom. Native agents have an inveterate tendency to create difficulties *pour se fair valoir*, in order that they may be employed for the removal of them. Buktyar Khan has a family and other interests at Kabul. He has done good work lately, but he is an *intriguant*, and I do not think it desirable that the fulcrum of his personal interests should be out of British territory. . . . The house prepared by the Amir for the reception of the British Mission is the one lately occupied by the Russian Mission, and formerly by MacNaughten. It is in the Bala Hissar, and I am told it is the best house in Kabul. . . .

General Kaufmann has sent a special messenger to Kabul with a letter to the Amir, in which he informs His Highness that, being obliged to go to St. Petersburg, he has made arrangements along the road for uninterrupted communications with the Amir, whom he begs to write to him fully and frequently on all affairs, &c. The Russian messenger is still at Kabul, detained there by the Amir till the return of Cavagnari, whom I have instructed to get Yakub to answer Kaufmann's letter briefly, though civilly, to the effect that as correspondence with the agents or representatives of foreign governments is incompatible with his present treaty arrangements, he must request General Kaufmann to discontinue these communications; and that, henceforth, any unavoidable communications on matters of *bonâ fide* business must be addressed to the British Envoy at Kabul. Some such answer as this should, I think, be read out and delivered to the messenger in full durbar; and when that has been done I will address you officially on the whole subject. If we let Kaufmann now insert the thin end of his wedge under the door

on which we have written "No admittance," he will soon have it off its hinges. . . .

From SIR LOUIS CAVAGNARI. *Simla, July* 5, 1879.

DEAR LORD LYTTON,—I trust your Lordship will accept this imperfect attempt on my part to express the gratitude I feel for all the favours conferred upon me since I have had the honour of serving under your immediate orders.

Lord Cranbrook's letter, together with your Lordship's forwarding it, are prizes which seldom fall to the lot of Indian officials, more especially to one of such comparatively short service as myself, and they will be valued by myself and my family more than anything that could be bestowed upon me.

My hope is that the future may produce some opportunities to enable me to earn what has been bestowed upon me, and that I may always retain your Lordship's confidence.—Yours very faithfully,

L. CAVAGNARI.

On the 24th of July the British Embassy entered Kabul. Major Cavagnari's letters during the weeks of his residence there are expressive of confidence and hope, both as to the Amir's loyalty and the friendliness of the Afghan people. Early in August six regiments of infantry arrived from Herat, and were reported to have behaved in a mutinous manner in consequence of not receiving their pay, and Major Cavagnari's last letter gives a vivid picture of the atmosphere of intrigue and distrust which surrounded the Afghan Court; but on the 2nd of September his last telegram to his Government contained the words "All well."

From SIR LOUIS CAVAGNARI. *Kabul, July* 24, 1879.

My telegram of to-day will have announced to your Lordship the arrival of the British Embassy at Kabul. Nothing could have exceeded the hospitable treatment we have experienced since we left the Kurrum frontier, and our reception here was all that could be desired. . . .

. . . Yesterday afternoon Shahghassi Mahomed Yusaf Khan (brother of Khushdil Khan, who has been escorting us) came out to our camp bringing a letter from the Amir to congratulate me on the additional honours I have received, and to inform me of the arrangements for the reception of the Embassy.

At about four miles from the city he met me this morning with a troop of cavalry, and shortly afterwards Sirdar Abdoolah Jan (son of Sultan Jan of Herat) and Moolah Shah Mahomed, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, with some more cavalry, met us. Two elephants with gilt and silver howdahs were brought, and the Sirdar and I got into one, while Mr. Jenkyns and the Foreign Minister took possession of the other. I don't occupy much sitting room, but the Sirdar was a very fat man, and somewhat asthmatic, and as I had to sit cross-legged, I began to think that the position was not one in which to spend a happy day, and an hour of it was quite enough for me.

Nine regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery, with some cavalry, were drawn up in column and saluted as the procession passed. As we entered the gate of the city the 18-pounder battery (the Governor of India's present in former days to Sher Ali) fired a salute of 17 guns. There was not room in front of our residence, so a guard of honour of a regiment of infantry was drawn up in a street at right angles to the one we passed along, and saluted. The bands on each occasion that they played made an attempt at "God Save the Queen." Shortly after we

alighted at the residence appointed for us, the Mustaufi and Daod Shah came and paid their respects and conveyed inquiries after our healths on the part of the Amir. I paid a formal visit to His Highness at six. He asked after your Lordship's health, and after Her Majesty and the Royal Family, and expressed condolence about the death of the Prince Imperial.[1] He showed a fairly good knowledge about French affairs, and said he supposed the Republic would have a good chance of lasting. None of our late friends amongst the Afghan Sirdars appeared to-day, and I think Bukhtar Khan was right in saying that they are treated with scant politeness. The crowd was numerous, but most orderly, and I did not hear an uncivil remark. Many salaamed as we passed. The soldiers have frequently asked our people if it is true that they will now be relieved from forced soldiering. The Persian (Kazilbásh) element have expressed their regret that we did not take and keep Kabul, and stated that had our troops advanced to Jagdallak they would have risen and killed every Barakzai Sirdar at Kabul. . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *Simla, August* 31, 1879.

. . . The intelligence I receive from Kandahar, and other parts of Afghanistan unvisited by Sir L. Cavagnari, leads me to believe that, on the part of the Amir's outlying authorities and Sirdars, there is a prevalent impression that the treaty of Gundamuk was not conclusive, and that the relations between His Highness and the British Government will not be finally settled on a permanent basis till the Amir's visit to the Viceroy takes place, when the Gundamuk Treaty will be revised and modified. I cannot say how far this impression has been inspired by the Amir himself; but indications that he encourages it are not wanting. . . . You will see by the enclosed

[1] Killed in the Zulu war.

confidential papers that affairs at Kabul are by no means altogether *couleur de rose.* It was not to be expected, nor have I ever expected, that either our relations with the Amir, or his relations with his own subjects, would all at once run quite smooth. On the contrary, I feel certain that, even under the most favourable conditions, they will require vigilant personal attention, and careful guidance in detail, for the next two or three years. . . . Hearing lately from Cavagnari that the Amir's affairs were in a bad way, and his position critical, I telegraphed to him that if the Amir were in serious difficulties, from which he thought His Highness might be extricated by prompt pecuniary assistance, he should let me know at once, and the money would not be grudged, conditional on adequate guarantees for the Amir's right use of it. The subsidy we have given His Highness is very small; and the interests involved in our Afghan alliance are so important, that if the break-down of our ally can be prevented by an occasional pull on our Secret Service Fund, the money will be well invested. This is the reply I have just received by telegraph from Cavagnari:—"KABUL, 29th August.—Personal. Your Lordship's telegram of 26th. Yakub Khan will sooner or later require some pecuniary aid from us. But I would wish to see him recognise and admit his helplessness before offering such aid, and then, as a *quid pro quo,* obtain from him administrative reforms without which his Government cannot last." Cavagnari is quite right. His telegram, however, is significant, and I think we must be on the look-out for rocks ahead. . . .

From SIR LOUIS CAVAGNARI. *Kabul, August* 30, 1879.

. . . My principal anxiety up to the present has been regarding the amnesty clause. The Amir has done nothing, and will do nothing, opposed to the letter of the treaty, but he shows no disposition to conciliate or treat generously those persons who had communication with

us during the war. . . . Free intercourse with the Embassy, though not interdicted by the Amir, has not been encouraged, and people are consequently afraid to come. I did not expect it to be otherwise at first, and as the persons most anxious to come and see me are those who feel themselves aggrieved, I am by no means in a hurry to receive them. I spoke to the Amir on this subject shortly after my arrival, and he assured me that no prohibition to visit the Embassy had ever been given. I have subsequently spoken on several occasions to his Ministers, telling them that free intercourse with British officers will be viewed by the people at large as an indication of thorough confidence on the part of the Amir. I pointed out to them that if I wished to carry on intrigue I could do so in spite of all their precautions, but that the object of the British Government was to strengthen the Amir, and that any conversation I should ever hold with his subjects would be to give them advice calculated to further this object. I agreed with them that too frequent, or too early, intercourse with Sirdar Wali Mahomed Khan, and others who are known to be not too friendly to the Amir, might be misinterpreted by the public of Kabul, and that therefore I was in no hurry to press the matter, though I informed them that after a reasonable lapse of time I should consider it indicative of a want of trust if some change for the better did not take place. I also remarked to them that whenever I visited the Amir no one was ever present in durbar but the principal officers that he trusts—viz. Sirdar Yáhuja Khan, the Mustaufi, General Daod Shah, and Moola Shah Mahomed, the Foreign Minister—and that this looked as if the Amir did not wish me to even know by sight the other Sirdars of Kabul. I have no doubt that in time some improvement will take place. It is more than likely that the real reason is that the Amir distrusts his own countrymen a great deal more than he does us, and fears that they might use to their own advantage the fact that they were on intimate terms with

the British officers, and make out that they were no longer dependent on him.

When we first came here there was an Afghan guard over the Embassy premises. A few days afterwards this was removed after a reference to me, but a small guard was left at the outer gate, and its duty was to report the names of all visitors and the length of time they remained at the Embassy. I took no notice of this, but one day I laughingly remarked to the Foreign Minister that I had heard that the sentry had to make such reports, but that if this was true the returns sent in by him to the War Office could not possibly be correct, as many men who came to see me had to wait a considerable time before I could see them, and occasionally I had to ask them to call another day; so that if it was supposed that the length of time a man remained within the walls of the Embassy indicated that he was closeted with me, it was a great mistake. The other day the sentry did attempt to stop a Hindoo *coming to see the doctor*, and I made this an excuse for requesting the removal of this guard. My request was at once complied with.

In fact, I have nothing whatever to complain of on the part of the Amir or his Ministers that I can really lay hold of, though there are many matters I wish I could influence him about. There is no doubt that his authority is most weak throughout the whole of Afghanistan. This is not to be wondered at, after the years of misrule and oppression on Sher Ali Khan's part. But if he keeps straight with us he will pull through it, as he derives the same support from the prestige of our alliance as his father did—a fact which the British nation never properly appreciated. The difference, however, is that the people of Afghanistan are inclined to look to the British Envoy more than to their own ruler. The Amir and his advisers, knowing this, will not be in too great a hurry to accept our advice as to administrative reforms that will benefit the people, lest they should consider them-

selves more indebted to the English than to their own government. . . . The religious element at Kabul is wonderfully quiet. At none of the mosques has a single word disapproving of the English alliance been uttered. I cannot hear that there is any really anti-English party, though there is a very strong anti-Jacob one. I have been quite bewildered sometimes with the stories that have been brought me hinting that no trust should be placed in Yakub Khan, and that he is only temporising with us. Though he is not to be thoroughly trusted any more than any other Oriental, still, if he has any game on hand, I must confess to having not the slightest conception as to what it can be. His conduct of his foreign relations is apparently all that could be desired. His letter to Kaufmann was altered to suit my wishes, and the most trifling paper relating to the Oxus frontier is submitted for my information. It seems almost impossible for him to be carrying on any secret arrangement with the Russians, for after his experience of their late perfidy he can have no trust in them. . . . There is growing mistrust between the Amir and Daod Shah,[1] but it will be dangerous for Yakub at present to attempt to press the latter too severely, as the Cur chief has a very strong party to support him.

From what I have seen at Kabul I can quite understand why Yakub Khan preferred to go to Gundamuk rather than to receive a British Mission here. He did not wish us to see the rottenness of the state of affairs, for fear that we should increase our demands. Even now there is a strong desire to intrigue to overthrow him, but no one will move in the matter without being sure that we were with them. . . . There is still a great deal of cholera in the country and in the city, but we are quite free from it. We are much too crowded at the Embassy, and if sickness did break out I would request the Amir's permission to go into camp. I think that a residence more on European principles of comfort and sanitation

[1] The Afghan general.

should be built, though we are far from being uncomfortable, and have a better residence than the Amir himself. I was a trifle disappointed to see that the *Times* took no notice of the entry of the Embassy into Kabul, though it printed the telegram sent from the India office. I am afraid there is no denying the fact that the British public require a blunder and a huge disaster to excite their interest! I was surprised at the *Times*, as during the campaign and the negotiations it behaved well. . . . The telegraph wire between Kohat and Thull has been cut, so that we have received no telegrams for two days, and I fear my reply on the Merv question was delayed in consequence. . . . Having now exhausted all my news, I will conclude this, I fear, very long letter by assuring your Lordship that, notwithstanding all people say against him, I personally believe that Yakub Khan will turn out to be a very good ally, and that we shall be able to keep him to his engagements.

The next day, September 3, the attack on the British Residency took place, and all the members of the British Mission, including the gallant Cavagnari himself, were murdered.

To LORD BEACONSFIELD. *Simla, September* 6, 1879.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,—You may well resent the undeserved hostility of the "stars in their courses"!

I write this letter in deep affliction. My last communication from Sir Louis Cavagnari was dated the 2nd instant, and it concluded with the words "All well"! During the night of the 4th instant, a Ghilzai, in Cavagnari's secret employ, reached Ali Kheyl with information that, on the morning of the 3rd instant, the British Embassy at Kabul had been attacked by some revolted Afghan regiments, and that its inmates were still defending themselves when he left Kabul at noon on that day. This news reached me yesterday

morning, and late last night I received from our political officer in the Kurrum part of a telegram, of which, owing to an interruption of the wire, the conclusion has only just reached me this afternoon.

This telegram gives the text of the two following letters received at Ali Kheyl from the Amir:—

"KABUL, *3rd September*, 8 A.M.—Troops who had assembled for pay at Bala Hissar suddenly broke out and stoned their officers, and then all marched to the Residency and stoned it, receiving in return a hail of bullets. Confusion and disturbance reached such a height that it was impossible to quiet it. People from Sherpur and country round Bala Hissar and city—people of all classes—poured into Bala Hissar and began destroying workshops, artillery park, and magazine, and all troops and people attacked Residency. Meanwhile I sent Daod Shah to help Envoy. On reaching the Residency, he was unhorsed by stones and spears, and is now dying. I then sent Sirdar Yahiya Khan and my own son, the heir-apparent, with the Koran to the troops, but no use. I then sent well-known Syuds and Moolahs of each class, but of no avail. Up till now, evening, the disturbance continues. It will be seen how it ends. I am grieved by this confusion. It is almost beyond conception."

The following is the Amir's second letter, dated the 4th: "Yesterday, from 8 A.M. till evening, thousands assembled to destroy Embassy. Much loss of life both sides. At evening they set fire to Residency. I, with five attendants, have been besieged. Have no certain news of Envoy, whether he and his people have been killed in their quarters or seized and brought out. Afghanistan is ruined. The troops, city and surrounding country, have thrown off yoke of allegiance. Daod Shah not expected to recover. All his attendants killed. Workshops and magazine totally gutted. In fact, my kingdom is ruined. After God, I look to the British Government for aid and advice. My true friendship and

honesty of purpose will be proved as clear as daylight. By this misfortune I have lost my friend, the Envoy, and also my kingdom. Am terribly grieved and perplexed."

These two letters are addressed to General Roberts. The Kurrum agent telegraphs that the dead bodies of Sir Louis Cavagnari, his staff, and escort have been seen by one of the principal Ghilzai chiefs, who describes their defence of the Residency, till it was destroyed by fire, as almost miraculous.

Immediately on receipt of the first intelligence brought by the Ghilzai messenger, I telegraphed orders to General Massy to move at once to the Shutur Gurdan and crown it. This operation ought to be completed to-morrow or the following day. General Roberts, who was at Simla on the Army Commission, started two hours ago for the Peiwar, with instructions to march upon Kabul, with every possible expedition compatible with safety, with a force of 5000 men—of all arms. Transport for this force cannot be collected at the Shutur Gurdan in less than three weeks; but I have charged General Roberts to strain every effort to push his cavalry in strength as far as Kushi (48 miles from Kabul) by the 15th instant. Assuming the whole force to be in movement by the first week in October, and assuming the maximum of resistance from the intervening tribes if the country is up, General Roberts ought to be in Kabul within ten days from that date. General Stewart has already reoccupied Kandahar, where the Amir's authorities have willingly replaced themselves under his protection. The troops along the Khyber line are being rapidly reinforced. All the local Governments have been warned. I have informed the Amir that a strong British force will march as speedily as possible from the Shutur Gurdan to his assistance, and that he must do all in his power to facilitate its progress through his country. To ensure your receipt of this ghastly news before it reaches the public, I have stopped the transmission of it by private telegrams to England till this

afternoon, when their further stoppage became impossible. Colonel Baker, my present military secretary, has been appointed to the command of one of General Roberts' brigades, and starts to-night for the front. He is a good officer, and I rely upon his energy. Our greatest difficulties for some time to come will be, as they have hitherto been, those of transport and supply, and our Commissariat Department is radically bad. I have, however, changed the system of it, and have this day placed the entire management of transport and supply under General Sir Michael Kennedy, who, though he has no special experience of commissariat work, is one of the best organisers and most energetic administrators I have in India. I hope that these arrangements will at least diminish our difficulties in this important matter, but they are sure to be very heavy. . . . The web of policy so carefully and patiently woven has been rudely shattered. We have now to weave a fresh, and I fear a wider, one, from undoubtedly weaker materials. All that I was most anxious to avoid in the conduct of the late war and negotiations has now been brought about by the hand of fate — the complete collapse of all the national conditions of independent government in Afghanistan, the obligation to occupy Kabul, and the great difficulty of evacuating it without risk of renewed disaster to Yakub Khan, or any other puppet ruler, on whose behalf we must now be content to undertake the virtual administration of the whole country, for the present at any rate. These conditions, now unavoidable, involve the further vexation of increased military expenditure and political uncertainty. . . . I feel most keenly how heavy must be the weight with which this sore and sudden blow will fall upon Her Majesty's Government. On the other hand, however, the great advantages of our new frontier will be revealed in the comparative celerity, and freedom from serious danger, with which its possession enables us to reach Kabul in a crisis, and, generally, to deal with the serious difficulty

which we certainly have not provoked; and although I doubt whether we should—I do not doubt that we can—provide from income for the new military operations now unavoidable. . . . Lastly, I have this afternoon received spontaneous overtures of assistance from the greatest and most influential of the Ghilzai chiefs, notwithstanding his complete knowledge of all that has happened at Kabul; and to this I attach the greatest importance, for the only imminent danger was from the opposition of the Ghilzai and other tribes between Kabul and the Shutur Gurdan. There is some consolation, too, in the reflection that our calamity is not attributable to the treachery of our new ally. I do not disguise from myself that we may now be forced to take in hand the permanent disintegration of the national fabric it was our object to cement in Afghanistan, and that in any case we shall probably be compelled to intervene more widely and actively than we have ever desired to do in that country. Still, the renewed, and perhaps extended, efforts now imposed upon us can have no other result, if rightly directed, than the firmer establishment of the undisputed supremacy of the British power from the Indus to the Oxus. Every endeavour must be made, and on my part shall be made, to resettle the Afghan problem on a more solid basis before Parliament meets again. Our military difficulties are not serious; our strategic position is greatly improved; our financial resources are in a far better condition than they were a year ago; and I will do my utmost to prevent wasteful expenditure. . . . Meanwhile, and for ever, alas, we suffer one grievous bereavement, which, to all concerned, is irreparable, and which will be to myself an abiding sorrow and bitter pain for the rest of my life! India has lost, when she most needed him, one of her greatest men; the Queen, one of Her Majesty's ablest and most devoted servants. I have lost a beloved friend, and more! He has perished heroically in the faithful discharge of a dangerous service to his chief and his

country. It is the duty of his country to avenge his death. My hope is that, in the recognition and performance of that duty, his country will not fail, and that some sense of its solemnity may perhaps mitigate, for a while at least, the reckless malignity of party passion and personal spite. . . .

Telegram to LADY CAVAGNARI.

It is with inexpressible sorrow that I convey to you the intelligence of the death of your noble husband, who has perished in heroically defending the British Embassy at Kabul against an overwhelming number. Words cannot express the depth of my sympathy in your bereavement, nor my bitter grief for the loss of my beloved friend, and my sense of the irreparable calamity sustained by his country. Every English heart in India aches with yours.

To MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN. *Camp Naldera, October* 12, 1879.

DEAREST STEPHEN,—I am answering your very kind and welcome letter of the 11th September (written after you received the news of the Kabul massacre) without being able to refer to it, as I allowed Strachey, who was here with me yesterday, to take it with him for perusal at Simla, feeling sure that it would give him almost as much comfort and pleasure as it gave me.

Shortly before this cruel disaster, I had received from Lord Beaconsfield a wonderfully kind and cordial letter. . . . I have not since heard from him, but last mail brought me a letter from Sir H. D. Wolff, who had been staying at Hughenden, when Lord Beaconsfield's mind and language was one of implicit confidence in my management of the anxious situation in which we are placed by it, and a determination not to let me be worried by nervous interference on the part of the

Cabinet. . . . Lord Cranbrook's letters all breathe the same spirit. He seems to have faced the situation manfully and sensibly, and in a very kindly and considerate spirit towards myself, and what he has written to me certainly does not reveal the despondency reported to you by Maine, though I dare say he feels it. Meanwhile, the only official communication of any importance which has reached me from home, up to date, is a telegram leaving everything unconditionally in my hands, with a warm assurance of unreserved support in taking vigorous measures. I have also received from the Queen a most kind, patriotic, and manly letter. She is really a better Englishman than any one of her subjects, and never falls short in a national crisis when the interests or honour of her Empire are at stake. . . . Here is a brief chronicle and abstract of events thus far. On the 22nd September the Amir's two Ministers came to the camp of General Roberts at Ali Kheyl, on behalf of His Highness, with profuse protestations of his loyalty and entire devotion to us, coupled with earnest appeals to Roberts to stay his advance. The Amir, they said, was gradually restoring order: he knew who were the authors of the massacre, and would himself undertake their punishment; but our advance might provoke further disturbances, and cause all the tribes to rise against us in our rear. Finding that these arguments had no effect, they asked and received permission to return to Kabul. Roberts wrote by them to the Amir that the British Government could not entrust to other hands than its own, either the punishment of the massacre or the restoration of order. General Baker (my late military secretary) simultaneously advanced to Kushi, which he occupied in strength, while the rest of the force continued to move up as fast as possible. On the 26th he received a message from the Amir, inquiring whether he would receive the heir-apparent; to which he replied, yes. On the 27th he received a further message, asking

whether he would receive the Amir himself; to which he again said, yes; and almost immediately afterwards, on the same day (27th), the Amir arrived with his father-in-law, Yahiya Khan, the heir-apparent, all his Ministers, including General Daod Shah (the Afghan Commander-in-Chief, whom the Amir had previously declared to be dying of his wounds received in the attempt to rescue the Embassy), and about sixty other followers. General Roberts proceeded to Kushi on the following day to meet the Amir, and in the meanwhile the Amir's rival, Wali Mahomed, and all the Sirdars who had been out of favour with Yakub ever since the Gundamuk Treaty, for having been on friendly terms with the British during the late war, had also arrived in the camp of General Baker. The Amir represented to Roberts that he had left the ladies of his family in the Bala Hissar, besides several regiments, who would probably rise and massacre them all, if the British force advanced any further. He was told that although our advance could not be delayed a day, or an hour, ample time would be given to all non-combatants and women to place themselves in safety. In accordance with an instruction I had previously sent him, Roberts simultaneously issued, and forwarded to Kabul, a proclamation warning non-combatants to clear out, and announcing that all persons found armed in and around Kabul would be treated as enemies. The Amir, his Ministers, and all the Sirdars then avowed there was a universal conviction at Kabul that it would be simply impossible for us to advance there in any force before the spring of next year, that he, they, and all concerned had been acting on this conviction, and that they were quite bewildered by the rapidity and mass of our movement. They might well be so. Roberts was advancing on the direct line to Kabul with a force of between 6000 and 7000 men, leaving another force of equal strength to hold the Kurrum in his rear. General Bright was simultaneously advancing up the Khyber with a force of

upwards of 16,000 men, which would be in communication with Roberts almost as soon as he reached Kabul; and the large force under General Stewart, having re-occupied Kandahar and Khelat-i-Ghilzai, was threatening Ghuzni.

On hearing of the Amir's arrival in our camp, my first inclination was to regard this step as a conclusive and conspicuous proof of his loyalty. It appears, however, that the step was by no means a spontaneous or a willing one. This is what Roberts writes about it: "The Amir left Kabul secretly and rode to Kushi in haste, not bringing with him even a single tent. He had become aware that Wali Mahomed and other Sirdars intended to join the British, and thought it best to be beforehand with them; especially when he found from my letter of the 25th September that our advance was inevitable." He was evidently much disappointed at finding the Sirdars had been beforehand with him, and expressed a wish to be reconciled with them. But General Roberts rightly considered "the time and place inopportune for reconciliations." General Baker made the best arrangements he could for the Amir's tent accommodation, and placed him in the centre of the camp. On the second day His Highness' own tents arrived, and he asked to have them pitched outside the camp limits. To this Roberts assented, knowing that if he wished to escape, he could do so, even from the middle of the camp, but suggested that for his safety and honour he should have a guard similar to the General's own. He agreed to this; "and so now," writes Roberts on the 1st October, "there is a Highlander standing sentry in front, and a Goorkha in rear, of his tent." On the 2nd of October the whole force under General Roberts drew itself off from Kushi, thus severing itself completely for a time from its base, which was left under the command of General Gordon, with a force of nearly 7000 men. . . . A large gathering of Ghilzai had collected about the neighbouring heights to watch the departure of Roberts'

rear-guard, and were doubtless on the look-out for opportunities of plunder and other kinds of mischief. Colonel Money, commanding at Shutur Gurdan, did not like the look of them, or think it prudent to leave them undisturbed on the ridges; he therefore wisely determined to attack them, which he did with great promptitude, vigour, and success, completely dispersing them, and capturing two of their standards. Their loss was considerable, ours almost *nil*. As they dispersed they cut the telegraph wire between Ali Kheyl and the Shutur Gurdan, which, however, was repaired within twenty-four hours after, and put in full working order, by our own telegraph officers. . . . Meanwhile General Roberts' force continued its advance towards Kabul. Somewhere in time between the 2nd and the 6th instant, and in place between Kushi and Charasiab, a certain Sirdar, Nek Mahomed, said to be an uncle of the Amir's (but of whom I have hitherto heard nothing), rode out from Kabul and asked permission to see the Amir, with whom he had a long and secret interview of some hours. He then rode rapidly back to Kabul. On the 6th instant the reconnoitring parties sent out by Roberts reported that "the enemy" was advancing in great force from the city; and soon afterwards the high range of hills intervening between Charasiab and Kabul were crowded with Afghan troops and people from the city; while parties of Ghilzais appeared on the hills running along both flanks of the camp; and the road along which General Macpherson was advancing (to Zahidabad), with large convoys of stores and reserve ammunition, was reported to be threatened. Macpherson was immediately warned, and some cavalry sent to his assistance. But Roberts wisely recognised the absolute necessity of carrying the heights on his front before nightfall. This difficult task was entrusted to Baker, who commanded the advance guard. Baker at once sent Major White (an excellent officer) with a wing of the 92nd Highlanders, three guns, and some Native Infantry, to take the right of the posi-

tion; from which the enemy was dislodged after an obstinate resistance, leaving twenty Afghan guns in possession of Major White's small force. Baker, meanwhile, making a turning movement to the left, was soon hotly engaged; but, carrying height after height, completely scattered the enemy in great confusion, capturing two standards. Our total loss was small—three officers wounded, but none killed. Enemy's loss not yet known, but believed to be very great. Nek Mahomed, who had so shortly before had an interview with the Amir, was the leading spirit of this resolute and well-planned opposition to our advance. His horse was shot under him in the engagement, but he seems to have escaped. Roberts has no doubt that the whole thing had been planned and carefully prepared by the Amir, whose instructions were carried back to Kabul by Nek Mahomed. The enemy's position was admirably chosen, and held in very great strength. All that has since happened convinces me that, had he not been immediately expelled from it, he would have been powerfully reinforced, and his fortifications well pushed forward during the night; in which case the stand made at Charasiab would probably have been much more formidable and prolonged. It is equally apparent now that the Amir's urgent pleas for delaying our advance were made with the object of gaining time for the organisation of a strong resistance to it, and the reinforcement of the position, both at Charasiab and the Bala Hissar, by regiments which he had hastily recalled from Kohistan and other localities.

General Roberts, continuing his advance, arrived before Kabul in the afternoon of the 8th of October. He found the Afghan troops, who had just returned from Kohistan, entrenching themselves on a high hill beyond the Bala Hissar, and immediately commanding the city of Kabul. He at once sent General Massy with eight squadrons of cavalry round by the north of the city to watch the roads leading to Bamian and Kohistan, and thus cut off their re-

treat. Up till sunset General Roberts was in heliographic communication with Generals Massy and Baker, and this was then the general condition of the situation before Kabul. General Baker was just about to attack the enemy from the heights above the Bala Hissar. General Massy had reached Aliabad on the Bamian road. He had found the Sherpur cantonment deserted, and in it no less than 78 guns, many of them Armstrongs and 48-pounders, given to Sher Ali by Lord Northbrook. All of these guns he secured. General Macpherson had joined General Roberts with stores and reserve ammunition, and was hastening forward with a strong force to strengthen, before daybreak, the position of General Baker; whilst three of the Afghan regiments from Ghuzni were simultaneously hastening to join the force opposed to Baker, and this force was every moment being swelled by armed bands from the city. This was the state of things before Kabul when General Roberts' telegram of the 8th reached me during the night of the 10th. I am writing on the afternoon of the 12th, and have not since then had any further news from Roberts. But I am not anxious. The telegraph now does not work beyond the Shutur Gurdan. Messages from Roberts must reach that place by runners or by heliograph, and he would doubtless be too busily engaged to establish heliographic communication all at once. My only fear is that the scoundrels may escape during the night. I did not expect them to make any stand again after the severe thrashing given to them at Charasiab; but if they do now make a stand, we ought to be able to exterminate them all. The precautions taken by Roberts for their retreat are excellent, and, on receipt of his message, I immediately telegraphed to General Bright to be on the look-out for any fugitives in the direction of Jellalabad. But I am rather surprised at Baker's apparent intention of a night attack. I don't in the least doubt the result of it if he can do it at all. But I should think he would find it difficult to get his

guns into position in time; and if he does not open fire till daybreak, he may find his birds flown and the cage empty. The Afghans always bolt when they find themselves threatened in the rear, and if these villains disperse during the night, it will, I think, be very difficult for General Massy's cavalry to pick up any large number of them. It is reported, however, that the Herati Colonels have proclaimed that they intend to make a desperate fight of it, and sell their lives dear. If they stand to their word, Baker will certainly make such a haul as few "fishers of men" have yet had the chance of making. I shall probably know the result before I close this letter, which will not leave Simla before Thursday next, the 16th instant. Meanwhile I am going out for a walk with my wife and Eden. On my return I will resume this narrative, as I have still to mention two or three facts of great significance respecting the conduct of the Amir.

To the Same. Camp Naldera, October 12, 6.30 P.M.

MY DEAR STEPHEN,—The news I was awaiting when I interrupted my letter this afternoon has come sooner than I expected, and it confirms my anticipations as to the heroism of the gallant Herati Colonels. During my walk I received the following telegram from Roberts:—

"OUTSIDE KABUL, 10*th October*.—General Baker was unable to deliver his attack on the evening of the 8th, on account of the darkness. Before daybreak yesterday General Macpherson joined him with 67th Foot, 28th Native Infantry, and 4 Horse Artillery guns on elephants. Enemy, however, fled during the night, leaving on their very strong position 12 guns (6 field and 6 mountain). Cavalry pursued for several miles, in two detachments, under Generals Massy and Hugh Gough. But the enemy had so completely dispersed that they only overtook a few small parties. We have now in our

possession 110 guns. There are some 30 more in the Bala Hissar, and a few, I hear, in the city. Our camp is pitched on the Siah Sung ridge, immediately overlooking, and within 1300 yards of, the Bala Hissar and city. I shall make public entry into, and take possession of, the Bala Hissar to-morrow or next day. The troops have worked splendidly. For several days we have been without tents, and rations had to be carried for want of transport." . . . Several facts most damaging to Yakub are now forthcoming—amongst them intercepted letters of his son. But I have no time to mention them all. We are dealing with a web of intrigue and treachery, which perhaps will never be wholly unravelled. . . .

How much there was in your ante-penultimate letter which, in other and happier circumstances, I should like to chat over with you. But time and heart both fail me just now for the discussion of any other subject than the one which absorbs all my thoughts and energies at this moment. So no more at present from your affectionate

LYTTON.

General Roberts remained in occupation at Kabul till the following year, and the Government of Afghanistan in the meantime passed into British hands. Lord Roberts appointed a military tribunal to investigate the causes of the September massacre and try suspected persons. This tribunal did not close their sittings till the end of November, after eighty-seven persons had been convicted and executed. Their conclusions with regard to the Amir constituted sufficient ground, in the judgment of the Home and Indian Governments, for regarding his restoration to the throne of Kabul as for ever out of the question, and he was accordingly deported as a State prisoner to India.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *October* 15, 1879.

. . . Certainly the case against Yakub seems to grow darker and darker. The fact of Nek Mahomed having ridden out from Kabul, held a long private interview with the Amir, then ridden back in haste, and been subsequently recognised as the leader of the well-planned resistance offered to Roberts' advance at Charasiab, looks as if this resistance had been organised by the Amir whilst he himself was a voluntary refugee in our camp, and dependent for his own safety on the protection of the army whose destruction he was planning all the while. . . . The grounds of suspicion against Yakub Khan will, I doubt not, be carefully and calmly examined by General Roberts; but if the Amir is proved guilty, then his guilt is really unparalleled in the annals even of Oriental treachery, and I cannot but think that his punishment should be proportionately more severe than that of his fellow-conspirators. Up to the last moment, he was addressing as his "dearest friend" the man whose murder, on this hypothesis, he was planning all the while; that man being the representative of a friendly Power, to whose generosity he owed his throne, and his victim's presence at Kabul, without other protection than the power and honour of the Sovereign to whose Court he was accredited, being the result of his own cordial and spontaneous request. On the same hypothesis, all his endeavours to delay the march of General Roberts were made merely to gain time for organising the destruction of the army to whose protection of himself he had appealed; and all his protestations of desire to be himself the avenger of the massacre of the British Mission had for their object to induce us to leave him in a position which would have enabled him to put to death the witnesses he feared. Treachery could scarcely go further than this. The more I think over the present situation, the more I realise the im-

possibility of propounding any permanent solution of the Afghan problem, and the danger of attempting to do so, before we have collected, verified, and analysed all available information on certain leading points; for instance, the following :—

1. The real authors of the massacre, and the real character and scope of that conspiracy, if it was a conspiracy.
2. The individual sentiments and relative influence of the chief Sirdars.
3. The exact nature and extent of the alleged defects of the late Afghan Government, and the right remedies for these.
4. The capabilities of self-government in certain Afghan provinces, over which the central authority at Kabul seems to have hung very loosely.
5. The paying capacities of Afghanistan. Its total gross revenue, and the cost of its administration, civil and military, under native rule, as well as the relative wealth of its various provinces.
6. The total additional military force which would be requisite for the permanent, or lengthened, occupation of certain commanding points in Southern Afghanistan.
7. The organisation of such a force.
8. The cost of it. . . .

Lord Lytton now for the first time advocated the policy of the disintegration of Afghanistan, in which view the Home Government concurred. As a step towards this, they decided to separate the Government of Western from that of Northern Afghanistan, and General Stewart was authorised to hand over to Wali Sher Ali Khan of Kandahar (a cousin of the late Amir) the rule of that province. The public announcement of this decision, and our treaty with Wali Sher Ali, was not made till the spring of 1880.

When news of the Kabul massacre reached Colonel Colley he had arrived at Pretoria with his chief. He took the Viceroy's telegram to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who generously said, "You must go at once," and early in November Colley was once more in India.

To the PRINCE OF WALES. *November* 9, 1879.

. . . You will have seen, sir, by the newspapers, that our affairs in Afghanistan are going on well. The health and spirits of our troops in that country are excellent. Our winter communications with Kabul have been established; and we have decided to destroy all the fortifications of the Bala Hissar, a work which will be carried out as soon as the powder magazines have been emptied. The population of the city is being disarmed: supplies are coming in well; upwards of 200 guns, with several standards and vast stores of ammunition, small arms, saddlery, and warm clothing, have been captured. Two of the Kabul regiments in Turkistan have, since yesterday, dispersed after surrendering their arms spontaneously. A considerable portion of the Amir's treasure has been delivered over to General Roberts, and His Highness will probably be, in a few days, on his way to India. Some few of those who took a prominent part in the massacre of our Embassy have been hanged above the ruins of it, but the body of Sir Louis Cavagnari has not been recovered, and probably never will be. Some curious Russian correspondence has been secured. The whole country up to the Hindu Kush and the Helmund is quiet, and, I think, cowed.

The future settlement of the northern provinces will involve some troublesome political problems. But altogether the prospect before us is one which may, I think, be contemplated without anxiety. . . .

To LORD NAPIER. *November* 29, 1879.

. . . That the intimacy between Kabul and Tashkend must have been not only closer but also of much longer standing than we had previously supposed, is certainly shown both by some curious Russian correspondence delivered over to General Roberts at Kabul by the Amir's Ministers, and also by the significant fact that he found Russian coin and Russian goods everywhere in common use amongst all classes of the population at Kabul, whilst of British manufacture the only specimens were the guns given by India to Sher Ali, and now once more in our own hands. . . .

On the 20th of November Lord and Lady Lytton left Simla for their yearly autumn tour, in the course of which they visited Jeypore.

To LADY HOLLAND. *Jeypore, November* 29, 1879.

I am writing to you from a town which is perhaps the most picturesque and beautiful in India. Certainly it is the only one I have yet seen in any part of the Empire which, inhabited by an exclusively native and purely local population, combines all the glowing colour and infinitely varied outline of Hindu architecture with a cleanliness and stateliness of street and pavement unsurpassed even by Paris, and quite unequalled by any English city. Much of this modern cleanliness and comfort it owes to the liberality and enlightenment of the present Maharajah, who, being of a somewhat scientific turn of mind, and having little else to do, with a personal income of over half a million sterling, has macadamised the roads, paved the streets and lighted them with excellent gas of his own manufacture, adorned the city with many beautiful public gardens and buildings, and blest it with an abundant supply of pure water—without in any way

disturbing its thoroughly Oriental character. But it is the Jeypore Palace to which I would carry you for a day and a night if I had the flying carpet of Solomon. It is a realised dream of the "Arabian Nights," worthy in all particulars of Haroun Alraschid himself. The inclosure is so spacious that it seems less a palace than a city of palaces one within the other. That part of it reserved for the Zenana alone contains four thousand women. Elsewhere you pass through innumerable courts with interminable halls—courts of all sizes and characters, gorgeously canopied, some of them thronged with trumpeter and spearmen, horses and elephants, splendidly housed; others more impressive, perhaps, in their comparative solitude, where now and then a small group of huntsmen, hawk on hand, come out to salaam and retire as silent as mutes, or some little bevy of dancing girls, clad in all colours, flits on before through colonnaded vistas, and vanishes like a broken rainbow hovering on the spray of a sea wave driven by the wind. Vast Durbar halls, each seemingly larger and loftier than the last, or white marble pillars with domed roofs that blaze with barbaric mosaic—their walls hung with the richest tapestries and silks broidered with pearls, and literally dropping precious stones. In some of these, as you enter them, the air, heavily scented with otto of roses and every kind of sickeningly sweet unguent, is throbbing and aching from the shrill dissonant cries and notes of Indian minstrelsy; others are all husht in one huge dim glow of delicious colour.

Leaving them, you wind and wander, as if forever, among towers and terraces and alcoves, exquisite in their airy arabesques, from which in all directions you look down on deep old gardens embosomed in the greenest foliage, bright with all kinds of strange flowers and fruits; fountains, too, and sheets of still water; and here and there the pink or white gleam of some little temple peeping through the trees. In sunlight and in moonlight the place is always beautiful and strange, and unlike

anything else I have yet seen even in India. It is the sort of thing that Théophile Gautier so often dreamed of, never saw, and would have so well described had he seen it.

. . . What a strange contrast does the life of an Indian Viceroy present between such occasional glimpses of the Fairyland of the East I have been attempting to describe (very much, I am afraid, in the style of Lothair) and the unpicturesque, incessant official drudgery of his daily courses. I have parted from my quaint friend and host the Maharajah of Jeypore, whom I left in high good humour after discussing with him Hindu Theology, the Theory of the Universe, Substance and Phenomena, and God knows what.

The departure of Yakub Khan as State prisoner to India, on the 1st of December, was followed by a general rising of the tribes round Kabul. General Roberts found himself reluctantly compelled to evacuate all his isolated positions, and to withdraw his whole force within the great walled enclosure which he had carefully fortified and provisioned beforehand at Sherpur. There he remained till December 23, when he was able successfully to repel the final effort of the tribes to attack him. The country then subsided into sullen tranquillity, the city of Kabul was reoccupied by British troops, and an amnesty proclaimed on the 26th of December.

To THE QUEEN. *December* 19, 1879.

MADAM,—I cannot too gratefully repeat to your Majesty the respectful expression of my most sincere thanks, and those of Lady Lytton, for your Majesty's most gracious message on the subject of our escape from the shots which were fired into our carriage, and into that of my private secretary, Sir George Colley,

on our return to Calcutta, when we were driving from the railway station to Government House. The man who fired at us is not, I am glad to say, a native. I believe he is a Eurasian or a Portuguese, and the poor creature is undoubtedly insane. The attempt, therefore, was utterly destitute of any political significance. Lady Lytton and myself were at no time in any danger or alarm. But the last shot passed very narrowly over the head of Sir George Colley, who would certainly have been killed had he not seen the man aiming at him and dipped his head in time to avoid the ball, which passed through his carriage. It is fortunate that he had the forethought to alight at once and follow the man, who was arrested by him and my aide-de-camp, Captain Rose. For the police did nothing; and had the source of these shots remained undiscovered, public report would doubtlessly have attributed them to some political conspiracy.

As the wire is now cut between Kabul and Peshawur, I am unable to add anything to the information I have already telegraphed to England about the condition of affairs in Northern Afghanistan, and present position of the force under General Roberts. But I feel no hesitation in assuring your Majesty, without reserve, that there is, in my opinion, no cause whatever for alarm, or even for serious anxiety. I confidently expect that, before this letter reaches England, I shall have had the happiness of informing your Majesty by telegraph that General Roberts has completely defeated and dispersed the enemy. I have always been expecting a general rising of the country round Kabul early next spring. It has occurred much sooner than I anticipated, and on a somewhat larger scale; but it has not occurred without warning, which has given General Roberts ample time to contract his extended line, and strongly entrench himself in the Sherpur cantonments, with upwards of 6000 efficient combatants—all picked troops, in splendid condition—powerful artillery, almost unlimited

ammunition, abundant water and firewood, and five months' food-supply. The enemy, numbering over 30,000, has no artillery, and I anticipate that it will in any case be compelled, in probably less than a fortnight's time, to disperse for want of food. Its force consists of men who come from the distant hills, and rarely carry with them more than a week's supply of food at most. They have no organised commissariat, and the city and surrounding country cannot possibly maintain 30,000 mountain robbers for any long time. I esteem it fortunate for our interests that the country has risen now, prematurely, when the Russians cannot move a man, instead of later, when the Afghans might have been supported and encouraged by a Russian army on the Oxus. I think that all that is now happening in Northern Afghanistan is likely to simplify and facilitate our work next spring; but I have always looked forward, and do still look forward, to the spring as the period of necessary military activity in Afghanistan. I anticipate no difficulty in the eventual re-settlement of our permanent relations with Afghanistan, on a thoroughly secure basis, without recourse to annexation, which I still deprecate; but I cannot conscientiously recommend your Majesty's Government to withdraw a single soldier, or to place any reliance on purely political arrangements, until the whole country up to the Hindu Kush has been thoroughly visited by your Majesty's troops, and its populations adequately convinced, by experience, of the inutility of attempts to dispute our authority, or that of any native rulers supported by it. Considering the very severe and protracted fighting which had been going on up to the last date of our information from Kabul, our casualties are, I think, astonishingly few; and I understand that in the two last engagements, when the cavalry was so successfully employed, the Afghans left thousands of dead upon the field. I think that the greatest credit is due to General Roberts

and General Baker. . . . Trusting that this letter will find my Imperial Mistress in good health, and relieved in mind by the good news which I hope it may soon be in my power to telegraph to your Majesty, I have the honour to subscribe myself, with warm gratitude and profound respect, madam, your Royal and Imperial Majesty's most dutiful and devoted humble servant and subject, LYTTON.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *December* 31, 1879.

. . . Your mind will, I hope, have been relieved by the good news I was able to send you, the day before yesterday, of the complete defeat and dispersion of the enemy by General Roberts. Personally, I have at no time doubted the certainty of some such result; but I know by experience that anxiety increases in proportion to our distance from those on whose behalf it is felt; and, I dare say, you have been much more anxious in England than I have been at Calcutta, whilst I have been similarly more anxious than General Roberts and his officers at Sherpur. The most satisfactory feature of his undoubtedly great success is that it was achieved without any reinforcement before Gough had joined him; the least satisfactory feature of it is that he left the great powder magazine in the hands of the enemy, who have completely emptied it, and thousands of tons of powder are now dispersed about the country "for future use." The Anglo-Indian Press has behaved throughout the crisis ignobly. In a paroxysm of panic, it has been for the last week daily predicting (with an apparently enthusiastic satisfaction at the prospect) irreparable disasters; and now that all its silly predictions are falsified by the event, it systematically ignores our success. I do hope that our military authorities will not encourage the foolish cry (which always re-arises on occasions like this) for "big battalions" in a country where it is almost impossible to

feed even small ones. Had I given in to this cry at the outset of the campaign, what would have been the position of General Roberts during the last week? Absolutely untenable. I should have thought that the disasters of the Russians on the Attrek might have convinced the believers in "big battalions," here and at home, of the irrational character of their clamour as regards warfare in a barren and barbarous country. The Duke of Wellington, I think, said of his Peninsula campaign: "Any general can fight an army—few can feed one." And the supply difficulties of a Spanish campaign were as nothing to those of an Afghan one. I enclose copy of an interesting letter from Sir Michael Kennedy, who was caught and shut up in Sherpur by recent events, but who is now released and on his way back to India. I regard the quiet, methodical rapidity with which, under inconceivably difficult conditions, Roberts has collected at Sherpur five months' food and three months' forage, with abundant firewood for his whole force, and the foresight with which, from the first day of his arrival at Kabul, he has been steadily fortifying that position for defence, as his two greatest military achievements; although, doubtless, the importance of them will never be fully appreciated by the public. . . .

CHAPTER XVIII

INDIA—(*continued*)

1880, AET. 48–49

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf:
Content to know, and be unknown:
Whole in himself.

. . . . . .

The merely great are, all in all,
No more than what the merely small
Esteem them. Man's opinion
Neither conferr'd nor can recall
This man's dominion.

—*Chronicles and Characters.*

WHEN the Government of India, with the approval of the Home Government, proclaimed that Yakub Khan's abdication was irrevocable, an imperative necessity arose to find some ruler for Northern Afghanistan and some form of government, so that the temporary British occupation of Kabul could be brought to an end. Early in the year the Viceroy deputed Mr. (now Sir Lepel) Griffin to undertake the whole diplomatic and administrative superintendence of affairs and negotiations at Kabul, in subordinate consultation with the military commander. Mr. Griffin reached Kabul at the end of March, where he was cordially welcomed by Lord Roberts. He carried with him the Viceroy's instructions to make known as soon as he reached Kabul the cardinal points of the policy upon which the Government had now made up their minds:—

1. Non-restoration of the ex-Amir.

2. Permanent severance of Western from Northern Afghanistan; the Kandahar provinces to be handed over to Wali Sher Ali of Kandahar as our nominee and tributary, while a British cantonment would be placed at Pishin close enough to support or control his Government.

3. No annexation or permanent occupation of the latter.

4. Willingness to recognise any ruler (except Yakub) whom the Afghans themselves would empower to treat on their behalf with the British Government.

At the same time, it was agreed that Sir Donald Stewart, when replaced by Major St. John at Kandahar, should with the whole of his force return to India through Ghuzni, not lingering there, but passing through it, and marching as rapidly as possible to Kabul.

To MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN. *January* 20, 1880.

"My heart is like a rusty lock.
O oil it with Thy Grace!
Rub it, scrub it, scrub it, rub it,
Till in it I see Thy Face!"

No need of such an appeal, dearest Stephen, to the divinity of your friendship, even by a sinner so sorely in need of it as I. . . . You can have no idea what a help your letters are to me. I am not of a sanguine temperament, nor even naturally very self-reliant. My uncorrected instinct is to look at the dark rather than the bright side of things, and sometimes when I read the newspapers (which I avoid reading as much as I can) a horrible sensation creeps over me that, after all, such a unanimous and unqualified condemnation of all I have done, and am doing, must have some solid foundation, and that perhaps, with the best will in the world to do

what is right, I have done nothing but blunder and sin since I set my hand to the task entrusted to it. I protest, however, and swear to God, and to all the gods ever swearable at, that from such occasional suicidal failures of heart and hope I am more than rescued, I am exalted—and for all anxiety or unmerited abuse more than recompensed—glorified—by the continued esteem and sympathy with which I find myself still honoured by you, whose good opinion of my work in India I value more than that of any man living, and much more than that of posterity, which so rarely has a fair chance of justly judging the dead, and in whose eyes I shall assuredly cut a sorry figure if the history of my Indian administration comes to be written by Liberal pens. . . .

Enough of all this, however. I must now endeavour to give you a glimpse of the present centre of the situation here, though it may have changed—and will, I hope, have changed for the better—before this letter reaches you. . . .

Kandahar.—Sher Ali Khan has been informed that we intend to recognise and support him as hereditary ruler of the Kandahar province, including Furrah, and excluding, of course, Herat.

Kabul.—The good news of Roberts' victory must have reached you soon after you wrote to me. I never had any misgivings about the position he was in at that time. But I confess I do feel troubled about the future in East Afghanistan. We have a very hard nut to crack there, and the cracking of it will, I fear, be a long business. The country is far from pacified or subdued, and the late combination is certainly not broken up or seriously discouraged. . . . The restoration of Yakub Khan is out of the question. His garments are deep stained in the blood of Cavagnari; and moreover, even if he agreed now to any conditions involving the partition of his kingdom, it is certain that he would not and could not abide them. He has already repudiated his abdication. The recent

rising was mainly set on foot by his mother, and he appears to have been cognisant of it. I am removing him to Ootacamund. . . . I think that Roberts wants stronger political assistance, and am sending him Lepel Griffin, the Secretary to the Punjab Government, to act as his political chief of the staff. If Abdul Rahman has really reached Balkh, or even entered Afghanistan as stated by Reuter, that is a new complication. But I can ascertain nothing about his movements. Since the attack on the Sherpur cantonment the Mohmunds have risen and attacked our Khyber line, but they were immediately routed and dispersed. The combination, however, which lately attacked Roberts has rallied at Ghuzni; and it is the reported intention of its leaders to renew the attack on Kabul, a week hence, in largely increased numbers. Altogether the situation is most anxious. In this part of the country no early political solution seems possible; and the worst of it is that we are fast wearing out our native army, which has fought splendidly, but with which lengthened service in Afghanistan is most unpopular. We shall certainly have to visit Ghuzni, and I expect no termination of hostilities till the autumn crop comes to our rescue. As there is no reserve of grain in this country, I think the people will not willingly risk the destruction of that crop—the alternative will then be submission or starvation. . . .

Sir George Colley was now offered the post of High Commissioner of South Africa and Governor of Natal, in place of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

To VISCOUNT CRANBROOK. *Calcutta, February* 4, 1880.

MY DEAR LORD CRANBROOK,—Your telegram, communicating through me to Colonel Sir George Colley the offer made to him by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach of the appointment which Wolseley is about to vacate, was an unexpected and heavy blow to me. I appreciate so

highly his remarkable abilities, both administrative, political, and military, that both as a personal friend warmly interested in his career, and also as a servant and well-wisher of the Government, interested in the success of its policy at all points, I could not possibly shrink from urging him to accept any appointment likely to afford him the opportunity of further personal distinction or more important public service, by enabling him to employ those abilities in that service more directly and conspicuously than is compatible with the conditions of the valuable assistance given by him to my own work in India; nor would he himself, either as a soldier or as an Englishman, hesitate for a moment as to his duty in such a case. But almost immediately after the arrival of your telegram, information received from South Africa threw very great doubt on the urgency and importance of the work he is asked to undertake there. Of the urgency and importance of the work in which he is assisting me in India there can be no doubt. And as he would be naturally and rightly reluctant to exchange his military career and prospects for permanent colonial service of an ordinary kind, not appreciably distinguishable from that of a second or third rate colonial governor, it was not on personal grounds alone that I ventured to ask you, by telegraph, to ascertain for me if possible, on his behalf and my own, what is the real character and probable duration of the work bequeathed by Sir Garnet to his successor at Natal. Without such information I feel unable to combat or criticise the view taken of it by others who are in a better position to judge of it. I shall, of course, grievously miss the valued assistance of Sir George Colley (who is, indeed, the only man out here from whom I can expect any real help) in my present endeavours to bring this troublesome Afghan business to an early and creditable close. Lady Lytton and myself will also miss in him and Lady Colley two very dear and true personal friends. But no man, I think, can feel more strongly than I do that in such matters *salus est summa lex*.

The reply from home convinced Lord Lytton of the importance of the South African appointment. On the 28th of February the Viceroy and Lady Lytton gave a farewell dinner to Sir George and Lady Colley and accompanied them to the station, from whence they started the same night on their home journey. This, as it proved, was a last farewell. Exactly a year later, when Lord Lytton was living in retirement at Knebworth, came the news of the battle of Majuba and of the death on the field of this much-loved friend.

Sir George Colley's place as private secretary to the Viceroy was taken by Colonel (afterwards General Sir Henry) Brackenbury, of whom Lord Lytton wrote to his wife: "Brackenbury has been most helpful to me, and I am very much impressed by his ability. He is a splendid draftsman, and a very rapid one, and I like him greatly."

To SIR GEORGE COLLEY. *Darjeeling, March* 7, 1880.

DEAREST COLLEY,—I know not where this letter will catch you. I write it in much depression of soul, not diminished by the perusal of your affectionate farewell telegrams received last night.

The day before yesterday I had a terrible fright and shock as we were all starting for a ride after luncheon. The pony which Lady Lytton had just mounted reared, threw her, and, falling itself, rolled over her. Thank God, she received no serious injury. She insisted on mounting again, and continued her ride with great pluck —no worse for it to-day than some stiffness and a few bruises. I am very glad that I made up my mind to join the trip to Darjeeling. In spite of the cold (which I do not enjoy), I think that, on the whole, I am better for the change of scene and air. And certainly the place more than repays a visit. Independently of the snow views (which I don't appreciate), the scenery, in opulence

and riotous variety of grandiose vegetation, is incomparably finer than that of any other Indian hill station I have yet seen. It is also more picturesque, and more enjoyable. Eden is, I need not say, a most hospitable and delightful host. I am glad, too, to have seen the tramway, by which we travelled part of the way hither—on trollies, drawn by a weak little engine borrowed for the occasion. In many places half our party had to get out and actually *push* the engine uphill. At present the whole affair looks rather fragile, rickety, and not altogether free from danger; but when the proper engines and rolling-stock have been procured, I feel sure that the tramway will be a great success. And even already it is much pleasanter than the tonga. . . .

. . . I have just heard from Cranbrook that Hicks-Beach attaches the greatest importance to the appointment he has offered you, and regards it as in no wise resembling any ordinary colonial government, even of the first class.

God bless you, dear old friend. It is late. We start to-morrow early, and I must go to bed and, if possible, forget in sleep the thousand cares and heartaches of my waking life.—Your ever affectionate

LYTTON.

In January Lord Lytton had written a long letter to his friend Villers, full of joyous anticipation of their speedy reunion. The letter ends with the words: "How I long to see you again! King Poppy! King Poppy! When shall I enter the Kingdom of Consolation?" This letter was returned unopened through the dead-letter office, and in March Lord Lytton received the news of the death of Villers.

To MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN. *March* 31, 1880.

I have had a great shock and a great grief—the sudden death of a very dear and very old friend, with whom for more than twenty years I had been on terms of tenderer and closer intimacy than those of brotherhood. He was a man of immense culture and rare attainment. By birth half French, half German, he combined the best intellectual qualities of each nationality—French wit of unusual brilliancy; German humour, simplicity of character, and solidity of learning. Broken many years ago in spirit and in health by the death, under peculiarly painful circumstances, of a woman he loved, he had retired from official life into a lonely little house near Vienna, where he lived a strange hermit sort of life, and has just died, at the age only of sixty-four, of heart disease, leaving me his books, papers, curiosities, and an aged servant to take care of. He was the last of those who were friends to me in earlier life not already taken from me by death, or by my own fault or by theirs. Now "All are gone, the old familiar faces."

While the Viceroy was deliberating on the qualifications of any possible candidate for the throne of Kabul, news reached him that Abdul Rahman had appeared at Balkh, on the Oxus frontier. He at once wrote to Mr. Griffin that in Abdul Rahman he believed they had found a chief who fulfilled all the conditions they required, that probably if he were to raise his standard, the country, left to itself, would rally to it, and that the Government of India should be forward to suggest what might before long be brought about independently of them. Abdul Rahman was the son of the late Sher Ali's half-brother, who had actually ruled in Kabul from May 1866 to October 1867. After his death the civil war of succession in Afghanistan had broken out

again, and had resulted in the establishment of Sher Ali as Amir. Abdul Rahman had thereupon retired, and eventually took refuge with the Russians at Tashkend, where he resided as political refugee, in receipt of a Russian allowance, till in 1880 he obtained permission from the Russian Government to try his chances once more in Afghanistan. On 1st April, with the consent of the Home Government, a letter from Mr. Griffin at Kabul was sent to Abdul Rahman by a confidential messenger. Before the arrival of the messenger, several documents addressed by Abdul Rahman to different persons in Afghanistan came to the hands of the British authorities at Kabul. One of these stated that the Sirdar had arrived to save Afghanistan from the degradation to which it had fallen, and that he was ready to head a religious war and march on Kabul, though he was content to be at peace with the English if they should accede to his representations. The Afghan troops generally rose in favour of the new-comer, and Lord Lytton began to fear that the time might slip by when we were in a position to dictate terms to him, rather than to listen to his requests backed up by a strong national party. At this juncture Sir Donald Stewart began his march from Kandahar, and occupied Ghuzni on the 21st of April, after a severe and successful action with the tribesmen. On the 28th of April the Kandahar and Kabul forces joined, and on the 2nd of May Sir Donald Stewart arrived at Kabul.

On 21st April our messenger to Abdul Rahman returned to Kabul with "a very friendly and very clever" letter from that Sirdar. Lord Lytton was in favour of immediately informing him that Kandahar would never be restored to the ruler of Kabul, and that the British Government would never tolerate the idea of an "Anglo-Russian" protectorate in a country acknowledged by Russia to be beyond the

sphere of her action; but that, with this understanding, we were ready to hand over to him at once, without any provisions at all, Kabul and all the rest of the country, if he would come and receive it from us, but that our troops would in any case be withdrawn not later than October. Mr. Griffin addressed a letter to Abdul Rahman in general accordance with these views on 30th April, but specific reference to Kandahar or to a fixed date for the evacuation of Kabul was omitted. The terms of this letter were not wholly approved by the Viceroy, but he was relieved of any further responsibility for the negotiations that followed by the change of ministry at home. On 28th April the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, which had suffered signal defeat at the general election, was succeeded by that of Mr. Gladstone; Viscount Cranbrook being replaced as Secretary of State for India by the Marquess of Hartington. Lord Lytton (whose policy in India had been violently attacked by members of the new Government) resigned with his political friends. The Marquess of Ripon was appointed his successor.

To MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN. *Calcutta, April* 7, 1880.

MY DEAR STEPHEN,—Were you ever in the Forest of Arden? I have always fancied it must be the most charming place in the world, more especially in summer time. I shall shortly be on my way to it, I think, and I hasten to give you rendezvous at the Court of the Banished Duke. If you meet our friend, the melancholy Jaques, greet him from me most lovingly, and tell him —Ducdame!—that all the fools are now in the circle and he need pipe to them no more. Tell him 'tis found to be a magic circle, which works wonders. Once in it the fools become the wise, whilst out of it wisdom is labelled folly. Tell him that young jade Democracy

has borrowed from Fortune her wheel and bandage; and that out of Arden Wood the game now in fashion is chuck-farthing, with empires for counters. If that fool Touchstone has not already joined the others now dancing in motley to the tune of Ducdame! ducdame! let him know that I bring him the end of the tale he found hanging by that "prodigious pippin" which rots when it ripens; tell him he must sell his old dial, get himself a brand-new watch from Birmingham, and so be up to the time of day. . . . And tell your own great heart, dear and true friend, that the joy I take from the prospect of seeing you is more precious to me than all that Providence has taken from the fancy prospect I had painted on the blank wall of the Future of bequeathing to India the supremacy of Central Asia and the revenues of a first-class Power.

From home, I have not as yet received a single scrap of official information, and I am lingering here in Calcutta (where it is as hot as hell, though less lively), spell-bound, like an Argive King in Aulis, waiting for some wind to waft me away. . . .

To LORD CRANBROOK. *Calcutta, April* 7, 1880.

MY DEAR LORD CRANBROOK,—It seems scarcely worth while to write to you by this mail about affairs. I know not in what circumstances my letter will find you; but it seems probable that before you get it you will have ceased to be Secretary of State, and I shall have ceased to be Viceroy. What an unaccountable collapse! . . . I suppose that my successor, whoever he be, can scarcely reach India before June—which will be a very trying season for his journey as well as for mine. But it is extremely desirable that he should relieve me without any avoidable delay. For the safe solution of the Afghan question now seems likely to depend on the management during the next two months of arrangements at Kandahar

and negotiations at Kabul, which can neither be suspended or postponed with impunity, nor yet satisfactorily conducted by a Viceroy notoriously destitute of the confidence and support of the Queen's constitutional advisers. If the new Ministry breaks the pledges we have given to Sher Ali of Kandahar, or swallows the bait likely to be laid for it by Abdul Rahman, of a neutralised Afghanistan under joint guarantees, it will be an evil day for India and for England too. But I will not paint the devil on the wall. I trust, dear Lord Cranbrook, that those personal relations between us, which to me have been such pleasant ones, may survive their official ties; and that, on my return to England, you will still allow me to regard you as a political, though no longer an official, chief. I assure you that I shall always recall with the liveliest gratitude the encouraging confidence and generous support with which you have honoured me during a very critical and anxious period of my Indian administration....

To LORD CRANBROOK. *Simla, April* 20, 1880.

I fear that this reply to your very welcome letter of the 21st ultimo will find you *functus officio*. As for myself, I am still waiting for the fiat of the new Downing Street Divinities; but, like Falstaff, "I would it were bed-time, and all were over." In these circumstances our official correspondence becomes rather anomalous, but by force of habit I shall continue the thread, or rather "the tape," of it till I receive authentic information that your resignation and my own have been accepted by the Queen. . . .

I have now to report the condition of Afghan affairs up to date; the enclosed official report and private letter from Mr. Griffin will sufficiently indicate how matters stand at the present moment. Two things are clear: first, that the Ghazni faction is nowhere, and has no real *locus standi* in the country; secondly, that Abdul Rahman is gathering force and substance daily, and is already the

most powerful factor in the sum of our Afghan accounts. You will remember that more than a month ago I urged the expediency of sending to him, while his strength was still weak and his position still uncertain, a public deputation from the Kabul Sirdars to offer him, with the open concurrence of the British Government, the throne of Kabul, which we were then in a position to assign to him upon our own terms. I regret that this suggestion was not adopted by our political authorities at Kabul, who, I think, have been, and are still, finessing too much. The situation has, within the last three weeks, changed very considerably in favour of Abdul Rahman, and my present fear is that the wrecks and refuse of the Ghazni faction will ere long rally to his standard; placing him in a position to appear suddenly before Kabul at the head of a united nation and dictate terms to us, instead of accepting them from us. I have, however, no time to enter further into the consideration of this situation, which is at the present moment a very critical one. I learn that the mail-bags are about to be closed, and that I have only just time to put up this letter. There is much more which I wish to say in it, but time fails me, and I must end here.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *Simla, April* 27, 1880.

. . . We have found in Abdul Rahman a ram caught in the thicket. He has addressed to us a very friendly and very clever letter, obviously dictated by his Russian advisers, professing the warmest desire for friendship with us, and making many promises of good behaviour, if we will not impose on him conditions which he could not accept without apparent ingratitude to Russia, "whose salt he has eaten," but proposing that Afghanistan should be neutralised and placed under the joint protectorate of the British and Russian Empires. . . . Had these overtures reached us later, I could not have dealt with them; but the interregnum at home fortunately acts as

a cutting of the cable. And I have lost no time in informing Abdul Rahman that whilst, if he would not share the fate of Sher Ali, he must put out of his head both the acquisition of Kandahar, which we will never restore, and the Anglo-Russian protectorate, which we will never tolerate in a country acknowledged by Russia to be beyond the legitimate sphere of her action—on the other hand, we are ready to hand over to him at once, without any provisions at all, Kabul and all the rest of the country, if he will come and receive it from us; but that our troops will, in any case, be withdrawn not later than next October, when Kabul will probably be jumped by Hashim Khan's party, if he is not previously on the spot to secure the reversion of it with our assistance. I feel sure that Abdul Rahman's letter was composed for him in the belief that we should, according to our invariable custom, reply to it by indicating conditions which, if contested, would furnish matter for lengthened negotiation, and that we should haggle and barter about the terms of our future relations with him. This would have ended in his dictating his own terms and remaining master of the situation. Our position would have been that of gamblers sitting down at ten o'clock to break the bank with the knowledge that, whether they win or lose, they must leave off playing at twelve o'clock. The reply I sent ought to overtrump the card which Abdul Rahman has played. . . . Stewart has gained two victories before Ghuzni, one of them a very brilliant and decisive one, and Jenkins has had a most successful engagement at Charasiab. These military successes leave us masters of the political position, if we do not hastily throw away our advantages. . . . However, it is idle to trouble you with such details now, and I hope that ere long I shall have washed my own hands of them. *Do terga malis.* After the fitful fever of my Indian life, my only wish is to sleep well. . . .

To LORD RIPON. *Simla, May* 10, 1880.

DEAR LORD RIPON,—In the hope that my greetings may not be anticipated by those of newer acquaintances in India, I send these few lines to Aden, with renewed assurances of my grateful appreciation of your considerate offer about Peterhof. I fear that I shall be unable to withdraw my household gods from Simla before the 28th of June; but you will certainly not be haunted beyond that date by the unlaid ghost of your predecessor. Your land journey to the hills can scarcely be, I am afraid, an enjoyable one. But I think you have decided most wisely to assume office at Simla instead of at Calcutta. I hope that Lady Ripon will be able to join you there in the winter; not that the position of a Vicereine in India is a pleasant one, but her presence will, I am sure, greatly augment the popularity and charm of your Court. One of my aides-de-camp will have the honour of waiting on you at Bombay; and I hope to learn from him, in time for attention to them, your wishes with reference to anything that may not have been anticipated in the arrangements for your journey and reception here. Fortunately the railway carriages are comfortable. Pray be so good as to remember me to Colonel Gordon,[1] whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at Vienna some years ago. I am very glad that you have retained Lord William Beresford on your Staff. You will find him a first-rate aide-de-camp, *sous tous les rapports*.—Yours, dear Lord Ripon, very sincerely,

LYTTON.

To THE QUEEN. *Simla, May* 4, 1880.

MADAM,—I have already addressed to your Majesty, by telegraph, the sincere, though inadequate, expression

[1] Afterwards General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum. He came out to India as Lord Ripon's private secretary, but resigned a few days after reaching Bombay.

of my deeply grateful appreciation of the Earldom which your Majesty has deigned to confer upon me. At all times, and in all circumstances, I should have greatly valued this honour; but the peculiar circumstances in which I have received it render doubly precious to me any mark of your Majesty's favour specially associated with my service of your Majesty in India. To those circumstances I will not now refer further than is requisite for the explanation it is my duty to submit to your Majesty of my reasons for asking permission to resign the high office I have held during the last four years as your Majesty's Representative and Governor-General in this country. I assure your Majesty that my resignation of it was not hastily tendered; and, after the most searching self-examination, I feel able to affirm that it was wholly uninfluenced by any personal feeling.

I esteem it unfortunate for the interests of India, and prejudicial to the dignity of the Viceregal office (which I have ever striven to maintain), that, whilst holding that office, my name should have been dragged into the violent arena of party conflict at home, and subjected to the action of its fiercest animosities. But for this misfortune I cannot feel myself responsible. When Lord Beaconsfield submitted my name to your Majesty for that great trust, which, on his recommendation, your Majesty was graciously pleased to confide to me, he was assuredly justified in regarding such a contingency as wholly beyond the scope of all reasonable anticipation. I certainly so regarded it myself, having taken no part in party politics when your Majesty entrusted me with the important duties I have, for the last four years, been discharging, with no other motive, personal or political, than the desire to deserve, if possible, by constant devotion to them, what I regard as the highest honour open to any subject of your Majesty, the confidence of his Sovereign in the performance of such duties. My life had, from its earliest years, been passed, out of

England, in the foreign service of your Majesty under successive administrations of different political colour. I have never spoken or voted in Parliament, never written, except officially for the information of your Majesty's Government, on any political question. Neither before nor since my appointment to the Government of India have I consciously done anything to provoke, or justify, a departure from the salutary custom generally observed by English statesmen of all parties, to exclude the affairs of your Majesty's Indian Empire from party contests in Parliament or on the hustings, and the person of its Governor-General from the vocabulary of party vituperation. More especially, on all who are capable of recognising the fundamental difference between the social temperament, and administrative requirements, of the vast, heterogeneous, oriental, and more or less martial, communities of India, and those of the self-governing masses, on whose fluctuating suffrage the character and duration of English Ministries depends, would this wise precaution seem to be incumbent, now that India is directly administered by the Crown, and its Governor-General, having become your Majesty's Viceroy, represents to your Majesty's native subjects all that is august, and above the strife of subject parties, in the supreme person of the Sovereign. For all these reasons I feel very strongly that the Government of India ought not to be affected by changes in your Majesty's Government at home. To give to changes in the head of your Majesty's Indian Administration the same political significance as that which accompanies changes in the head of your Majesty's English Administration, would be to strike at all the administrative conditions of your Majesty's power in India a severe blow, which, if frequently repeated, could not fail to be finally destructive. Yet this result would be inevitable if your Majesty's Viceroys in India habitually went in and out of office with your Majesty's Ministers in England. Feeling this as strongly as I do, I can assure your

Majesty that it is not without great hesitation and extreme reluctance that I have recognised the necessity for a step which must, I fear, have the effect of giving to my relinquishment of the Viceroyalty that political significance which I hold to be prejudicial to the dignity of the office itself, and detrimental to the public interests of the empire. In addition, moreover, to the foregoing considerations, there is another which has weighed with me very seriously against the step thus taken. I cannot but feel that the situation of affairs in Afghanistan, though by no means unsatisfactory, or, indeed, otherwise than promising, is, nevertheless, at this moment, very critical—more critical, I think, than it has been at any previous time since the declaration of hostilities with Sher Ali. I feel that it is a situation requiring incessant personal direction, and very careful management, guided by special reference to a variety of antecedent facts and personal influences, with which I am probably more familiar than my successor can be when he first assumes the management of it. And the more critical the condition of any matter in which the honour and interest of your Majesty's Crown are concerned, the stronger is the desire, which I cannot help feeling, to continue to serve your Majesty in the endeavour to bring that matter to a satisfactory conclusion. The thought of appearing to desert the service of my Sovereign in a moment of difficulty and anxiety is to me an exceedingly painful one. For all these reasons, in any conceivable circumstances other than those which have actually occurred, I should have deemed it my duty to leave to your Majesty's present Ministers the responsibility of advising your Majesty to recall me at such a moment; and no personal feeling would have prevented me from awaiting their decision on that point, in the belief that, on the whole, my recall might possibly be less disturbing to the confidence of your Majesty's native subjects in the stability of purpose, and the supremacy of personal authority, represented by your

Majesty's Indian Government, than my spontaneous resignation in circumstances calculated to associate it in their eyes with a radical change of Indian policy on the part of your Majesty's advisers in England. I have endeavoured to consider only what in these circumstances is practically best for the interest of India, the dignity of the office I resign, and the efficient service of your Majesty. But all these considerations have led me to the conclusion that, whilst failure or incompleteness in the task on which I have so long been engaged in Afghanistan might involve consequences irreparably injurious to the most vital interests of this empire, on the other hand, the successful accomplishment of that task is practically beyond the power of any Viceroy not possessing the entire confidence and support of your Majesty's Ministers. But this is not the only fact I have had to consider. I have, without misgiving or reserve, devoted to the service of your Majesty in India, under the instructions of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, every thought and faculty I possess—not with any party motive or object, but from a deep conviction that the policy commended by Lord Beaconsfield to your Majesty's adoption is the only one capable of adequately maintaining the vast and complex interests of your Majesty throughout this part of the world, in the very serious and anxious circumstances which, on behalf of your Majesty, and under your Imperial commands, I have been called upon to deal with during the last few years. Nor can I ever consent to conceal my respect and admiration of the personal sagacity and courage which have guided and animated that policy in the execution of which it has thus been my duty to co-operate. When, therefore, on the eve of a general election, which I cannot but regard as a national lottery, wherein the parliamentary prizes, periodically raffled for, are nothing less than the destinies of your Majesty's Empire, I requested Lord Beaconsfield to tender my resignation to your Majesty in the event of its becoming His Lordship's duty to

advise your Majesty to confide the affairs of that Empire to other hands, I had to consider very seriously to what extent, in what way, not only the dignity and authority of the great office entrusted to my keeping, but also my personal power of efficiently serving your Majesty, might be affected by the position in which I should find myself placed, if I continued to hold that office under a Ministry selected from a party whose leaders had publicly denounced not only my official conduct, but also my personal character, in connection with it. Had the repeatedly and vehemently expressed disapprobation of your Majesty's present Ministers been confined to the policy carried out by me with the approval of their predecessors in office, I should have felt less confidence that I was taking the right course in tendering my resignation to your Majesty before they had had an opportunity of explaining their own policy, in reference to information which might, perhaps, have influenced their judgment when coupled with the responsibilities of office. But the language of denunciation employed by them had no such limit. I had to consider, on behalf of the interests of your Majesty's service, and the dignity of your Majesty's Representative in India, that Lord Hartington had twice declared in Parliament his opinion that I was personally, as well as politically, unfit to exercise that high function, being "everything which a Viceroy ought not to be"; that Mr. Gladstone had publicly imputed to me financial dishonesty, trickery, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; that the Duke of Argyll, in a more elaborate indictment, had charged me with a deliberate desire to shed blood, systematic fraud, violence, and inveracity of the vilest kind, and sundry other defects of character and conduct which, were there the smallest warrant for His Grace's accusations, I should be the first to recognise as shamefully disqualifying any subject of your Majesty, not only to represent the august person of his Sovereign, but even to serve her in the meanest capacity. So long as all

these charges were unreservedly repudiated on my behalf by your Majesty's responsible Ministers, the dignity of the Viceroyalty of India, though certainly not enhanced, could, at least, suffer no serious injury from my incumbency of it. And; again, if the constituencies of England, when appealed to on these vile charges, had returned no acquiescent response to the voice of my accusers, their accusations could have caused neither strain nor stain to the authority it is my duty (as it has been my ambition) to transmit unweakened and unsullied to my successor. But the case was very different when, these accusations having been included amongst the questions on which the opinion of the country was challenged by your Majesty's present Ministers, the country replied by placing the authors of them in a position which entitled them to claim, and has enabled them to acquire, all the authority and significance attaching to the declared opinions of the Queen's responsible advisers. Those opinions had lately been the subject of agitating popular comment, and increasing curiosity, throughout India. They had been discussed with exaggeration by the lowest of your Majesty's native subjects in every Indian bazaar, and had furnished matter for astute speculation to the highest of your Majesty's Indian Feudatories at every Native Court. In the event, therefore, of its becoming evident to all your Majesty's subjects, Feudatories, and allies throughout India, that these are the opinions by which the constitutional Councils of their Sovereign must henceforth be guided, I felt that I should only lower the dignity without saving the authority of the Viceregal office if I continued to hold it under conditions which would give to my retention of it all the appearance of an unworthy personal reluctance to relinquish it. My resignation was conditionally placed in the hands of Lord Beaconsfield with a view only to that event, which has now happened. I venture to think that subsequent events have justified the conviction on which I acted, though,

I fear, they will go far to defeat the object of my action, which was the prevention, if possible, of any public scandal injurious to the authority and influence of the office I have resigned. Not only the offer of that office to Lord Northbrook and Mr. Goschen, but also the ultimate selection of my successor, was announced to your Majesty's Indian subjects by Baron Reuter's telegrams, before any public announcement had reached India that your Majesty's present Ministers were installed in office, and consequently before that selection could have officially received your Majesty's sanction, and Lord Ripon is being sent out in haste to supersede me at a time when it is notoriously impossible for me to leave the country without risking the lives of my children, until three weeks after the date fixed for his arrival.

I cannot say how deeply both Lady Lytton and myself have sympathised with all your Majesty must have felt, when suddenly obliged, at such a time, and for such a cause, to quit the long-needed, and, in any case, brief repose which would, we had hoped, have been found at Baden by your Majesty; to whom that beautiful place must be full of cherished memories.

Among the most cherished memories of my own life will ever be the knowledge that, whilst accepting my resignation in the patriotic exercise of a constitutional duty, your Majesty has deigned to assure me that it was not accepted without some feeling of personal regret; a proof, I venture to hope, that the motives of it were not misunderstood by your Majesty, although I could not, at the time, explain them as fully as I have now endeavoured to do.

Deign, madam, to accept also my respectful assurance of the constant devotion and gratitude with which I have the honour to subscribe myself now and ever, your Royal and Imperial Majesty's humble, faithful servant and subject, LYTTON.

From THE QUEEN. *June* 3, 1880.

The Queen Empress has to thank the Viceroy for his kind letter of the 4th of May. She is much grieved, but not surprised, to see by it how much grieved and pained he is at the virulent and unjust way in which he has been attacked, but she hopes he will set it down to the (in her opinion, unpardonable) heat and passion of party, which, alas, seems to blind people, and certainly has exceeded on the Liberal side all limits. The Queen entirely appreciates Lord Lytton's motives of resigning when he did; but he will hear from Lord Beaconsfield himself (of whom the Queen can never speak too highly, and whose foreign policy was approved by Parliament and the country, and strongly abroad) that for the most unfortunate and unseemly omission respecting Lord Lytton's resignation, and the appointment of his successor, the present Government are not to blame. The Queen has already cyphered her warm thanks to Lord Lytton for his most valuable services, and she trusts that he will not move a day sooner than is safe for himself and family to do. The Queen sends Lord Lytton the last volume of her dear husband's Life, and prays he will thank Lady Lytton very much for her last kind letter.

The close of Lord Lytton's Indian administration was clouded by the discovery of an error in the estimates of the cost of the Afghan war. By the end of March five millions of actual outlay had occurred, of which the Government was not aware at the time the Budget was prepared and published, and the whole cost of the war was ultimately found to be twelve millions in excess of the estimate.

To LORD CRANBROOK. *May* 11, 1880.

. . . All other revelations sink into insignificance before the tremendous discovery now made by the

Financial Department, that the war estimates prepared by the Military Department, confidently recommended by it to the Financial Department, and adopted by the latter without misgiving, were utterly worthless, and will be indefinitely exceeded. . . . The public scandal and reproach of it must, I fear, fall directly upon myself, and indirectly upon Sir John Strachey; and although I hold that we are both of us blameless, for I am unable to conceive how either of us could have anticipated or prevented it, yet I can scarcely complain of the popular verdict I anticipated; for, of course, the external responsibility of the Government of India cannot be sub-divided. Sir Edwin Johnson has written a Minute (published at his request) in which he takes upon himself the whole personal responsibility for what has occurred, and endeavours to explain how it happened. But I can neither understand nor accept his explanations. For not a single additional military charge has been sanctioned by me since his estimates were framed and submitted with confidence to the Financial Department, which adopted them without mistrust. Nor have the known conditions and prospects of the campaign in any wise altered since then; and the calculations on which Sir E. Johnson now professes to have framed his estimates have had no warrant from myself or the Political Department. Ever since the commencement of the first campaign in Afghanistan, I have laboured without ceasing, and under great difficulties, to keep down military expenditure. You know something of my later efforts in this direction. In the course of them I have frequently rejected the costly and ill-considered proposals of my military advisers, and have been taken to task by the Duke of Cambridge and others for so doing. But I have always carefully refrained from questioning or interfering with the final estimates framed and passed by the responsible departments for sanctioned charges. Any other course would have involved tampering with the public accounts by the

Head of the Government, and been destructive of that established sense of personal and departmental responsibility which is the best, and indeed the only, guarantee for the conscientious preparation and verification of estimates by the authorities properly charged with that task. . . . The whole thing is cursedly unlucky. You and the late Cabinet will have no difficulty in satisfying everybody that you are in no wise concerned in, or responsible for, the scandal and discredit of it, which must fall exclusively on the Government of India; but I cannot help feeling with considerable bitterness that the powers of military darkness, against whom I have been maintaining single-handed for four years such a fatiguing, and till now not unsuccessful, struggle, have, in the last hours of my administration, contrived to give me a *croc anx jambes* which no vigilance on their part, or on mine, can now solve. . . .

This letter was written before the Viceroy understood how the miscalculation in the war estimates had occurred. After weeks of painful investigation, and a few days before his own departure from Government House and Lord Ripon's arrival, he writes again to Lord Cranbrook:—

Simla, June 1, 1880.

My dear Lord Cranbrook,—I owe you cordial thanks for two very kind letters, dated respectively the 21st and 27th April, and still unanswered. But all my time and thought have been stretched on the rack during the last few weeks by the increasing trouble of this miserable failure in the war estimates. I have had the greatest difficulty in getting to the root of it, which is now, at last, I hope, unearthed, though much matter for painful investigation still remains in reference to the manner in which the business of the military account-keeping has been managed, or mismanaged, by individual officers of Account and Control. I cannot say that in my efforts

to get to the bottom of the matter, I have had much assistance from any of the departments on which I was necessarily dependent for enlightenment, in the elucidation of this bad business: and what most vexes me, is not so much the blunder itself which has occurred, serious and inexcusable though it be, in the business of the technical Offices of Control and Account, as the series of utterly futile explanations and false assurances, by which, long after the detection of gross discrepancy between estimate and disbursement, the Military and Financial Departments continued to mislead (unintentionally, no doubt, but not excusably, I think) both myself and Her Majesty's Government. I cannot quite agree with Strachey, in the importance he attaches to the defects pointed out by him in the established system of Indian military account-keeping. In the first place, it appears to me evident that the inculpated system *does* enjoin certain checks and precautions, which may very possibly be insufficient, but which, so far as I can yet ascertain, have been completely neglected. In the next place, I cannot admit that when war expenditure is going on actively, highly trained and paid expert officers, entrusted with the task of keeping the accounts of it, are exempted by any rules or traditions from the obvious duty of recourse to whatever checks and tests common sense can suggest, or intelligence devise. And the checks which might have been applied, and were not applied in this case, are so simple, so obvious, and so universally adopted in the keeping of accounts, whether public or private, that I cannot see how either Sir John Strachey or myself could have imagined that they were being systematically discarded by accountants whose reputation for care and accuracy then stood very high—until the results of their omission were revealed in the catastrophe which has occurred. I cannot as yet say whether A, B, C, or D is most to blame in this matter, nor is that a question which will much interest either Her Majesty's Government or Parliament. But it is impossible to

doubt, in face of the facts stated by Sir John Strachey, in his Minute, that there has been the most culpable carelessness in the Offices of Account and Control. . . . Unfortunately, however, the carelessness does not stop here. The military estimates which were presented to me with emphatic praises of their special care and accuracy, and the most positive assurances that I might implicitly rely upon their soundness, were, I now feel convinced, framed with the most flagrant carelessness, and even without reference to the Director-General of Transport. The Military Department which, in reluctant compliance with demands addressed to it since the discovered failure of its estimates, has now been able to ascertain, by a process independent of its Control and Account Branches, that it is spending 75 lakhs a month: and, if it could ascertain this now, it certainly could and ought to have ascertained it months ago before its estimates were framed. . . . I cannot in my own judgment altogether absolve the Finance Department from a censurable share in this bad business; though I find it very difficult to say, with fair regard to all the circumstances at that time, that the Finance Department ought to have received the estimates presented to it by the Military Department, with the distrust they certainly deserved, or that it could have adequately verified its doubts about them had it then entertained any. As a matter of fact, the only doubt then felt, in the Finance Department about the military estimates, was whether they were not *too high*. The Finance Secretary, I understand, requested the Military Accountant-General to reconsider them from this point of view; but when the Accountant-General reaffirmed the amount of his figures, justifying it by reference to the more extended operations and larger expenditure sanctioned for the campaign, they were accepted in the Finance Department with a confidence which has cruelly misled the whole Government. For this I fear public opinion will lay the chief blame on Sir John Strachey, who is, in

my opinion, the least blamable of all concerned. The whole thing is the cruellest stroke of mischance that has ever befallen me; and it has caused, and is causing, me unspeakable distress.

I have but one consolatory reflection in connection with it: and that is, that, however seriously it may damage the Government of India, the Indian services, and myself personally in public estimation, it cannot, I think, injure the character or present position of the late Government at home, which has been not only the innocent, but the injured, victim of the error which has occurred here—an error for which the Government of India is exclusively responsible. I am most thankful that, before leaving office, you were able to write that Finance Despatch which places this conclusion beyond question. . . . I shall, doubtless, have left India before this letter reaches you; but, as on reaching England I go straight to Knebworth, I shall be very grateful if you will kindly send me one line to that address, to let me know, when I get there, that my present letter and its enclosures have safely reached you. Pray accept my warm congratulations on your G.C.S.I., and the sincere assurance of that affectionate esteem and respect with which I am, dear Lord Cranbrook, always faithfully yours,

LYTTON.

This letter was written in confidence to Lord Cranbrook. In public Lord Lytton took the blame entirely on himself, saying that the Viceroy had the power and the right to look into every detail, and it was his own fault if he did not do so. This spirit of generosity was not reciprocated by the new Government at home. His appeal that Lord Ripon should delay his arrival till after the rains, when Lord Lytton could safely move his family across the plains of India, was treated with contempt. Lord Ripon arrived at Simla before Lord Lytton could leave. He received the new Viceroy at

Government House, and then retired with his family to the residence of General Roberts, which at that time was let to the Rajah of Durbanga, who courteously placed it at his disposal. My mother notes in her diary that from Lord Ripon personally and from his staff they received cordial civility, and that these last days at Simla, spent alone with their children, were not otherwise than enjoyable. The only members of his old staff who remained with Lord Lytton were his private secretary and one A.D.C., Captain Harcourt Rose. Recalling that time of more than a generation ago, Sir Henry Brackenbury now writes to me: "The stars in their courses seemed to combine against him, but his courage never failed, he never lost his dignity. It was then, even more than in the time of his prosperity, that I was so intensely attracted to him." Sir Henry's devoted friendship was gratefully appreciated by both my parents, and his companionship during those last days in India and on their journey home was a source of great pleasure and comfort to them.

On the 8th of June Lord Ripon arrived at Simla and received from Lord Lytton the charge of Government. On the 28th of June Lord Lytton left Simla, and on the 3rd of July sailed from Bombay for England.

To Miss Lyall (*sister to Sir Alfred Lyall, afterwards Mrs. Robert Webb of Milford*). *Knebworth, August* 10, 1880.

It is, indeed, like a dream to me that I should be writing to you this delicious afternoon, under an oak-tree on the lawn of my grandmother's garden—the bees humming, the birds hopping, and the children capering about me—the sheep-bells drowsily tinkling from the distant Park—Budget[1] dozing in the mossiest of turf at my feet, and the air bathed in the manifold scents of an English August which "pour back into my empty

[1] His dog.

soul and frame, the times when I remember to have been joyful and free from blame"—even by the Calcutta *Statesman*.[1] All here is so peaceful, so enjoyable, were it not for that Black Care which rides behind the horseman, and pursues me even here, with incessant assaults, private and public, on the serenity of a soul whose devotion is claimed by the daisies. Our voyage home was really a very fair one, and but for one sad disappointment, not unpleasant. We were rather kicked about between Bombay and Aden, but afterwards both weather and water were as smooth as one could wish, and a head wind saved us from excessive heat in the Red Sea. We passed several large Russian transports crammed with troops and torpedoes, and bound for China; stayed two very hot days at Malta, where the Governor, "an old military swell," entertained us very hospitably in that magnificent old palace (do you know it ?) of the Grand Masters; but on reaching Gibraltar (where I saw Lord Napier for ten minutes, and found him looking wonderfully well) we learned the first miserable news from Kandahar,[2] by a telegram from Northbrook ordering our ship back to Portsmouth with all speed to carry reinforcements to India. My brother and sister in law, the Lochs, were waiting for us at Lisbon, where the King's father was to have put us up for a day or two. But there was no help for it; we returned to England without seeing them, and they are now returning from their bootless errand in a Cunard steamer due at Liverpool next Saturday. Richard Strachey, Geo. Batten, Burne, Cunningham, and many old friends, besides kinsfolk, met us at Portsmouth. The Queen received us with the utmost kindness at Osborne, and we had also a very cordial reception from our neighbours and tenants, both at Stevenage and here. We go to-morrow to see Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden. . . .

[1] Anglo-Indian paper.
[2] Referring to the defeat of General Burrows by Ayub Khan at Maiwand.

CHAPTER XIX

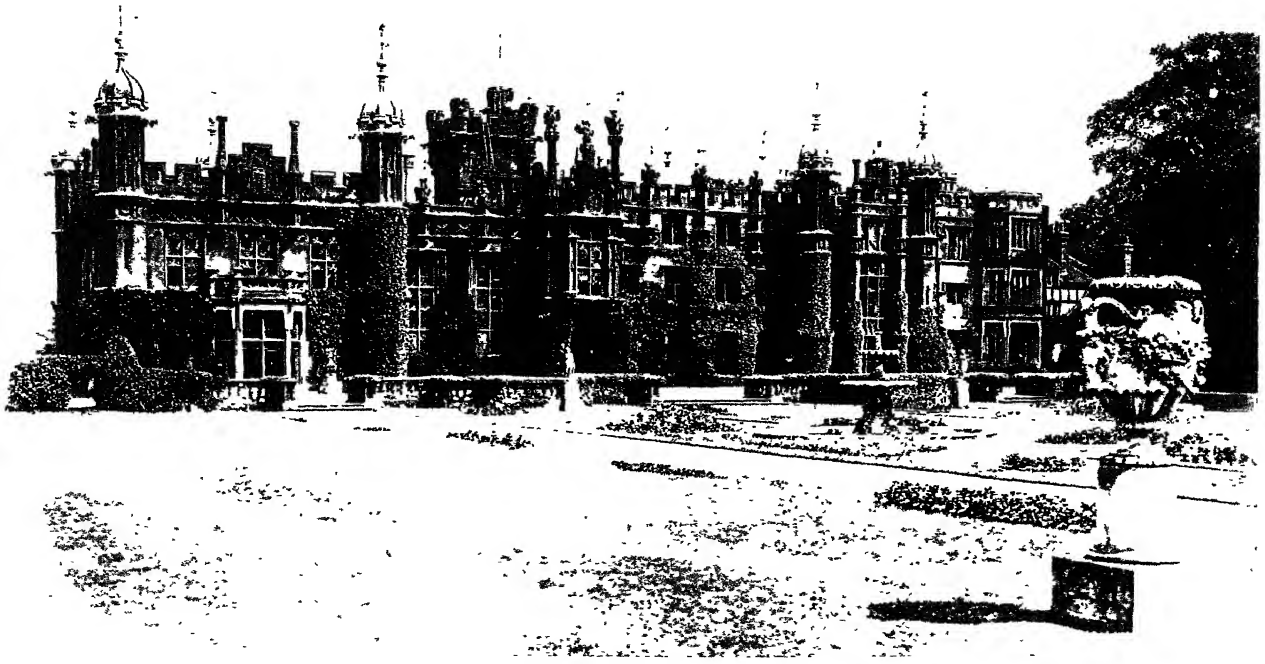
ENGLAND

1880–1883, AET. 49-52

> Themistocles once boasted he knew how
> A small State to convert into a great,
> But, with less effort, our new statesmen know
> How to convert into a little State
> A mighty Empire . . . —*Glenaveril.*

THE seven years which followed Lord Lytton's return from India were the only years of his life free from official work, the only years spent consecutively in his own country since he had left it for his first post at the age of eighteen.

The return to Knebworth, and the sense of freedom which accompanied that return, were at first unmitigated joy. Lady Lytton notes in her private diary that in London they bade farewell to those members of their viceregal staff who had accompanied them so far, and then unattended, as private individuals once more, they hurried home alone to Knebworth. The first sight of the turrets of the house, seen from the railway, marked one of the happiest moments of their lives. At the station they were met by the tenants of the Knebworth estate, who, from the park gates, dragged the carriage up to the house. Cordial speeches followed, and the two little sons who had been born in India were presented to the Knebworth farmers. The place was at its loveliest, and to children and parents alike seemed paradise.



KNEBWORTH HOUSE

From a Photograph by C. Latham

After an exile of some thirty years, England was to Lord Lytton a new country. "I am as ignorant of my own country," he confessed, "as my own countrymen are of other countries;" and in the world of English politics and of English society he felt himself a stranger.

This feeling to a certain extent he never lost, but during the first two years of his life in England he tried to acquire as great and varied a knowledge of his countrymen as was possible by mixing with them freely. He lived much in London during the parliamentary season, and made a great number of social acquaintances. He visited the big manufacturing towns, and met their leading business men. He travelled in the provinces as a tourist, and he and my mother visited many country houses.

Of his many political letters written in these years I have given very few, because they are the letters of a private individual, no better versed in the political history of the period than any other private individual with shrewd insight and intellectual capacity. He was a political pessimist, with no great belief in the virtues of democracy as a system of government for an empire, and the events both at home and abroad between the years 1880 and 1885 might well have depressed a more sanguine man. In India much of his own policy was reversed; in South Africa the revolt of the Boers cost the life of one of his dearest friends, and was followed by what seemed to him an ignominious surrender; in Egypt, a vacillating policy culminated in the abortive attempt to rescue the heroic Gordon, and the abandonment of the Soudan to the cruel tyranny of the Mahdi. Ireland was seething with agitation, and demoralised by a system of intimidation and agrarian crime organised in the interests of a political movement. To Lord Lytton these events seemed to point to the decay of political wisdom in the country, and

they deeply depressed him. His political admirations were henceforth confined to the men under whom he had himself served in India; but when they were again returned to power he had lost all desire to enter the arena of politics.

On his return from India he received a cordial welcome from his political chief and official colleagues, and last, but not least, from his sovereign, the Queen.

To Sir Henry Loch. *December* 12, 1880.

. . . I must tell you about our visit to Windsor, which was very pleasant, and a great success. The guests were, besides ourselves, Lord Beaconsfield, General and Lady Roberts, Colonel Baker, and on the last day General Ross.

The Queen and every one else was greatly pleased with Roberts; and he made and left a most favourable impression on all whose good opinion hereafter may be of use to him. Whereof I am heartily glad. As regards ourselves, nothing could exceed or equal Her Majesty's kindness. She praised Edith most warmly to me, and me, I believe, to Edith, whom she took out driving with her. She told us that we are to bring Victor to see her when she returns to London, and she has given him a little birthday-book with her autograph in it. I noticed that the pattern of the table-cloth, at dinner, bore a shield marked with the names and exploits of Nelson, Wellington, and others; and in reply to some observation I made about it, she said very prettily that she would soon have to get a new table-cloth recording other achievements on behalf of her Empire associated with my own name and that of Roberts. She sent me to read all the telegrams from India received by her whilst we were at Windsor, and a large number of very interesting private letters. She spoke to me a great deal very

confidentially about Irish and foreign affairs, and her relations with her present Ministers, giving me a mass of interesting details which I cannot repeat by post. But one of her observations, perhaps, I may venture to mention here. "They have," she said, "nearly undone in a few months all that you have for years been labouring to do; but you must not be discouraged, for I am not. It will all have to be done over again, no doubt; but you will, I feel sure, be able to do it over again, even under increased difficulties, when the opportunity occurs, and I think that the opportunity is not far distant."

On the day we left Windsor, Her Majesty sent us a quantity of beautiful engravings of herself, the Prince Consort, and the Princess Alice, with a very kind little note.

I had at Windsor a good deal of interesting talk with the Chief, Lord B., with whom Edith set up a great flirtation. We talked about "Endymion," about the situation, about myself and plans, and he suggests that I should end my Afghan speech with a motion, which is what I wanted to do. I have written to Cranbrook to ask if he will support it.

With his old friend, Mr. John Morley, he never again enjoyed the unfettered, easy intimacy of former years. Politically they had grown apart, and Mr. Morley had publicly and privately identified himself too much with the views of Lord Lytton's bitterest political opponents for their friendship to be renewed on the old footing; but their meetings, though rare, were still to my father a source of pleasure. In one letter he writes:—

Why is it that all my most instinctive affections are given to those from whom I am separated by my political convictions? Whenever I meet John Morley,

I feel that he is the finest fellow and the dearest man in the world to me—except James Stephen.[1]

And again in another letter:—

I have just returned after a really delightful dinner with Morley and Stephen and Maine. We wrangled over the whole universe, but in the best of tempers, and I really think there are few things more enjoyable than a good conversational fencing bout with men who know how to fence and always hit fair. Dear Morley has certainly an irresistible fascination for me whenever I meet him.[2]

The English winter proved a severe ordeal, that of 1880–81 being one of unusual severity. The reaction from the physical and mental strain of the last five years, the dread of speaking in Parliament for the first time, the sense of aloofness from his countrymen, all tended to cause a wave of that depression which periodically pursued him all his life.

To Mrs. C. W. Earle. *January* 25, 1881.

Though suffering from them much less frequently and acutely of late years than in early boyhood, I have been, and probably shall be all my life, subject to periods of almost intolerable hysterical depression. No one will ever know how much I have struggled against them. At the present moment physical and moral causes unite to torment me. For five years my life has been strained very near the danger-point of mental and bodily endurance, unremitting mental effort under an incessant weight of responsibility, in circumstances of bewildering novelty, cut hopelessly adrift from my old self and all my anchorage in the

[1] To Mrs. C. W. Earle, April 1881.
[2] To his wife, December 16, 1880.

past, with all the most sensitive sides of my character exposed daily and hourly to a series of moral tortures. Nothing but a very strong recognition of *definite* duty, and an object thoroughly unselfish and noble in my own eyes, could have sustained me through it. Day by day my task was plainly set me. It had to be done, and I did it. But now the strain is suddenly relaxed, the object is gone; the definite duty replaced by an indefinite doubt, which demands the closest self-inspection for the smallest decision, and what self have I left to consult? Seneca wisely commended all men to retire into themselves. "But," he said, "before entering into himself, a man should always prepare for his reception." Now, I have retired into myself, but without any possibility of previous preparation, but merely in the same way as a clock-weight retires to the bottom of the clock when you cut the string that suspended it. And my poor self receives me as a dog is received in a race-course. This pause in my life is only like the lull in a storm, which serves to show the ravage already wrought by it. It brings me no rest, no settled prospect, no sense of satisfaction. It is only a terrible reaction of the mind in a body half numbed by this bitter weather. I cannot read, or write, or think consecutively for ten minutes, or interest myself seriously in anything.

Parliament met in January. One paragraph of the Queen's Speech was devoted to the rising in the Transvaal, and another to the Government's intention of abandoning Kandahar, and with regard to domestic legislation the Irish Land Bill of 1881 was promised.

The Afghan policy of the Government was at once attacked in the House of Lords, and on the 10th of January Lord Lytton made his maiden speech in that assembly on a motion to call the attention of the House to affairs in Afghanistan.

Now that the opportunity had come for meeting his political foes face to face, he wanted to make a full defence of his Indian administration, answering point by point all the accusations that had in England been brought against him. This defence he prepared and printed and committed to memory, but never delivered. For almost on the eve of the debate in the House of Lords his chief, Lord Beaconsfield, to whom he had confided his intention, implored him to make a speech of quite another sort; to make no general defence, not to go over the history of the previous years in any elaborate manner, but to confine himself to a short and simple statement as to the reasons why he was prepared to oppose the policy of abandoning Kandahar, and breaking the definite pledges we had made to the ruler we had placed there.

The preparation of a speech was to Lord Lytton always a painful and laborious process, and this first speech in the House of Lords had weighed on him like a nightmare. To be asked suddenly to recast the whole of it, and practically compose a new speech in a few hours, was no light matter, and added greatly to his dread of the ordeal. The speech, however, as delivered, was well received, and warmly praised by his chief.

To MR. GEORGE BRACKENBURY. *Knebworth, January* 1881.

The day on which Parliament met, Lord B. (who introduced me to my seat—a thing he had never done before for any new peer of his own party) said to me: "I want you to give notice that you will bring on the Afghan Question next Monday." After he had spoken he left the House. I drafted a notice and showed it to Cranbrook, who approved it, before I put it on the table. I had meant to base on it a motion for papers,

but Cranbrook advised me to make it as general as possible. On Saturday afternoon Lord Beaconsfield sent for me, and said he was in despair at the terms of my notice, which were, he said, suicidal—he could not conceive how Cranbrook could have approved it;[1] the one thing I must avoid, he said, was anything like a personal statement, yet of this I had given notice. The notice was so drawn as to deprive me of the power of reply, whilst giving to Ministers the opportunity to shirk the explanation of their own policy by attacking mine at every point; this would lead to a long debate on no definite issue, leaving the last word with our opponents, and the result would be most damaging. He then asked me what I meant by a personal statement, and what line I proposed to follow. This I explained to him briefly. He replied at once: "That won't do at all. It will be fatal. Argyll, the best speaker in our House, will reply to you. You will give him the right to criticise every detail of your administration during a period of nearly five years, and however unfairly he may do so, you can't on the terms of your motion get up and reply to him. The House does not care a brass button whether he has attacked you unfairly on previous occasions, or whether you resent it. What it does care about is: 'What is now to be done about Kandahar?' The House and the country are interested and anxious on this practical point, and will listen with respect to you, as an authority on such a point, if you confine yourself to it. But if you begin by entering into a personal defence of your whole policy, you will clear the House before you have been up ten minutes, and make such a Parliamentary fiasco as nothing can afterwards repair or retrieve."

"Well," I said, "you know I have always been anxious to act in accordance with your wishes; and, indeed, I

[1] This notice was to call the attention of the House to affairs in Afghanistan, and to make a personal statement with reference to his own action as Viceroy of India, in regard to the late Afghan war.

have no other interest in public life than to justify your selection and support, and if I have misinterpreted your wishes, it is because they were not explained to me, and I could get from no one else any information about the forms of the House, of which I am, of course, quite ignorant. But the question is, What is to be done now? What do you wish me to do?" "It is too late," he said, "to withdraw or alter your notice; but you are not a diplomatist, I suppose, for nothing. You must get out of the terms of it as best you can, throw overboard all you proposed to say, feel the temper of the House continuously, and trust to your own tact, but confine yourself to a Kandahar speech." You may imagine that I returned home from this interview greatly disturbed and depressed in mind. I met Lord Beaconsfield at dinner the same evening (Saturday) at Alfred Rothschild's, and on then taking leave of him I said: "I will do my best, but I feel very much alarmed." He only replied: "So do I." In consequence of all this, I had to throw aside all I had prepared. I had only Sunday to think over the line suggested to me by the Chief. It was impossible to make verbal preparation; and I resolved to speak without notes. But I had a horrid sore throat, and felt terribly depressed. There was a full House, the galleries thronged, royalties and peeresses who had stayed in town to hear me; the bar and the places behind the throne were also filled with Liberal M.P.'s and Ministers, who came up from the Commons to hear me out of curiosity. I felt very nervous when I got up, and the cheers from my own side seemed to me rather faint. But after ten minutes I felt that I had the House well in hand, and when I sat down I *felt* that the speech had been a decided oratorical success. Lord Beaconsfield was unstinted in his commendations of what he called its "remarkable Parliamentary *tact*." The result was, I think, a great relief to him, for his last words as he left the House with me were: "You made a great effect without one injudicious word. As for myself, I feel as if I had

won the Derby. I backed you heavily, and you have won my stakes for me—easily. As for you, you have established your own Parliamentary position in the front rank. From this time forward you may do or say anything you please in Parliament. Your position is assured, and you have won it by a single speech."

That Lord Beaconsfield was not disappointed or embarrassed by my speech, is a great relief to my mind, for to please him was my main object; but I feel that I have not put my case fairly or fully before the country, and what preoccupies me now is how to do so. I send you these details, as I know that your friendship for me will render them interesting to you; but pray keep them to yourself. The more I see of public life in England, the less I like it, and the less I respect the actors in it. I suppose I ought not to own, but I feel, a constant regret that I ever left Lisbon, where I was happy and peaceful.

From VISCOUNT BARRINGTON *to the* DOWAGER LADY BARRINGTON. *January* 11, 1881.

I must let you have a line by second post, just to say that for a man in his fiftieth year to make such a decided success, when speaking for the first time to such an audience as the House of Lords, is considered by both sides to be *unparalleled*. Lytton spoke for an hour and seven minutes, and hardly a man left his place, so rapt was the attention of perhaps the most criticising audience in the world. He was answered by the greatest orator in the House (the Duke of Argyll), who exerted himself to the utmost, in a speech carefully prepared to answer Lytton's notice, and right well did Argyll acquit himself according to his view of the question; but it was a ghastly sell—Lytton's notice had not been submitted to any of his friends, and the latter part of it savoured of egotism. He stopped the personal part almost entirely, and then, in jockey language, "rode to order."

The Opposition had got wind of his original intentions—viz. to speak for three hours in defence of his Viceroyalty of India—but were not aware of the fact that Robert had taken advice in the matter; hence the "sell." Egotism was put aside, as well as flowers of rhetoric; but no one who heard him could have any doubt as to the powers of the speaker to give vent to high-flown language had he been so minded. But Lytton stuck manfully to his point—viz. to traverse in every way, as a loyal Englishman should, the determination of the Government to give up Kandahar. My interest in the question and in Robert was *very* great, and the only thing that could have pleased me more would have been to have had the gift of making such a speech myself. Beaconsfield and Cairns were both delighted, and neither thought it necessary to add a word. Cranbrook was very happy in his retort upon Argyll: "But the noble Duke seemed to think that events in Central Asia had remained *in statu quo* since he left office in 1874." His speech was in all respects very effective, according to our views, and he once more showed how good a man he is to stand shoulder to shoulder with in fair fight. But, then, he is a skilled debater, and it was expected of him; of Lytton it had only been whispered that he could speak well, and this rendered his task doubly difficult. The attendance of peers was very good for the time of year, and only a "Town Whip" out. Strangers and peeresses were in crowds.

Before Lord Lytton spoke again came the news of the British defeat by the Boers at Majuba, and of the death on the field of his former secretary and friend, Sir George Colley. This calamity, apart from its national aspect, was to Lord Lytton a great personal grief. He wrote to Sir George Colley's sister:[1]—

[1] March 10, 1881.

It seems like some poor part of my lifelong obligation to my dear and ever-honoured friend that to you, the sister he so loved, I should first be saying what I yearn to place on record before all the world: how much he was to me, how my wife and I revered him, how the fulness of his worth was felt by us, and how deep is the pride with which we cherish the memory of his wisdom, his courage, his splendid intellect and golden heart.

To General Brackenbury, who was now military secretary at the Paris embassy, he wrote:[1]—

We have a common loss, and our sorrows are in the same boat. We could not wish him to have survived that inexplicable catastrophe, which has so prematurely closed a life of the rarest worth, in which the noblest elements of human character and the finest intellectual powers were completely united. And whilst his fate was still uncertain, I felt sure that he would not have left that disastrous field alive. It is perhaps the best, as it was the only fitting end to this heart-breaking tragedy; for it has at least imposed silence on the many mean mouths that were opening to libel the memory of one who was the bravest, as he was also the wisest, of England's young soldier statesmen. But "Oh the pity of it, Iago!" You will have seen the result of our Kandahar debate. I believe my speech was considered good. But I did not satisfy myself, and I left out much I had meant to say. I was not up to the mark, however, for grief and horror have stunned and bewildered me.

The speech to which reference is here made was again on the proposed abandonment of Kandahar, and was delivered in the House of Lords on the 3rd of March. These two speeches gave him a decidedly successful entry into English Parliamentary life—a

[1] March 7, 1881.

position, however, which he was less ardent to maintain than anxious not to lose. His attitude towards the warfare of party politics was very much that of his own hero Glenaveril. The debates of the House of Lords appeared to him "dreamlike and devoid of real life"; those of the House of Commons, "one vast insane display of wasted power, and passion misapplied."

Had Lord Beaconsfield lived, his appreciation and encouragement, and the devotion he inspired, might have weaned Lord Lytton from this attitude of critical observation to one of more interested and active participation in political life. But in April of this year Lord Beaconsfield died.

"With the loss of my dear chief," wrote Lord Lytton to a friend,[1] "I have lost for the present at any rate all incentive and motive-power in reference to public life."

This motive-power he never regained sufficiently to overcome an increasing dislike of public speaking, and after the first two years of his life in England he took less and less active part in Parliamentary life.

He was present at Lord Beaconsfield's funeral.

To LADY SHERBORNE. *April* 28, 1881.

It was very unostentatious, and for that reason all the more impressive, and in keeping with the simplicity and *naturalness* for which the world gave him so little credit, but which was really a marked feature in the lovable character of the great man we have lost. Lost indeed! His death is in some respects, I think, a loss to Europe. To his own country it is a great loss, and to the Conservative party and the Queen the loss is really irreparable. I don't know who will now be our leader. But I think we shall perhaps, and indeed probably, make shift to exist for the present without any general

[1] To Lady Sherborne.

leader at all. Northcote is able, prudent, and experienced, but he wants "*devil*." His leadership of the Commons always reminds me of the verses of the French pastoral poet to whom one of his friends observed: "Mon cher, vos bergeries sont charmantes, mais il y manque un loup." He seems to me too much a Member of Parliament for the popular leader of any great national party. In our own House Salisbury and Cairns are by far the two ablest men we have, and both of them are exceedingly able. Salisbury is amazingly clever; his knowledge of men and things is far more varied than that of Cairns. He represents a great name, and social position. He has been prominently engaged in great affairs, and he has no lack of audacity. Nor is he without flashes of insight. But he wants consistency, and the sincerity of his character suffers in reputation from the inconsequence of his action. He has many of the most necessary qualities of a leader: great powers of work, and a charm of manner very attractive to those who are immediately about him. But he makes bitter personal enemies, and the country at large mistrusts him, I think. Cairns, on the other hand, is too much of a lawyer, too little a man of the world. With a large section of the party he is personally unpopular, and he is heavily overweighted and handicapped by his strong Evangelical Protestantism. . . .

Salisbury is too strong a man to be kept long in the background. I think he is certain of the leadership eventually.

For the present, as this letter anticipated, the leadership of the Conservative party remained in abeyance. Sir Stafford Northcote led in the House of Commons, and Lord Salisbury was chosen by the peers to lead in the House of Lords, and it was not till the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1885, when a Conservative Government came into power, that Lord Salisbury became the recognised leader of the party.

The principal measure which occupied the time of Parliament this session was Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill.

Lord Lytton himself spoke in opposition to the bill when it was sent up to the Lords at the end of the summer, and in his judgment Lord Salisbury then for the first time showed to the full his capacity for leadership.

Salisbury has managed the Land Bill with great skill and success, and deserves the gratitude both of the Irish landlords, whose pockets he has saved, and of the House of Lords, which he has placed before the country in a greatly improved position.[1]

As soon as Parliament rose Lord Lytton left London. Knebworth was in the hands of workmen,[2] Lady Lytton in the Isle of Wight with her mother; it was an opportunity for a solitary ramble about the country. He visited Oxford for the first time, went for a trip on the Thames, and then revisited the hydropathic establishment at Malvern, where he had been with his father as a boy.

To his Wife. August 18, 1881.

Occasional solitude is to me almost a condition of permanent sanity. It is like mountain tarns to wild birds in their flight. Without it all the pores of my moral epidermis become congested, and for more than five years I have not had an hour's sense of freedom, or retreat from the set groove and iron rail of the beaten track.

[1] To his wife, August 18, 1881.

[2] On his return from India Lord Lytton made considerable additions to the house at Knebworth. He took an absorbing interest in these changes, and especially in the work of furnishing and decorating the new rooms, which he personally superintended.

To the Same. Oxford, August 20, 1881.

I have been passing the afternoon in visiting all the colleges here, of which Magdalen seems to me the most beautiful. But I am enchanted with all I have seen of Oxford. There is nothing like it on the Continent. . . . Wilkins[1] is an extraordinary creature, who ought to have lived and died in the Middle Ages, when he could have been a sybarite monk and yet have left a name more famous than that of Casaubon; or else in the age of Augustus at Rome, when he would probably have toadied Lucullus for dinners. He is a marvellous classical scholar, probably the finest in England, but the chief interest of his life seems to be eating and drinking; and he informed me that his first act on reaching Paradise will be to order for dinner a young bear stewed in brandy. He would make a capital (and very original) character for a novel, but only a great novelist could do him justice. I have much enjoyed the first day of my Thames tour, though the afternoon was showery and the evening cloudy. It was market-day at Abingdon when we[2] got there for luncheon at 2 P.M., lunched at the farmers' dinner at the "Crown and Thistle," sat next a most conceited bagman—such an ass!—who considered himself a superior person, and tried to astonish the bucolic minds of the farmers by talking the most absurd rubbish about the laws of supply and demand, and the opinions of thinking men. I need hardly say that Gladstone is his fetish, and that he was hopelessly ignorant—even of his own ignorance. Landlady stout, comely, very proud of her husband—one of the farmers

[1] Probably the Rev. Henry Musgrave Wilkins, Fellow of Merton College, and editor of several valuable educational works on classical subjects, among which may be mentioned a brilliant translation of the speeches in Thucydides, with an amusing and characteristic preface.

[2] His companion on this journey was Mr. Thomas Maguire, who then, fresh from Oxford himself, was acting for a few months as my father's private secretary.

—sharp, cheery fellow with only one hand, who she says is the cleverest man in England. I think I learned a great many things at my farmers' dinner, and picked up some ideas. . . . I am enjoying my idleness, and forming some fresh sensations and ideas as I go along. It is such a comfort to get out not only of one's own skin, but also of the skin of one's own class. It is only thus that one has any chance of ever finding out for oneself what the English people really are. How is one ever to learn anything from them in Mayfair and the House of Lords?

To his Wife. Malvern, September 1881.

The discipline, the dulness, the plain fare, early hours, and imposed routine are just what I wanted, and had come in search of. For many years I have been too much of a sybarite, and pampering myself vilely in all manner of ways. Often amidst a monotony of champagne and truffles, I have inwardly yearned for a short taste of the rigours of a convent cell. And even if the baths do me no good, I feel sure that I shall be greatly better by-and-by, morally as well as physically, for the novel simplicity of my present school life here. For really it is just like being at school, minus the lessons and the games, and the chance of being flogged now and then—excitements not vouchsafed to a water cure.

The changes of thirty years had not obliterated his memories of the place.

To Mrs. C. W. Earle. *September* 6, 1881.

I have recognised all its main features, and I wander about it wistfully—like a ghost—myself unrecognised. This is the same house to which I came as a boy with my dear father. The old doctor is dead; so is his son. A new doctor reigns in his stead. I sit where my father

used to sit at the public table, and my neighbour at dinner is a paralytic person, who occasionally and after long meditation makes weak observations to me about things in general. There are family prayers every morning, so I trust that the Lord will look down with mercy upon us, "for he hath made both man and beast, and his are the cattle upon a hundred hills" besides the hills of Malvern.

His chief occupation during his sojourn at Malvern was that of writing a criticism for the *Nineteenth Century* on a new volume of poems by his old friend Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.[1] His admiration for the poems themselves was great. He wrote of them to the author:—

If I know anything of poetry, or have any true feeling for it, they are the most genuine poetry I have read since Tennyson's early poems, and a few bits of Browning's best work. . . . From the first line to the last there flows, with singular sweetness of sustained strength and fulness, a deep strain of sad dignity and quiet, which has on *my* mind at least a very peculiar and satisfying effect. . . . I don't mean that the mental attitude of the writer is dignified. Of course it is not. Nothing can be more undignified than Passion enjoying itself, perhaps, except Passion criticising itself, and dignity is not the distinctive mark of violent emotion. But in reading these poems, welled up as they are by storm and stress from a turbid deep, I feel that by some mysterious natural process, which the reader cannot possibly analyse, any more than you can analyse into its component vibrations the sound of a harp-string, all the agitations of their origin are transmuted at that point where expression and impression unite, into an effect of which the pervading and permanent characteristic is a satisfying *calm*. I suppose it is that the most satisfying

[1] *The Love Sonnets of Proteus.*

of all sensations, and the most soothing, is the sensation of *fitness*, and one feels that the writer of these sonnets has said precisely what he wanted to say in the best imaginable way of saying it. Just as when you look on the Laocoön struggling in the coils of the serpents, the impression left on the mind is that of beauty and repose, although the image contemplated is that of a man in convulsions of pain and terror.

Although his admiration for these poems was profound, he found the labour of writing a prose essay upon them exceedingly great, and any prolonged work at it brought back the symptoms of ill-health which he had gone to Malvern to cure.

"I lash my moral tail in impotent disgust at myself," he writes to his wife.[1] "What I write under these conditions, after hours' and days' desperate work at it, is simply disgusting."

The article, however, was finished and despatched in time for the October number.

A critic of my father's poetry has well said that with him literature was no amusement, such as has been indulged in by many a man of the world, but a lifelong passion—"as fascinating as the most fascinating society, as serious as the most important duty."[2] Yet he had never been able to pursue it exclusively, or to live out of the world for the sake of it. The effort which the review of Mr. Blunt's poems cost him made him fear that, now that the opportunity for literary work had come, he had lost the power to compose either in verse or prose. The remedy, he thought, might be found in a period of study without production.

[1] September 5, 1881.
[2] Article by W. H. Mallock, *Fortnightly Review*, vol. lvii., 1892.

To his Wife. September 5, 1881.

I have during my late wanderings taken serious stock of my mental and moral condition, and the conclusion of my self-examination is that my intellectual capital of knowledge and original ideas is nearly exhausted and needs renewal. For many years I have really read nothing except official papers, and I have worked out all the ideas supplied by previous reading of a rather desultory kind. My old ideas have ceased to be interesting companions to me; they bore me, and do not breed. What I wish for myself, and what I sorely need, is at least a couple of years of quiet and steady study, without pressure and without interruption directed to some definite aim—study of books, and study also of those personal impressions which can only be derived from travelling about the country (of which I find myself terribly ignorant) and mixing with the people of it in all classes, with an inquisitive mind and purpose. I also need, during such a process of self-renovation, the periodical stimulus of intercourse and intellectual interchange with persons of original mind and full knowledge (that is, I think, the greatest mental tonic). If I could do all this, I should probably be able at the end of it to start fresh, and fairly strong, in any career of political or literary activity with a new and well-organised stock of facts and thoughts to work upon.

He was greatly interested in his visits to two country houses this autumn, Chevening and Hatfield.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *Chevening, Sevenoaks,*[1] *November* 9, 1881.

DEAREST T.,—The manuscripts here are wonderfully interesting—the original of Byron's "Curse of Minerva," a

[1] The home of Earl Stanhope.

play written by Mr. Pitt at the age of fourteen, all the Chesterfield correspondence, and the correspondence of the late Lord Stanhope with Gladstone, Derby, Peel, and all the political and literary celebrities of the last half-century. They are beautifully kept and arranged. There are also some good portraits by Gainsborough of the great Lord Chesterfield, the great Lord Chatham, and Citizen Stanhope. Yesterday we were driven to see, nine miles off, a delicious old moated house of the time of Henry VII. (date of Knebworth), a perfect gem quite unspoilt.

Amongst the guests at this party was Lady Dorothy Nevill; "Orford's sister with much of his cleverness and charm," Lord Lytton writes of her. His friendship with her dated from many years back, and was now renewed. For the rest of his life his meetings and correspondence with Lady Dorothy were a great source of pleasure.

To Lady Dorothy Nevill. *Hatfield, December* 13, 1881.

Alas, alas! dear Lady Dorothy, you will attribute to me a monopoly of the brutality common to my fallen sex ever since original sin ceased to be original. But, indeed, I am not quite such a brute as I must have seemed to you ever since the date of your angelic letter, which I only received last night on my arrival here. It seems to have had nearly as many adventures as the young lady in Boccaccio, and, like her, it has lost none of its charm in the course of them. I left Blenheim with Lady Lytton on Friday, intending to pass only one night in town, and had arranged that all my letters should be forwarded both from Blenheim and Knebworth to Hatfield. But we were detained in London by a "call" to meet the Prince and Princess at the Lonsdales'; and when, amidst a pile of others, I found your delightful

letter waiting here last Monday evening, I felt, believe me, as soul-stricken as the cock who went out and wept bitterly when Peter crew thrice. I see that I am writing this the very day that you will be going to Strathfieldsaye, and thither my soul follows you in the saddest of moral sackcloth and ashes. When shall you be again in town? We return to Knebworth at the end of this week, and there I shall be up to my chin in bricks and mortar, I daresay, for the rest of the year. But if you are as good as you are clever, you will let me know when I may hope to find in Charles Street gloves and forgiveness. I have got out of my speechifying at York; but have two others for next month which are already poisoning my existence. I think it is the impression here that the Ministry will scarcely pull through next session. But heaven, or its antipodes, only knows what they will pull down with them before they fall themselves. I am told that the "man of sin" is in the highest possible spirits. Half the County is now dancing in the Gallery, which is not lighted, as it was to have been, by electricity, because one of the workmen employed in arranging the wires was killed by an electric shock this morning. I have slipped away, because emotion, like oysters, will not bear keeping, and I shall have no peace of mind till you know that the tardy date of this letter is really not one of my sins of omission. I am reading Morley's Life of your friend Cobden. The book is, I think, exceedingly well done, but it does not change my impression that Cobden is hugely overrated by his political admirers.

Have you seen a vilely ill-written but very amusing Life of George the Fourth by Fitzgerald? But I see that this letter will become one long note of interrogation if I do not end it here.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

During this visit at Hatfield Lord Lytton was shown the unpublished Cecil Papers, which he

found of the "deepest historical interest and importance,"[1] and he mentions with special delight having handled the following literary treasures :—

1. An entire masque by Ben Jonson in his own hand, with corrections by Robt. Cecil. Then, several sonnets and other verses addressed to Cecil by Ben Jonson, and a letter from the same to the same when Ben Jonson was in trouble about his *Volpone,* which got him a few days' lodging in prison.

2. A long poem complete by Raleigh in his own hand.

3. Some verses of really *great* merit unsigned—possibly by Cecil himself.

4. A long French poem by Queen Elizabeth.

5. An admirable prayer written by her (in noble English) at the time of the Armada.

6. A letter from Sir J. Cope (the Lord Chamberlain) to Lord Burleigh, saying: "In obedience to your commands, I have been looking out for players 'and creatures of that sort.' But they are not easy to find. However, I have got some together, and I send this by one of them—Burbage—who tells me they have no new plays, but have lately been furbishing up an old one called *Love's Labour's Lost,* which he thinks will amuse the Queen's Majesty."

I confess it seems to me a grand and noble thing to belong to—still more to be the worthy head of—a family which, after having been associated for generations by a series of illustrious names with the history and literature of a great country, still possesses and cherishes such intellectual treasures as these, and also a grand and noble thing for any country to possess such families. If ever the great old private houses and names of England are pulverised into common dust, as I suppose they must be some day by the growing momentum of Democracy, I hope I shall not live to see it.

[1] To Mrs. C. W. Earle, December 1881.

Writing of Mr. Morley's Life of Cobden in another letter,[1] he says:—

Cobden was a very favourable, and indeed a brilliant, specimen of the English middle-class mind, when it is at its best, without ceasing to be characteristic; shrewd, honest, narrow, superficial, but very clear-headed, energetic, and thoroughly in earnest, a first-rate speaker and a singularly able agitator, with a strong liking for that sort of business, but without a spark of genius or insight, and with very little political knowledge. It is absurd to treat him as a statesman or a great political thinker. But what an indefinable thing genius is! I wonder whether any two people are ever agreed as to a single one of its attributes.

On January 19, 1882, Lord Lytton spoke on current politics at Woodstock. In February he addressed a large public meeting in Manchester on the subject of Indian finance, the chief object of this speech being to record publicly his estimation of Sir John Strachey, whose reputation for the moment had suffered through the mistake in the Indian war estimates of 1880, but who, in Lord Lytton's opinion, deserved the gratitude of his countrymen as "one of the most sagacious and successful financiers India ever had."[2] This speech was delivered before he had completely recovered from a very sharp attack of bronchitis, and his condition of health greatly added to his habitual nervousness as a speaker. His desire, however, to do justice to his colleague enabled him to go through with the ordeal, and his reception was so cordial as very sensibly to touch and gratify him.

[1] To Mrs. C. W. Earle, January 3, 1882.
[2] Speech at Manchester, February 1, 1882.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *February* 3, 1882.

I shall say nothing now about the *public* aspects of our Manchester visit, beyond the fact that they were all satisfactory, and my reception on each occasion (I spoke thrice) so enthusiastic that I felt almost upset by it. Details will keep till we meet. I know that what will most interest you is some report, however brief, of my *personal, internal,* and *innermost* sensations. Well, on the evening of the first I felt horribly nervous, more so than I have ever felt before—indeed, *abjectly* frightened, and not without good reason. The occasion was, to myself at least, a very important one, for I had staked a good deal on it. The Free Trade Hall was densely crowded, a vast audience of about 8000, more than the hall could well hold, and most of them must have been acutely uncomfortable the whole time. I knew that every one had come to hear a rattling party speech, and that I was going to disappoint them all by addressing them at some length on a very dry subject, and also with a *very* dry throat. Six days' care and nursing had failed to relieve me of the cold and bronchial trouble which still clings to me. My voice was weak and husky, my cough irrepressible, and my throat like a limekiln. . . . My main object in going to Manchester was to do tardy justice, *à tout prix,* to my dear friend and loyal colleague John Strachey, and from the prosecution of this object I was resolved that nothing should deter me. But when under all these distressing conditions I rose to address this huge audience, whose cheer when I rose was like the roar of a great Atlantic wave breaking on the beach, I confess that my heart sank down to the soles of my boots.

Providence, however, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. In the first place, I found, after the first ten minutes, that my audience was listening to me with such attention that you might almost hear a pin drop, and

that every one of my few points was quickly seized and cheered. In the next place, a friend had provided me with a bottle of the Gladstone mixture, and after a few sips at it, I found that both voice and courage strengthened steadily as I went on. When I sat down, amidst tremendous cheers, I felt that I had succeeded in a task rendered artificially difficult by the conditions I have mentioned. I had not brought out all the points of my speech as forcibly as they might have been brought out, but I had not mixed them; and, what was to me the main thing, I had accomplished my object, and discharged at least the first instalment of a long debt of gratitude to a dear and valued friend. When I sat down, a very old gentleman sitting next me on the platform said to me: "That image of yours about the Shunamite was the finest burst of pure eloquence that has been heard on any public platform since the days of Grattan."[1] Forgive my vanity in repeating this compliment. . . .

In April of 1882 Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Bourke were murdered in the Phœnix Park.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *April* 1882.

The crime which I suppose all London will be discussing to-day is not worse, and in some respects it seems to me more excusable, than those which both

[1] The passage of the Shunamite referred to in this letter was as follows: "It is British rule alone that now keeps the peace from end to end of India. It is British rule alone that allows and enables every native of India to follow his own calling, profess his own creed, and eat the fruits of his own industry, undisturbed by his neighbours. The renovating presence of the British power is now spread out over India, like the living body of the Hebrew prophet over the dead child of the Shunamite. And everywhere beneath its animating touch the inertness of death is gathering life and warmth and motion. But do not forget that when the prophet performed his healing work he did not argue about his right to do it, or his right to be obeyed by those he was benefiting. He closed the door behind him, and suffered no intrusion on his own beneficial authority."

the Government and the country have contemplated daily almost in Ireland, with apparent indifference, during the last twelve months. But it is more sensational, and it may do some good if it brings home at last to the common-sense of the English people what trifling with revolutions involves.

Lord Lytton's letters of this time tell of almost constant ill-health. All work was carried on under the impediment of pain and physical depression. Reading Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, he was struck, "as if by lightning," by one sentence, so exactly did it describe his own state: "I cannot work, and yet for me there is no holiday." Acting on medical advice, he went with my mother to Carlsbad in July.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *Zum goldenen Schild, Carlsbad, July* 16, 1882.

Here we find ourselves, by no virtue of our own, in the very heart of the New Jerusalem. All the tribes of Israel, including the lost ones, are now assembled at Carlsbad. . . . I cannot sufficiently thank you for sending me *The Nemesis of Faith*, which I read on my way hither with the greatest interest. I don't know what is the predominant emotion of the "rising generation." It seems to have none—none, at least, that has as yet found literary expression. But the emotion that convulsed the youth of my generation, when that generation was rising, was a religious one. How different from the sentiment of the Byronic period that preceded it! Coleridge, the most suggestive, perhaps, and least satisfying of English thinkers, seems to have been the dim fountain-head of the current which at the beginning of our time launched off into so many and such opposite streams through Carlyle, Newman,

Maurice, Mill, and others. Take, in addition to these writers, all who have most influenced the sentiment of our age, though in different directions—writers like Emerson in America, and in England Ruskin and Kingsley, and in fiction George Eliot; in poetry, Tennyson, Browning, even Swinburne; as publicists, Morley, Harrison, &c.; even in art, Pre-Raphaelitism, Burne-Jones—all the sentimental schools—and at bottom you find the motor impulse is a religious one, or, if you will, an anti-religious one. But they are the same thing. *The Nemesis of Faith* is quite one of the most beautiful of all the literary productions of this great impulse. It is full of exquisite writing and delicate feeling; full of power also; but it is inartistic. Compare it as a work of sentiment (and it *is* a work of sentiment), I won't say with such masterpieces as *Werther*, but with my father's *Falkland*. It falls off in that part of the book which should be the most interesting and the most powerful—the love story—the human drama of it. Markham's conduct is ridiculous, scarcely conceivable. There is a brutality of action in this weakness of character which revolts the reader. There is a logic of passion as well as of thought, and it cannot be disregarded or violated with impunity in any work of art which deals with passion.

To the Same. Carlsbad, July 22, 1882.

I entirely agree in all you say as to the importance of sympathy with the young, and an unprejudiced interest in their ideas and aspirations. All I meant by my reference to the rising generation is that I don't know what is its predominant emotion or aspiration, nor whether it has one. Of any such predominant emotion or sentiment I have not yet noticed a distinct reflection in literature. What do *you* consider it to be? I can imagine many reasons why the young generation of our time should not be under the impulsion of any single

strong sentiment. Our own age has outlived some of the most attractive and confident illusions of the last. Schemes and theories of social and political regeneration which captivated the imagination of generous and ardent natures fifty years ago, we have seen tried and discredited. Dogmatic and religious restraints which tormented the intellectual conscience of sensitive spirits have been removed or worn out, without any appreciable addition to the joyousness of life or the stability of any spiritual fulcrum. Positive science, which seems to me the greatest and most growing force of the intellectual world at present, excludes confidence in these plausible formulas for the simple solution of secular problems, which bewitched the unscientific or the half-scientific mind in the infancy of the scientific movement. It tends to the dispersion rather than the concentration of the emotional forces. Democracy, which seems to me the greatest and most growing power of the present social world, has also a disintegrating rather than a concentrative tendency. And the modern democratic ideal is not of an intensely emotional character. No wise democrat can fail to be more or less influenced on the emotional side of his doctrine by the sobering practical experience of the last half-century, which has forcibly illustrated in a variety of ways—first, the steady, persistent growth of Democracy, as a natural social force impelled by its own momentum at a pace which is neither accelerated nor retarded by individual effort or salient personality; secondly, the sterility of the revolutionary method, which previous to '48 was regarded by the apostles and disciples of Democracy as its most efficient, and certainly its most attractive instrument; and thirdly, the fact that the practical appreciable fruits of successful Democracy, its attainable *summum bonum*, are not social heroics, or spiritual hysteria, or national or individual achievements, or sacrifices of a deeply emotional kind, but a general diffusion of mediocre comfort and well-being

adapted to the satisfaction and production of mediocre character.

In your criticism of the present Government there is an expression on which I shall venture to say a few words, which may serve perhaps to explain to you what I believe you find unintelligible in the habitual attitude of my mind on all political questions. You say that the fault of the Cabinet is that expediency, not honesty, has been its guiding principle. It would be a terrible thing for society if honesty were incompatible with expediency. But I am not going to discuss the conduct of the Gladstone Cabinet. I profoundly disapprove it from a different point of view. What interests me here, however, is the different notions we attach to this word expediency as a political term.

I conceive that the basis of all government, whatever the form of it, and the object of all statesmanship, whatever the direction of it, must always be expediency, and expediency alone—nothing more and nothing less. But by expediency I don't mean what is expedient for a Minister, or Cabinet, or party, or a particular class, or a particular interest. I mean what is expedient, in other words is *good*, for the entire community with which a government is concerned. All that is *inexpedient* for the community, regarded in all its parts and all its interests, *prospective* as well as present, is bad in government and false in politics. It follows from this postulate that in politics the test of right and wrong is *not* truth or falsehood, but good and evil, that all political questions are relative, and that all political action is good or bad, right or wrong, according to its consistency, not with theory, but with *circumstance*. For circumstances are the only things which government has to deal with; and but for circumstances the world might dispense with government altogether. Governments are not formed or required to study alkalis and acids and the laws under which

they combine, or geometrical figures and mathematical quantities or the laws of their equations, but the human circumstances and conditions for which administration and legislation are needed. And these human circumstances and conditions are not simple, uniform, and consistent, but infinitely various, fluctuating, and divergent. Consequently we cannot and must not apply to courses of political action or administrative work the methods which are properly applicable to trains of reasoning or research. For the object of these latter is to arrive at the *abstract truth* of a matter, *regardless of the character of that truth;* whereas the object of the former is to bring about the concrete good of a particular multitude of human beings, whose condition is extremely composite and whose interests are rarely identical.

It appears to me that the worst political errors, and the most mischievous political results, have invariably arisen from a disregard of this primary and fundamental distinction, or from an incapacity to perceive it. There are two sets of politicians or political reasoners who seem to me to ignore altogether this essential distinction between politics and philosophy, and the fault I impute in common to the old Tories (a party now nearly defunct) and the modern Radicals (a party now great and growing) is this: both the old Tory and the new Radical despise expediency, and aim at subordinating circumstances to theories; each of them bases his whole theory of government upon some doctrine of abstract rights, which has no foundation in fact, and no reference to what is circumstantially expedient.

The old Tory theory rests upon a metaphysical doctrine of the divine right of royal and other ruling powers. The new Radical theory rests upon an equally metaphysical doctrine of the Right of Man and the natural equality of society. Neither of these doctrines is deduced from experience or modified by it. Both the old Tory and the new Radical regard government

as an instrument for giving effect to one or other of these doctrines, without reference to any other consideration than that of its assumed truth. And as both doctrines are equally untrue and absurd, any government which acts consistently on either of them is mischievous. Government I take to be neither more nor less than the trustee and guardian of the collective interests of a state. It is an exceedingly composite and complex assemblage of populations and institutions, which are not created by legislation, but evolved from a long and varied series of circumstances, to which legislation is incessantly adapting itself. Institutions are not made; they grow. And the growth of a healthy natural organism is not logical, simple, and symmetrical, but various, intricate, and full of salutary anomalies. The circumstances of each state and the component parts of each society are manifold, fluctuating, and contradictory. You can rarely promote one interest without to some extent injuring another. Thus every political question is a question of degree. The art of government is the art of adjustment, and the best political system is not seldom the most anomalous. But I cannot pursue this subject further; one might write volumes upon it, but I have said enough to indicate my view of it. . . .

On his return to England he writes to Mrs. Earle: "The delights of the first days at Knebworth with the dear children were exquisite." The welcome of his little Japanese dog, Budget—so called because of his arrival at Government House, Calcutta, on the day when the budget of 1877 was introduced in Council—very materially added to the joy of this and all other home-comings. "The animal received me with the most touching effusion of delight, and in consequence I have been overfeeding him. I spoil him as you do me."

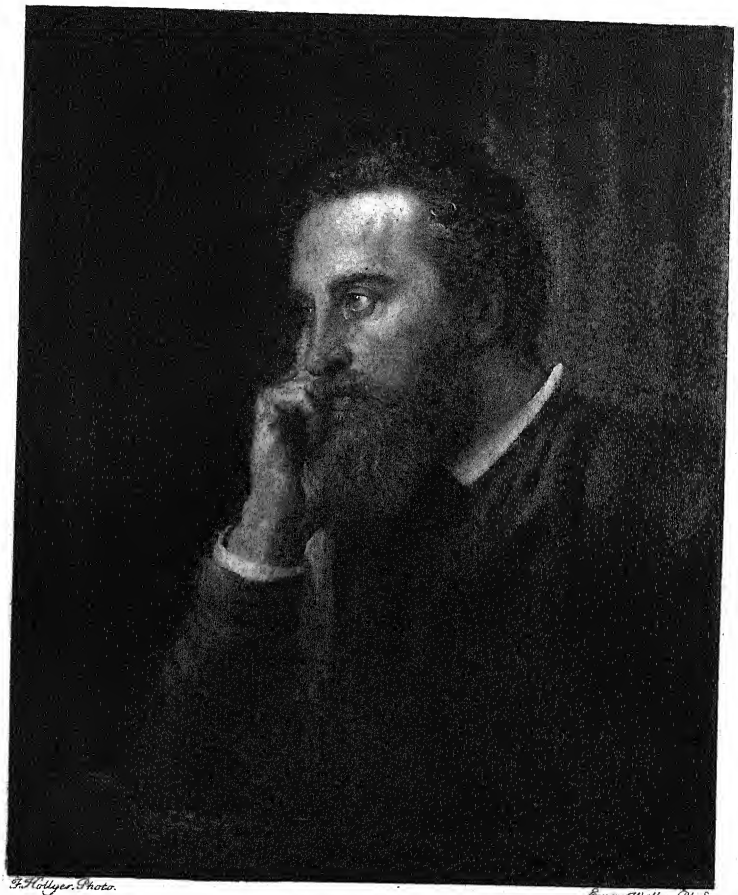
To Mrs. C. W. Earle. *Knebworth, August* 19, 1882.

Don't form your estimate of Byron from what Trelawny says of him. Trelawny was perfectly incapable himself of forming a just estimate of Byron. Byron's vanities and affectations must have been specially apparent to Trelawny, who was, of all men in the world, the one whose temperament would be most impatient of them. It was natural, not only that they should not impose upon him, but that he should judge them with a strong and coarse contempt. For Byron, who, like Napoleon, was a born *poseur*, in many of the peculiarities which he affected by way of appearing romantic and startling, appropriated to himself and imitated (but in idealised and poeticised forms) characteristics which in Trelawny were perfectly genuine. But though in Trelawny these characteristics were realities, they were only ruffianly realities —the qualities of a strong, coarse nature, with little intellect and no culture. He actually lived what Byron poetically feigned. He was the real Conrad—minus all the poetry without which Conrad would be but a commonplace corsair. And such a character would instinctively despise, as a more or less contemptible imitation of himself (and despise it all the more, the more it imposed upon others), the attitudinising of the man who could only imagine without doing, what he himself did without being able to imagine it. The real Sir John Falstaff would probably have entertained but a low opinion of Shakespeare's humour had he been told that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was one of its masterpieces.

Trelawny has painted his own portrait, I believe, without the least exaggeration, in his *Adventures of a Younger Son*. Compare it with Byron's *Corsair* and *Lara* and *Giaour*—the real thing, with the ideals made out of it—and does it not then become apparent that

whereas a great poet can extract poetry even out of blackguardism, a great blackguard cannot perceive anything but insincerity and affectation in the achievement? Then, too, Byron was not an amiable man, and his own vanity was constantly wounding the vanity of those about him. Shelley *was* amiable, lovable, and wholly free both from vulgarity and the vanity which was largely mixed in Byron's character, and which to the vain and the vulgar were probably its most conspicuous features. Byron too had, with his uncommon practical sense and knowledge of the world, a keen nose for a *pique-assiette*. He was sometimes niggardly. Shelley was always promiscuously lavish in his communistic generosity, and for all these reasons the hangers-on of the two poets loved Shelley and only half liked Byron. Their intercourse with him was fruitful in small resentments and unpleasant impressions, which his commanding individuality and renown compelled them to keep to themselves in his presence, and indeed during his lifetime; but after his death these feelings coloured all their little tattle about him. I am convinced that we do not find in the biographical gossip of the Leigh Hunts and Trelawneys any competent portraiture of Byron. Amongst all his contemporaries he stood apart, much discussed, little understood. His character, too, was in much very *un-English*. Hence I think foreigners will always be, as they have hitherto been, juster judges of his genius than his own countrymen. No doubt he owed to his intercourse with Shelley an influence that was very suggestive, very productive, and very improving. It may be clearly traced in much of his work. But everybody and everything that came in his way was more or less suggestive to Byron, and he reflected and incorporated into the productions of his genius all the impressions made on it by the men and women he had known, or the books he had read. As a workman, indeed, he cribbed right and left, but always as a

conqueror who neither begs, borrows, nor steals, but invades, annexes, and subdues. His intellect was immeasurably finer and stronger, his genius vaster and more far-reaching, than Shelley's, though the qualities in which Shelley's poetry is superior to Byron's are obvious and undeniable. But I have been quite carried away by this mention of Trelawney in your letter, and must pull in.



F. Hollyer. Photo.

Emery Walker Ph. Sc.

The Earl of Lytton

From a portrait by G. F. Watts
in the National Portrait Gallery
Painted in the year 1884

CHAPTER XX

BACK TO LITERATURE

1883–1885, AET. 52–54

> And sometimes like a sudden light they broke
> Upon his darkest hours, and put to shame
> His dull despondency, his fierce unrest,
> His sordid toil, and miserable strife.
> These rare brief moments Adam deemed his best,
> And called them all THE POETRY OF LIFE.
>
> —*After Paradise.*

THE letters in the last chapter reveal in the writer a condition of unrest and uncertainty in respect of his life's future occupation. They show his many-sided interests in politics, in literature, in social companionship, in family affairs. They reveal the fact that, at all events after Lord Beaconsfield's death, he was without political ambition, and that though his interest in public affairs never waned, his personal participation in English public life grew more and more distasteful to him. "I lack the training and the habit which render it pleasurable to others."[1] Literary fame and influence he valued more than any other kind of public distinction, but he believed he had no longer "the imagination or the passion requisite for creative writing."

"For me the age and the conditions of romance and adventure (though not the desire for them!) are over. The glory in the grass, the splendour in the flower, the gloss of life is off."[2]

[1] To Mrs. C. W. Earle, July 1882. [2] Ibid.

But this impression, that he had outgrown the productiveness of early manhood and the keenness of feeling without which life is grey, was without foundation. The five years which followed were rich in literary composition. In the course of them the two volumes of his father's biography were written; the long poem of *Glenaveril;* the entire recasting and rewriting of *King Poppy;* the volume published under the title of *After Paradise, or Legends of Exile and other Poems;* an unpublished five-act tragedy in verse, *Rachel, or the Jewess of Constance;* besides numerous prose magazine articles. The years were not less rich in friendships, and at no period was the fervour of his affection and the great wealth of his sympathy more fully lavished on those near and dear to him. The life which he thought best suited to the age he had reached and the tastes he had formed was a life of "study and reflection, enlivened by occasional intercourse with interesting men and women." "A life of congenial occupation, steadily pursued without haste and anxiety, amidst country scenes and objects, and with a contented acceptation of all the trivial little daily enjoyments which the conditions of such a life can vouchsafe to a man who is past fifty and a paterfamilias,"[1] this was now his aim, and in a great degree this was what he achieved during the seven years he spent in England between his return from India and his acceptance of his last official post at Paris. The greater part of these years, and the happiest part of them, was spent at Knebworth with his own family circle; but some months yearly were spent in London for duties political, or social, or parental. These periods were penances to be endured as resignedly as possible. Occasional visits in spring to Italy or France were holidays he enjoyed, and once or twice in the

[1] To Mrs. C. W. Earle, July 1882.

autumn there were family journeys abroad to French or German watering-places, or to Switzerland.

At Knebworth people came and went for "week-ends," but there were long spells of uninterrupted family life, the charm of which no one could have appreciated more than he.

"I think Knebworth agrees with me better than any other place. At any rate, I feel happier here even when I am unwell. It is a good place to be well in, and not a bad place to be ill in."[1]

The companionship of his children was a growing delight to him, and his intercourse with them was characterised by that same glowing and stimulating appreciation and tenderness of sympathy which made his friendship so unique and precious to all who enjoyed it.

"The children are daily more and more fascinating, and the moments I pass with them are my happiest."[2]

I do not think any of his children recollect that he ever scolded or punished them; and if (perhaps at their mother's bidding) he ever wrote them a reproof, it was not in the style of a parent to a child, of an elder to a younger person, but as a fellow-sinner might write to a friend, expressed with an insight and sympathy which were at once the best comfort and the strongest stimulus. If it could not be said that he entered into his children's lives, he at any rate admitted them, as soon as they were willing, into his own life with a singular completeness of intimacy. Without ever deliberately instructing, he would take for granted that his children shared all his interests, whether in matters literary or political or domestic, and no direct instruction could have been so stimulating. He often read aloud in the evenings from poetry or plays, rarely from any prose work. These readings were in the nature of inter-

[1] To Mrs. C. W. Earle, July 1882.
[2] To his wife, September 23, 1880.

pretations; they seemed to illuminate dark passages and reveal the very soul of the author, without explanations and by the mere intonation and manner of delivery.

His only form of exercise was walking; his pace was rapid, unless he was strolling in a brown study, but his distances never great. He liked a daughter's arm linked in his, and to tell stories as he walked, or listen to them, and to murmur familiar lines of poetry as they were suggested by anything he said or heard. He loved the country and all animals, but was not a close observer of nature—not learned in botanical lore or natural history, and loved a garden for its colour and smell and associations and not as a gardener. Bishop Creighton defined a man of energy as one who always rose when he was called and breakfasted at eight. Of this kind my father was not. He would often work all through the night, or for eight hours at a stretch, and I cannot remember him without some big piece of work on hand; but his life was not regularly mapped out. He did not rise at the same hour daily, and his energies and spirits varied with his health and with the weather. No one could live with him and not be impressed by his innate humility. One who knew him intimately wrote of him :—

He thought nothing of himself, and always seemed surprised if admiration was shown him. Among his numerous and varied friends there were many people apparently unworthy of his friendship, in so far that in nobility and force of character and intellectually they were much beneath his level. When reproached for this he would reply, 'I like those that like me,' as if the concession were towards him and as if he were grateful for it. He never did an act of charity in the usual sense of that word. Any measured or limited kindness was impossible to his nature. If he knew of

any sorrow or affliction which it was in his power to relieve, though at the time he might be overburdened with work, with difficulties and sorrows of his own, he would give himself and all that he had to his distressed friend or acquaintance—his money, his time, his strength, his sympathy. The instances of this kind known to me are innumerable, and it is probable that I know one-half at the most. Most cases have come to my knowledge through the gratitude of his friends, but on one or two exceptional occasions I heard of them from his own lips. He spoke of them in connection with other facts, as if unconscious that any virtue could be attributed to the sacrifice and generosity which his conduct had entailed, as if he had only yielded to an impulse which could not be restrained; and so it was. One of the things most noticeable about him was his entire want of all conventionality. Conventions were to him incomprehensible things. He could not understand them, nor learn them, nor, consequently, respect them, and up to the last moment of his life they were to him as meaningless as to a child of some savage race. This had its drawbacks; in the estimation of some it will be regarded as a fault never to be forgiven him. It has been said that Lord Lytton was more a foreigner than an Englishman. This was mainly owing to his dress, which certainly was not English; neither could it be said to have resembled the distinctive dress of any other nation. It was original, as nearly all about him, and peculiar to himself. He had lived abroad nearly all his life. He had great sympathy with and great admiration for the French. But he was an Englishman to his heart's core; nor could anything surpass the love he had for his own home, for his country, and for his Queen, for whose honour and service he spent his life.

Of the impression he made as a host at Knebworth Mr. W. H. Mallock has given so excellent a description that I cannot do better than reproduce it here.

Few men have ever combined as he did mundane humour, fastidiousness, shrewdness, and *savoir faire* with ultra-sensitive sympathy and grave, meditative philosophy. In most men these latter qualities tend to withdraw them from life. In Lord Lytton their effect was different. They made his experiences richer and more vivid, fixing their colours in his imagination, and deepening their significance in his mind. No one who knew him well would fail to be struck with this. He had inherited from his father something of a taste in dress, a little suggesting that of the traditional poet; but his whole bearing and manner showed, the first moment he spoke, the sanity, the suavity, and the polish of the complete man of the world. No one on suitable occasions could discuss literature and poetry with more enthusiasm, more judgment, more feeling, and more knowledge than he. But life at first hand he discussed with equal mastery, and in ordinary society he discussed little else. He showed nothing of the student but the student's knowledge; nothing of the philosopher but the philosopher's wisdom; nothing of the poet but the poet's feeling. He was absolutely spontaneous and unaffected. And yet any one fit to judge of him, who was familiar with him under such conditions—the common conditions of common worldly companionship—would have said that, in his best moments, one of his best poems was himself.[1]

The gift of intimacy is perhaps as much inborn as any other fundamental attribute of character, and is not given to every man, but to my father it was almost a necessity of existence. "I know that whatever is best in my own mind and character," he writes of himself,[2] "has been largely formed at particular epochs of my youth through the medium

[1] From the *Fortnightly Review*, June 1892, by Mr. W. H. Mallock.
[2] To Mrs. C. W. Earle, January 20, 1884.

of a lively affection by intercourse with particular persons older than myself, and greatly my superiors in knowledge, who, owing to the very fact that they formed no part of the habitual *personnel* of my family or domestic surroundings, were in a position to enrich my ideas with a colouring matter derived from an experience not covered by my own, and different from that of the persons immediately and habitually about me."

Outside his home the two friends dearest to him at this period of his life were his sister-in-law, Mrs. Earle, and the Rev. Whitwell Elwin.

On matters political Mrs. Earle's sympathies were with the party opposed to him, and on many other topics the friendship which each felt for the other was not fed by agreement. But their differences were on matters more or less external, while their sympathies were fundamental and founded on great mutual affection. "You are the only Radical friend I have," he wrote to her in 1881. "But then, you understand no more about politics than you do about astronomy, and you might as reasonably call yourself an anti-Copernican as an anti-Conservative. So that our political differences are all play and no earnest; our friendship and sympathy for each other being realities which you understand exceedingly well." Again he writes to her: "I think that if either of us were to lose the other, there would remain in the character of the survivor a secret chamber—never opened again—the key of it would be lost. For my part I find the most exquisite utterance of a perfect friendship in the last words of La Fontaine's wife, who, on her deathbed, pressed his hand and said, 'Ah! mon pauvre ami! Qui te comprendra quand je ne serai plus?'" And again: "I believe there is no woman in the world, nor any human being, with whom my inner self is so much *en robe de chambre* as with you."

This friend has recorded some of her recollections of my father at this time :—

You say you would like me to give you a few of my impressions about your father as I remember him on his return from India in 1880. From that time, for four years or more, we saw a great deal of him, as we had a house in Bryanston Square where he often came to stay when obliged to spend a day or two in London.

My most vivid recollection is how wonderfully young and handsome he was. He was just fifty, but he certainly did not look forty-five. He was the most brilliant and charming guest it was possible to entertain, and almost the only man then left alive that my husband really loved, and for whom he would have done anything. Robert was under the impression that he was a disappointed and unappreciated man, and that his excellent and hard work in India had been misunderstood and misrepresented. Lowness of spirits, however, depended with him very much on the state of his health, or on small passing events which bothered him; and when fairly well he would rush into my drawing-room beaming with pleasure, look at every book, ask about all we had been doing, plan something to do in the afternoon, to see some private collection of pictures, a museum, or some shopping, which was often necessary, as he was full of interest in redecorating and refurnishing many of the rooms at Knebworth. He had a most excellent eye for colour, and, like myself, was very fond of strong contrasts, and what men called high art or æsthetic tints he thought sickly and affected. He would chaff and joke in a brilliant manner, or tell anecdotes as no one else that I have ever known could tell them, and then suddenly talk of the gravest and deepest subjects. He certainly brought brightness and happiness into our middle life. He had a power of making one hope again, and renew one's capacity for enjoyment and belief in one's self.

He was one of those rare individuals who only appear now and then in a generation, and when he was at his best, and people liked and appreciated him, the description given of my father in Sir Henry Taylor's poem in memory of Edward Villiers exactly fitted him :—

> "So winning was his aspect and address,
> His smile so rich in sad felicities,
> Accordant to a voice that charmed no less,
> That who but saw him once remembered long ;
> And some in whom such images are strong
> Have hoarded the impression in their heart,
> Fancy's fond dreams and memory's joys among,
> Like some loved relic of romantic song,
> Or cherished masterpiece of ancient art."

I believe his father made the same kind of impression when younger, but when I knew him he was too old, or I was too young, and I could see nothing of it. He was deaf and rude and frightening to young people.

Some people, of course, disliked your father, and laughed at his dress and his manners, and his outwardly affectionate ways, and his foreign habit of often kissing a woman's hand. He was sensitive in unsympathetic company, and would sometimes most provokingly refuse to shine and hardly speak through a dinner. But at my house at least this was very rare. He was very curious about the inner life of anybody he liked at all. He longed to know them well enough to understand them, to know how and why certain things had affected their lives and character. I think perhaps the beginning of our great friendship and intimacy was that my life rather puzzled him, and he thought there was more to learn and to know than there was. During those four years of seeing much of him he was most confidential, and taught me much about life, and the world, and the ways of men and women, which has been of the utmost service to me. Any men or women who knew him at all well will never forget him, never for one moment compare him to any one else, and never doubt it had been their privilege

to know a rare and most interesting, most lovable personality. He had not to give, he had only to *be* himself.

The first literary undertaking which his freedom gave him leisure and opportunity to pursue, and which he regarded in the nature of a sacred duty, was the writing of his father's biography. He had just begun to examine the family papers at Knebworth with this object when the news reached him (March 1882) of the death of his mother.

They had not met for twenty years. Since their unhappy journey together in 1863 he had not seen her.

To LADY D. NEVILL. *March* 29, 1882.

I cannot say that I have fled from town in order not to

> "Bear about the mockery of woe
> To midnight dances and the public show,"

for I have no real woe to bear about, and the mockery would be, if I pretended that my present solitude is a sorrowful one. But the circumstance which has put a black rim round this paper, whilst excusing and dictating temporary withdrawal from social and public engagements, has left me no excuse for any longer postponing the fulfilment of a long-deferred filial duty to the dearest friend I ever had. My dear father, when I lost him, left me all his literary and political papers with the request that I would use them as materials for a biography of him, not to be written by any hand but mine. My absence in India and other circumstances rendered impossible the earlier commencement of this long-meditated task, but I feel that continued delay would now be that worst of sins for which the sinner does not forgive himself; and I am fretted by

the thought that I may die before any considerable portion of it is completed. Life is so uncertain. My stock of energy and industry was never large, and I have lost much of it in India. And this biographical undertaking requires a long preliminary collection and selection of scattered materials. At present I am groping my way, by clues which are but few and faint, through an immense labyrinth of undated letters and literary remains. For the last fortnight I have been living amongst ghosts in the land of the dead, and your delightful letter is like a fresh breeze from the land of the living.

In connection with the writing of his father's biography, he now renewed an old acquaintanceship which rapidly developed into a deep and intimate friendship. This was with the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, former editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and of an edition of Pope, for which J. W. Croker had collected materials, and which was finally completed by Mr. Courthope. Elwin had known all the principal figures in the literary and political world in the fifties, and as a living witness of many of the events of the first Lord Lytton's life, could elucidate obscure references in his letters and family papers, and supply links to which they gave no clue. He had not met Lord Lytton since John Forster's death, and was now living the life of a recluse in his Norfolk rectory. It was there that, after a few preliminary letters, Lord Lytton visited him, and then persuaded him to come to Knebworth. From 1883 to 1887 there was a constant interchange of visits between Knebworth and Booton Rectory, and to every member of the Lytton family Elwin became a beloved, familiar figure.

Elwin is the last, or one of the last true men of letters left us. Scholarship, style, tenderness, discrimina-

tion, sympathy, a vast knowledge of books, and unlimited leisure—he has them all.[1]

My visit to Booton was in all ways delightful.[2] It was like a visit to Dr. Primrose.[3] But in the domestic beauty of the Vicar's home, the evidences surrounding it of the lovable and wise beneficence of his character, the Vicarage of Booton far surpasses that of Wakefield. Mrs. Elwin is one of those charming types of character, never found out of England, and rarely in England—a homely old gentlewoman in a mob-cap—surpassingly cultivated in mind, yet a thorough *Haus-Frau.*

During his first visit to Knebworth, Elwin cemented his old friendship with Lord Lytton and established a new one with his eldest daughter.

Strange that our friendship should already have such deep roots in the past, and in the future; in my father's grave, and my daughter's opening life. But sympathy comes at once or not at all; and all true friends are old friends from the first hour of their acquaintance.[4]

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *November* 27, 1883.

A more sympathetic companion than Elwin does not exist amongst men. He has a wonderful flow and charm of conversation, which wells and bubbles up with great spontaneity from a richly stored mind—a mind in which a wide field of literary culture has blossomed into those flowers of thought and expression which enliven and beautify human intercourse. And the foundation of his

[1] To Mrs. Forster, September 1883.
[2] To Mrs. Earle, July 14, 1883.
[3] The name which (though Lord Lytton did not know it) Thackeray had often given to the Rector of Booton, after Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
[4] To the Rev. W. Elwin, October 1883.

character, which gives colour and atmosphere to his mind, is a *genuine* goodness and rare benignity. His is, I think, one of those natures which are lovable because in them is a great capacity of loving. But to me one of his chief charms is a quick sense of humour, which I think a very rare gift even amongst intellectual people; the majority of mankind seem to be utterly destitute of it.

With the stimulus of this friend's sympathy and encouragement, he now plunged into the work of the biography; a work to him of profound interest, but necessarily slow, involving the reading of much illegible manuscript, and days passed in groping after missing dates. The inherent difficulty, moreover, of his close relationship to the subject of the biography was one which increased rather than diminished as the work went on. He tried to write as "a chronicler, not as an historian," to collect material from which a future biography might be written by one not precluded as he was by his relationship from assuming the critical function.

To the REV. W. ELWIN. *January* 29, 1883.

My materials I think very interesting; my father's own contribution to the story of his life exceedingly interesting; and the whole figure of his individuality as it emerges to my own imagination out of the private correspondence and unpublished literary fragments of fifty years ago is certainly curious and *sui generis*. By a skilled workman I do not doubt that these materials might be grouped and shaped into a striking picture; but the nature of the work is entirely new to me. I feel in many ways extremely ill-qualified to do it, and it grows more difficult as I go on with it. A work of this kind, to be well done, requires either great literary experience or a great natural faculty—and, if possible, both. I have neither. What little literary faculty I have is of a kind

unsuited to my present undertaking, and an impediment rather than an aid to the prosecution of it. It is not humanly possible that work done under these conditions should be free from serious literary defects. . . . I should never have undertaken it myself if it *could* have been done by any one else. But the extremely confidential character of the materials, as well as my father's testamentary wishes about them, rendered that impossible. The little taste I have had of its difficulties convinces me that biography is the most difficult of all literary arts, as it is when at its best the most delightful of all literary productions.

The great central difficulty of this particular biography was to tell the unhappy family history of his father and mother without appearing, on the one hand, to be sitting in judgment on either parent in an unfilial way, and, on the other hand, without concealing facts necessary to the comprehension and just appreciation of his father's character.

To the Rev. W. Elwin. *November* 26, 1883.

I have no wish to draw a fancy portrait of my father. His character was by no means faultless (whose is?), but one nobler, loftier, and in the main more lovable, I never knew. His faults were those of a good, and his virtues those of a great, man. But his moral and intellectual idiosyncrasy was on all sides of it strongly marked and pronounced. If I tried to soften the outlines and round off the angles of it, I should only blur the image and make it unnatural. I am fully persuaded that fidelity to truth—at least, to the truth of my own impressions—will best promote the just general appreciation of a nature little known and less understood.

He wished to make his father's literary work the main subject of the book, and his life the illustration

of it. He held that the public had the right to expect from the biographer of an eminent writer an "impartial narration of every circumstance of his life which directly affected the development of his genius, the formation of his character, the tone of his mind, or the conditions of his work in so far only as it did affect them; but that with the circumstances of his private life which are not material to the illustration of his literary personality the public is not legitimately concerned."[1]

Unfortunately there were reasons why, in spite of this guiding principle, the private history of his father's relationship with his mother could not be passed over in a few words.

To the REV. W. ELWIN. *January* 29, 1883.

Here I am confronted by two considerations. In the first place, my father's domestic troubles were dragged into the most painful notoriety during his lifetime, and made the subject of systematic misrepresentations of the most atrocious and cruel character—misrepresentations which poisoned his whole life, and are interwoven with a train of terrible circumstances running conspicuously through the whole record of it. The notoriety cannot be effaced by my silence, nor, I think, increased by my recognition of its place in the story I have to tell. It is there, and it has done its worst. In the next place, my father, though he kept silence while he lived, under the calumnies of the Dowager, solemnly charged me in his will, and in a private letter which accompanied it, to vindicate his memory publicly from those calumnies if I survived him. I unreservedly accept that filial obligation. It is the least that is due from me to my father and to truth, but the discharge of it is full of delicacy and difficulty.

[1] To the Rev. W. Elwin, November 26, 1882.

There was a yet further consideration. The tragedy which excluded domestic happiness from his father's home also fundamentally affected the habits of his life and the impression which he made upon others. It caused him to lead the life of a solitary man. "He was shy, proud, and unsocial in the ordinary sense of the word, for the domestic circumstances of his early life and their after consequences had left him wounded in every fibre of his nature that was most sensitive to pain, and he shrank from every casual touch like a man whose skin is sore all over."[1] For the same reason he shunned the company of his equals, and allowed himself to be surrounded by persons intellectually, socially, and in all respects inferior to himself.

In spite of Lord Lytton's ardent desire to publish all the facts which would lead to the vindication and juster judgment of his father's character, the difficulties of completing the story proved too great. Southey wrote of his own autobiography: "My heart began to fail. When the cares and griefs of life are to be raised up, it becomes too painful to live over the past again." When the family papers at Knebworth laid bare all the circumstances of his own sad childhood and the unhappy life of his sister, his heart failed and his pen flagged. He never gave up his intention of completing the work, but as a matter of fact he wrote no more than what is contained in the two published volumes, which carry his father's life only to the date of his own birth. He was himself conscious of some of the objections to the publication of an incomplete biography.

To the Rev. W. Elwin. *November* 30, 1883.

I feel with dissatisfaction that these volumes will contain no complete or adequate image of my father's mind

[1] To the Rev. W. Elwin, November 26, 1883.

and character. The last glimpse of him left upon the reader's mental vision will be that of a young, ambitious, very busy man; restless, vehement, embittered by a great domestic unhappiness, and with all his combative faculties inflamed by a very hard struggle, not merely for fame but for fortune; whereas the image left by the record of his whole life, were it completed, would be one, I think, of great serenity and sweetness.

But the popular success of the biography was hampered not only by its unfinished character, but yet further by the introduction of fragments of unfinished MS., which seemed to Lord Lytton worthy of preservation, but which overweighted the work and seriously interrupted the flow of the narrative. The book was published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., December 1883. It was well reviewed, but had no great sale, and is probably now quite unknown to the public. Amongst some of the most appreciative letters which Lord Lytton received at the time was the following from Mr. Froude the historian:—

Your account of your father has surprised me in many ways. I knew him only in his last days, when a man shows no more of his real nature than he cares to show. I just remember the coming out of *Pelham*, and the admiration with which we read his novels as they first amused, and then far more than amused us. But I had always thought of him as one who had never known what the serious struggles of life were—as having been born into rank and fortune, and as looking about him with the eye of an intellectual Epicurean, in the best sense of the word. His genius made the struggle easier to him than it might have been, but if he chose to keep his independence, no one can say that he did not pay the full price for it. Meanwhile your book has this excellence—that it is delightfully written and the most entertaining

reading. The *Times* says it is too long. I would not have lost a word of it. Nothing is too long which is never tedious and only makes one wish for more. And as Goethe says somewhere, "Ink and paper should least be spared in describing the characters of remarkable men." Do not let those to whom such characters are more interesting than anything else in the world be cheated because a certain number of idiots tire of what they cannot appreciate.[1]

After the publication of the first two volumes of the biography, Lord Lytton and his family moved to London for the spring months.

Lord Lytton's acquaintance with Mr. Courthope led to some interesting correspondence between them, and in January of this year he received from Mr. Courthope a copy of his Life of Addison, and wrote to him in acknowledgment of it:—

To Mr. W. J. Courthope. 17 *Hill Street, January* 30, 1884.

My dear Mr. Courthope,—The kindly gift of your charming little biography of Addison reached me here last night, on my return home rather late. I began to read it at once, was so interested by it that I could not stop reading it, and did not get to sleep till long after I had finished it.

There is no kind of writing which has always seemed to me so difficult as a good biographical silhouette, which should be rapid without being superficial, and in its general and final effect like one of those antique gems that contain within a tiny sphere an image so engraved as to seize the imagination when we look closely into it, with some of the sensations excited by the aspect of a full-sized statue. In this most difficult undertaking I think you have succeeded admirably; for the subject

[1] December 1883.

of your biography seems to me to demand in no common degree what you have given to the critical treatment of it—a singularly calm and discriminative touch. It lends itself so easily to over-statement, and the plausible platitudes of literary partisanship—not from the heart of a mystery to be plucked out of it (as in the case of Swift), or from the *miroitement* of a moral antithesis (as in the case of Steele), but from the uncommonly even balance of qualities in a character which might easily be presented in the most different aspects, according as its critic's own judgment of it drops an ounce too much or too little into either of the scales which he finds so nicely adjusted.

I am specially struck by the just and judicial spirit of your summing up in the chapter on the quarrel with Pope, and by the skill with which you have condensed within such narrow compass a detailed knowledge of the subject exceptionally full. The last sentence of that chapter is most felicitous. I am also charmed by your criticism of *Cato;* and in all its conclusions I entirely agree—though here you make two remarks, by the way, with which (if I have not taken them to imply more than you mean) I agree only with a slight qualification. One is what seems an unqualified protest against "conscientious observance" of the dramatic unities, followed as it is by the ironical italics in which you print Voltaire's remark, which no doubt expressed his opinion that these unities are essential to "the composition of a regular tragedy." Of course, pedantry in art deserves no quarter, and Addison's *Cato* is a pedantic piece of mechanism with no life in any part of it. But although we must all feel that æsthetics can no more make a genuine artist than ethics can make a genuinely good man, yet we don't therefore conclude that æsthetics are valueless to art or ethics to virtue, and I cannot but think the English, by their too contemptuous disregard of these troublesome and unpopular unities, have lost the art of dramatic construction, while the French have largely

owed their preservation of it to their greater reverence of such rules. The other point on which I doubt whether your implied conclusion is not too sweeping arises in your remarks about the necessity of justice as an essential element in tragedy. I cannot think that justice is an element essential to the truth of tragedy, or even admissible in tragic art, except in so far as it is an element perceptible in that order of events with which tragedy is concerned. And this it is not. It seems to me that the terrible significance of tragedy lies in its intense representation of that side of human life which is terrific, awful, inscrutable, and full of mystery precisely because it is destitute of perceptible compensations, and therefore in solemn and alarming contradiction to our common and comfortable notions of justice. Tragedy utters the collective wail of humanity at its highest note; it exhibits in their intensest operation the cruel mastery of chance, the perplexing triumph of evil, the irretrievable overthrow of the upright, the uncompensated sufferings of the innocent. And so does the ever-present mystery of human life in all its most impressive manifestations. I unreservedly agree with you that the teaching and significance of Shakespeare's tragedies is profoundly religious, but I find their religious truth in that conspicuous absence of practical justice which so offended Dr. Johnson.

If we are to speak of justice in the common and universally intelligible sense of the word, where do you find it in the fate of Cordelia, Ophelia, Desdemona? How have they offended? I own that nothing seems to me more presumptuously irreligious than the complacency of those writers, generally so popular, who think "to justify the ways of God to man" by treating practical justice as if it were a law of Providence. But if the unspeakable pain and suffering of humanity, coupled with that mysterious sense of justice which man has in him, but which he has certainly not derived through experience from observation—if these are not

distinctly supernatural revelations of a destiny reaching beyond man's mortal circumstances, and unconditioned by them, what are they? I take tragedy to be the highest expression in art of that which in life itself most forcibly opens our consciousness to this revelation by closing all the doors of experience upon every other issue. It compels us to understand, not as an abstract proposition, but as a truth delivered through our strongest emotions, that Divine justice is not concerned about bringing things to a comfortable conclusion at the end of this poor little five-act play of ours—that its theatre is Infinity, and its last word here "Beyond."

But I perceive (too late, you will say) that I am become a bore.

Life in London soon became hateful.

To the REV. W. ELWIN. 17 *Hill Street*, 1884.

Language is weak to describe my loathing of the life I am living here in town, or my longing to get out of its spider's web. My condition resembles that of the bulldog ant of Australia after it has been cut in two. For then a battle begins between the head and tail of the creature —the head bites the tail, and the tail stings the head, and this conflict lasts till both die or are dragged away by other ants.[1]

To the REV. W. ELWIN. *January* 12, 1884.

I am quite absorbed in Schopenhauer, whose writings make me wish I had time for a more serious study of them. I have never found in any other philosophical writer such copious expression of ideas I had supposed to be peculiar to myself. Reading him is to me like

[1] It was during this spring in London that Mr. Watts painted his beautiful portrait of Lord Lytton which is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

visiting the house of a stranger and finding it (to my great surprise) full of my oldest and most intimate acquaintances, but all of them with new names and very fine titles; even those whom I had previously supposed to be very obscure and insignificant persons (in the world's eye at least, whose intrinsic worth was known only to myself) being treated by the host as personages of great distinction and importance, and entertained not only with respect but magnificence; whilst, to complete the surprise of the experience, sundry other persons—of the highest rank in the outside world—are received only as menials—allowed to wait upon my humble old friends in the most subordinate capacity.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *January* 15, 1884.

So you would like to read Schopenhauer? Well, there are some of his remarks, upon the nature of Art and of Genius, which I also would like you to read by-and-by, for you would find in them a philosophical exposition of my own ideas upon both subjects; and I think that his analysis of the Beautiful and the Sublime goes more to the root of the matter than any philosophical treatise I have read—including those of Berkeley and Kant. . . . As to the tendency of Schopenhauer's system of thought—so far as he has any system at all, which he himself denies—you are right; it has been called the philosophy of pessimism. And he himself says: "I cannot avoid the statement that to me *optimism*, when it is not merely the thoughtless talk of such as harbour nothing but words under their low foreheads, appears not merely as an absurd but as a really *wicked* way of thinking, a bitter mockery of the unspeakable suffering of humanity." But I have never felt able to take into my mind as all-sufficient any single system of thought, however carefully elaborated by another mind. In all philosophy I seek no more than suggestion, and to my own thinking Schopenhauer's merit is that he professes no such system.

What I value in him is his insight, and the value he himself attaches to insight.

On the day of the opening of Parliament, 1884, the news was received of the defeat of Colonel Valentine Baker's Egyptian troops in an attempt to relieve Tokar. Lord Lytton was present in the House of Lords when this news was communicated. "There was something like a sense of awe upon us all," he wrote, "for we received while we were sitting the news of the annihilation of Baker's army."

In March the relations between Russia and England became extremely critical, for the Russians, steadily pursuing their advance towards the frontiers of India, had occupied Merv and Sarakhs, "the gates of Afghanistan,"[1] and had accepted the unconditional surrender and allegiance of the Merv Turcoman tribes. On the 10th of March Lord Lytton brought forward a motion in the House of Lords demanding papers relative to the communications between Her Majesty's Government and the Russian Government about Merv and Afghanistan since the year 1881. He spoke for an hour and a quarter.

The next day he wrote to Elwin:—

I am clearly conscious that my speaking (at least in the House of Lords), instead of improving, has deteriorated. My first speeches were much better spoken than my later ones. This would be a serious disappointment if I were looking to Parliamentary life as a serious occupation. But I believe that the reason why I don't improve as a speaker is that my heart is less and less in it.

[1] Paul's *History of Modern England.*

To the Same. 17 *Hill Street, March* 13, 1884.

I met the Duke of Argyll last night at the Lowthers', and thought it best to get introduced to him. He began at once: "Well, we have buried the hatchet." "In the heart of an admirer," I said; and then we had a long talk about Merv, in which I thought he spoke sensibly, since he did not seriously dispute anything I said myself!

To the Same. March 22, 1884.

I went to the House of Lords last night to support Thurlow's motion about the museum, but could not stop for the division, having promised Edith to take her at half-past eight to the Royal Institution to hear Matt Arnold lecture on Emerson—his "first appearance in public" since his return from America—with the result of which he seems well satisfied. The lecture was very clever, but also, to use a schoolboy expression, very *cocky*. He ridiculed Emerson's *ipse dixit* style, but his own style is full of *ipse dixits;* and whilst listening to his authoritative disposal of Emerson's pretensions to be regarded either as a great poet, a great writer, or a great philosopher, I felt rather like the Scotch farmer dancing a quadrille at the tenants' ball, who, when the opposite dancer said to him, "I think you are my *vis à vis*," replied, "Sir, I dinna ken what you mean, but you're a *vis à vis* yourself, and a d—d b—r forbye."

From the social and political treadmill of London he escaped to Italy for a month in April.

The American actress Miss Mary Anderson had first appeared on the London stage in the autumn of 1883. Lord Lytton had seen her in *The Lady of Lyons*, and then in Gilbert's play of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, after which he wrote:—

Last night we went behind the scenes, at Miss Anderson's request, and talked with her a little. She is prettier near than at a distance, and I greatly liked her manner, which seemed to me unaffected, natural, and sincere. When she asked my impressions of the play, I told her they were mingled pleasure and pain—all pleasure so far as they referred to herself, all pain as regarded the other performers and the piece itself, and the public too; all of which are excruciatingly vulgar. The pure beauty of her apparition in such surroundings was like a moonbeam shining on a pig-sty."

Miss Anderson shared her countrymen's admiration for *Lucile* and the poems of *The Wanderer*, and now urged Lord Lytton to write a play for her. He had keen dramatic instincts, and had made a lifelong study of stage effects. The wish had often been present to his mind to write a modern drama in conjunction with some actor or actress in whom he recognised real dramatic power. Here seemed the opportunity. Miss Anderson had set her heart upon obtaining a dramatisation of the elder Lytton's novel of *Harold*, and begged his son to try and carry out her wishes. This task he set himself during his month abroad. The subject, however, proved an impossible one. "Do what I will, the subject of *Harold* always seems to work itself out in my mind in a form more historic than dramatic. I think I could make a fair reading play of it. But to fit it for stage effect it seems indispensable to play ducks and drakes with chronology." He did not give up the attempt till he had made many rough drafts of a play, and when all these efforts ended in failure his regret was keen. It was under the spell of this disappointment that he wrote the lines on "Sorrento Revisited."

To the Rev. W. Elwin. *Florence, May* 6, 1884.

From Sorrento to Florence has been to me a change from complete solitude to incessant society; and I am rather ashamed to say that I have enjoyed the society more than the solitude. I know not whether it is the same with all of us as we advance in life, but I find in my own case that years increase the social sentiments and instincts, whilst they diminish the strength of the self-sufficing faculties. And I remember to have noticed that in his later years my father, whose love of solitude had been in earlier life passionately strong, was less and less able to live entirely alone, and more and more capable of finding enjoyment in companionship. What is commonly called society—life passed in a crowd of persons who are not companions, but merely acquaintances—is, I think, the most fruitless and fatiguing kind of existence. And this is the sort of society I have hitherto found in London, notwithstanding the many interesting and attractive persons to be met there. The London world is so vast that I always feel lost in it, but social intercourse free of all effort, with a small number of pleasant, vivacious, and friendly human beings, is, I think, one of the most rational and restful sources of enjoyment. And this is the social charm I find in Florence. The society of this little town is too small to oppress you with a sense of unmanageable magnitude, and yet large enough to embrace a good deal of variety. There is a rather large Russian colony of the best class of Russians, who live in grand style, and in whose houses the political and literary topics of the world are discussed with great vivacity. Then there are a few French—of the old school—amongst whom one finds the charming manners of the Faubourg, conspicuous by their absence from French society in Paris itself; and a few English residents—all of them marked indi-

vidualities. The Italians themselves live very quietly, but their houses are open every night without invitation to friends. Friendship with them is quickly and easily formed, and there are two or three Italian families here with whom I am already as intimate as if I were a relation. There are many towns in Europe where life is cheap because it cannot be luxurious, but here every material luxury abounds and is to be had for a very small expenditure: magnificent apartments and villas for the price of a small lodging-house in Kensington or Brompton; restaurants where you get for five francs a dinner that in Paris would cost you forty francs. The horses and carriages and liveries you see in the streets are as handsome as any in London and Paris. Nor is the extraordinary civility and gracefulness of the common people the least of the social charms of Florence, but add to all these attractions a rare combination of things beautiful in art and nature, a town in which every street is picturesque and every stone has a history, surrounded by hills every one of which is a garden, days that bask in sunbeams and flowers, nights that glitter with fireflies. These are my excuses for having lingered here a fortnight, when I only intended to stay a week.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *Hotel New York, Florence, April* 26, 1884.

DEAREST T.,—At Naples I met Sir Samuel Baker and his family, just returned from Egypt, with a terrible tale of the state of things they left there. Baker says that whereas at the time when the present Government assumed office, England was the only Power to which every party and person in Egypt looked with confidence, respect, and goodwill, there is not now in the whole country man, woman, or child by whom we are not execrated and at the same time despised. Our officials seem to be bent each on carrying out his own crotchet

at any cost, and between them they have hopelessly disorganised everything, constructing nothing. The administration of the country he describes as a perfect chaos, and the sufferings of the people as extreme; brigandage has now for the first time appeared, and in the absence of all efficient law and order is increasing. As for the Khedive and the native Egyptian Government, they are not allowed to appoint a policeman or dismiss a clerk without the permission of Messrs. Barry and C. Lloyd. At Rome I met a party of young Englishmen (two of these most intelligent) who had been to Egypt to study the situation themselves, and had been present at El Teb and the subsequent engagements under Graham. From a perfectly independent point of view they corroborated all that Baker had told me, and the indignation with which they spoke of the doings of the Gladstone Cabinet in Egypt was, as you may imagine, deep and bitter. The courage and heroism with which the Arab fought was, they said, almost superhuman. Baker Pasha's wound appears to have been a peculiarly bad one—the ball, of unusual size, penetrating the cheekbone just under the eye and lodging itself in the jaw. These young men assure me that he is almost worshipped, not only by our own soldiers, but by all the Egyptians, and they themselves spoke of him with tears in their eyes. His brother told me that the Khedive had written to the Queen a letter requesting as a personal favour to himself that Baker Pasha might be reinstated in the army, but it is thought Mr. Gladstone will not advise Her Majesty to do this, because Baker Pasha once fought (and very gallantly) with the Turks against the Russians!

Up till now Lord Lytton believed that the poetic faculty had deserted him, that the old fount of inspiration was dried up, and that he would never again write poetry with ease or happiness. No good

fortune that the world could give him, however lavishly bestowed, could have comforted him for this loss, which seemed like the death of his soul. Equally when, a few months later, these fears were dissipated by a rush of poetic inspiration more irresistible and more sustained than he had felt since early youth, neither ill-health nor worry from other sources could depress his inward happiness while the composing vein lasted.

The new poem was begun in Scotland while he was laid up at Strathpeffer with an attack of rheumatism.

To the REV. W. ELWIN. *September* 22, 1884.

Unable to read or write while I was lying on my back with sciatica, I have, whilst in that state, composed two cantos of a new poem, which has for years been vaguely in my head. The poem is narrative and quite modern, something in the style of *Lucile*, though I think quite different in subject and treatment.

Glenaveril can only be said to be "something in the style of *Lucile*" in the sense that it is a story in verse dealing with modern characters in a modern setting. The nature of the story, however, this time a wholly original one, the metre (the *terza rima* of *Don Juan*), and the whole tone and character of the later poem were in strongest possible contrast to *Lucile*.

Glenaveril was written with astonishing speed, I suppose it is one of the longest poems in the language, containing six books divided into twenty-seven cantos, and running to 310 pages of print. The whole of it was written between September of 1884 and April of 1885, although, as he wrote of it in a letter, "the poem itself has been in my mind for more than twenty years; the thoughts and

sentiments it expresses have strengthened during that period, and it contains the result of their growth." During the time he was composing it the poem literally possessed him. It was never out of his head, and the cantos were composed on journeys, at board meetings, at country-house parties, in the House of Lords, and in his own library at Knebworth.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *September* 22.

I felt very doubtful about it at first, but am now more sanguine. It has begun to interest me. I don't know whether I shall succeed in making it interesting to others.

He at once succeeded in making it interesting in a very high degree to his own family circle, and to the couple at Booton who in a certain sense became incorporated in it. The character of Edelrath was conceived partly from his recollections of Villers, with whom he had talked out the idea of the poem twenty years before, and partly from Elwin, with whom he now lived in such close and intimate communion.

The Ludwig Edelrath, "with luminous eyes," whose life was spent "in innocently learning to be wise," conjures up before me now the vision of Elwin.

> A full-grown child was Edelrath; and he,
> Whose growth his growing tenderness caressed
> As growing ivy clasps a growing tree,
> So vast an appetite of love possessed
> That in his heart he crammed man's world and man,
> As in its mouth a child puts all it can.

The capacity for love and the knowledge were Elwin's; the grown-up child likeness belonged more to Villers.

In Cordelia (though the character in the poem is

a young girl, and the Booton hostess was an old woman) there are traits of charm, insight, and sympathy which recall Mrs. Elwin.

She sat like one whose customary mood
Is less to talk than listen, her calm face
A little stooped, with an attentive grace;

Her body leaning backward in her chair,
And her arms folded o'er her chest. She took
In all the conversation round her there
More by the animation of her look
Than by her utterance, which was brief and rare,
A part that written down into a book
Would have seemed nothing, and yet was the soul,
The living source, and essence of the whole.

One of those listeners was Cordelia,
Whose listening as it were completes, and sums
Up to its highest power, what others say.
The poem, to such listeners read becomes
Poetry: what to them musicians play,
Turns into music: wandering thoughts find homes
Built for them by such listeners, where they tarry,
And with their wealthier kindred intermarry.

This was the poet's tribute to the sympathetic oracle at Booton, to whom he took and read the poem canto by canto, and whose criticisms gave him more satisfaction than those of any other woman.

To the REV. W. ELWIN. *Lathom, September* 28, 1884.

I am glad to have fulfilled your friendly wish and expectation in one little thing, for I have just completed the third canto of the new poem to which you refer so encouragingly, and with such valued sympathy. I am very impatient to show you so much of it as I have done now, or shall have done when we meet, though I fear to disappoint your expectation of finding in it evidence of maturity in poetic power of any sort. I don't know what to think of it myself as yet. But on the whole

I think it is going to turn out fairly interesting, and, for well or ill, it is certainly *sui generis*. I don't think it resembles anything in contemporary or even past poetry. But perhaps that is the fault of it, and should be a warning rather than an encouragement; poets having always avoided the sort of compromise between the language of verse and that of prose, which is the only form in which I find it possible to embody the idea of it. The style is colloquial, and the poetic elements of it (if it has any) lie rather in the conception of the thing and the reflections it admits than in the diction. But it is on a much lower flight than *King Poppy*. I am rather disconcerted by the length to which I foresee it must run (if ever finished), from the scale on which it works itself out in my mind. Meanwhile it has certainly taken a strong hold on me, and my own interest in it increases as I go on.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *Knebworth, Sunday, October* 5, 1884.

I came home with my head full of my fourth canto, which I only completed late this afternoon; and it has so entirely absorbed all my thoughts and faculties that as yet I hardly know where I am, nor how things stand around me. All I do know is that I have a huge pile of unanswered letters (which for the last fortnight I have scarcely looked at) now awaiting immediate attention. . . . The four cantos I have now completed make up the first book of my new poem, and now I must put it aside for a while, for it quite unfits me for anything else, and I seem to have lost all the threads of daily life while I have been writing it. I wish I could push on with it and uninterruptedly while the swing is in me, for I fear that the fervour may cool while the pot stands on the hob. . . . The poem, if ever finished, will be very long—too long for publication *en bloc*, but I think it will be well suited for publication in monthly numbers.

To the Same. October 15.

My cantos go on through the wrack of matter and the crash of worlds, for I compose them in railway carriages and whilst I am apparently about other business. I have just finished another. . . .

To the Same. December 7, 1884.

Up till yesterday afternoon I have been more than ever *englouti* with *Glenaveril.* I finished yesterday the third book of the poem, consisting of four cantos. The composition of them has excited me greatly, and when I had finished the last canto I fairly broke down and sobbed like a fool over my own work. I am in hopes it may touch others a little, and yet up to the present moment there is not in the whole poem a scrap of love-making.

The canto here referred to is that in which Emanuel, one of the twin heroes of the poem, is killed in an Alpine accident.

Elwin, ever since the days of his editorship of the *Quarterly Review,* was the intimate friend of Mr. John Murray the publisher. It was natural, therefore, that the Booton intercourse should lead to the choice of Mr. Murray as publisher for *Glenaveril.*

To the REV. W. ELWIN. *February* 18, 1885.

Yesterday I had a most satisfactory talk with Murray, who is really charming to deal with, and I cannot say how delighted I am that both the poem and its author are in his hands. It is soothing to be associated in any business matter with a gentleman. Murray seemed to agree to everything that had been suggested about the poem, and made no difficulties on any point. Both he and Cook were very despondent about the badness of

the time for bringing out poetry, or anything else, in consequence of the prevalent political tumble and excitement, and seemed to wish that publication should be postponed till things are quiet and smooth again. But I urged my own conviction that in that case the postponement must be indefinite—that things are certain to be worse before they can be better, and will probably be bad for a long while. This year at least is certain to be one of political excitement—a change of Ministry, a dissolution and a general election, all at hand; the Egyptian campaign not likely to be wound up without further sensational news; South Africa in a most anxious condition; the shadow of coming troubles in our Indian frontier rapidly deepening; Irish difficulties on the increase; trade getting worse and worse. To these considerations they yielded, and I understood the early publication of the poem in monthly parts to be a settled thing when I left Albemarle Street.

The poem appeared in six monthly parts, the first of which, bound in the same paper cover as the *Quarterly Review* and costing 2s. 6d., was published in April 1885. The last three books were published simultaneously in the month of June, and then a second edition was issued in two volumes.

In the July number of the *Quarterly* a review of it appeared which was written by Elwin.

The ordinary press reviews had brought against the poem two chief criticisms: first, that it was a novel in verse, a vicious species of poetry invented by Lord Lytton; and, secondly, that it was a servile imitation of *Don Juan*.

These criticisms were easily combated. Elwin showed that the description "metrical novel" was as little applicable to *Glenaveril* as was Wordsworth's use of the phrase for the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and that while the form of the verse was borrowed

from Byron, who had borrowed it from Frere, who in turn had borrowed it from the Italian of Berni, the poem itself was no less original than Byron's masterpiece. Into *Don Juan* Byron put his living self —his wit, his mockeries, his passions, his poetry, his power of language. *Glenaveril* also is the reflection of its author's individuality—his tenderness, his insight into human nature, his sympathy, his opinions, his beliefs, his humour, and his sadness—and the two poems are as different as were the two individualities.

To MR. COURTHOPE. *Knebworth, March* 31, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. COURTHOPE,—I am quite sure that no letter I am likely to receive about *Glenaveril* will give me half as much pleasure as I have felt in reading yours. With the exception of those persons who have seen the whole poem, and who happen to be thoroughly familiar with the mind of its writer, you are the only one who, as yet, has detected what I am driving at, or expressed any sympathy with the spirit and motive of my attempt. Where this mental sympathy is wanting praise is only depressing; but yours is a great and real encouragement to me. And I value it all the more from a consciousness of the total isolation in which I stand in reference to the prevalent taste in literature and the prevalent opinion in most things. . . . I dare not hope that it will fulfil your flattering prediction by making any sort of epoch in contemporary verse, but it is from beginning to end a protest against the taste and theories which seem to me to be producing an endless amount of cry with an infinitesimal quantity of wool.

CHAPTER XXI

KNEBWORTH

1885–1886, AET. 54–55

> And hath it come to this (ye Gods, to this!),
> The sad beginning of the end of all
> Free States,—when their most trusted leader is,
> Not he that can do best, whate'er befall,
> But he that can talk most? . . .
>
> —*Glenaveril.*

THE year 1885, which saw the publication of *Glenaveril*, was one of memorable political excitement. On the 26th of January Khartoum fell and General Gordon was killed. General Earle, who was in command of a detachment of Lord Wolseley's force, was advancing from Abu Hamed to Berber at the same time that Sir Herbert Stewart was sent across the desert to Metemmeh. After the fall of Khartoum he was ordered back to Abu Hamed, but lost his life in a victorious engagement with a large force of Arabs on the way. General (afterwards Sir Henry) Brackenbury was appointed to succeed him.

To GENERAL BRACKENBURY. *Knebworth, February* 12, 1885.

MY DEAR BRACKENBURY,—You may imagine how excited and profoundly interested we are by the news which appeared in this morning's *Standard* (which it seems to have reached just as they were going to press) —none of the other London papers having received it—

viz. that in a completely successful engagement Earle has been killed, and you have taken the command. C. Earle[1] confirms the news by a telegram I have just received from him; and never having doubted it to be true, I write at once to congratulate most warmly, with the affection of an old friend, and the lively satisfaction of one who well knows the fine quality of your remarkable military talents, on the grand opportunity which has now come to you for bringing those talents conspicuously home to the knowledge of all your countrymen. I always told you that your lane, however long and dreary it might seem when we last looked along it, was sure to have a good turning. And now I consider your military career as already made, if only you survive (as may God grant!) the fearful dangers which seem to be threatening around Wolseley's glorious little army. But it makes me sick to think of them, and of the many noble lives which have already been sacrificed—the many more which may, I fear, be sacrificed again—without any permanent advantage to our country, and without the glory which feats of arms derive from their connection with great national results achieved by them. I am living so completely out of the world that I have really no means of judging accurately how the news of the fall of Khartoum, and presumed death of Gordon, has been received by the country. But I can't anywhere perceive the smallest evidence of great or genuine national emotion about it. . . . People say privately that the Ministry will not and cannot last a fortnight after the meeting of Parliament. But I have no faith in such predictions. The country, or whatever has taken the place of the country, will swallow anything except the bill when it comes in by-and-by.

Goschen is apparently trying to place himself at the head of an anti-Radical Liberal party, and to rally the Whigs round him. The *Times* supports him. But I

[1] His brother-in-law, Charles Earle, cousin to the General.

don't think this movement will come to much at present. . . . We have no idea what you (I mean Wolseley's army) are going to do now, nor what you can do. The Ministerialist Press assures the country that you are confidently expected by Government to retake Khartoum, smash the Mahdi, and pacify the Soudan in no time. And many of its organs have had the incredible baseness to deprecate a disposition falsely imputed by them to the public to blame Wolseley for having failed to rescue Gordon. So far as I can ascertain, and as I confidently believe, no human being has ever dreamed of blaming Wolseley for this or anything else. The universal feeling I believe to be one of great and thankful admiration of his wonderful achievements in the teeth of tremendous difficulties, and of disgust at a Government in whose service all achievements, however splendid, are practically abortive. . . . Lady Wolseley, I hear, got her first news of the fall of Khartoum from the crossing-sweeper in Berkeley Square, and the Duke of Cambridge his from the boys who were crying it in the street. Rosebery has just joined the Cabinet as Privy Seal. Trouble seems to be increasing in Ireland; and "in the best-informed circles" alarm at Russia's ambiguous attitude in Central Asia, and the pitiful figure cut by our Afghan Frontier Commission, is said to be rapidly on the increase. God bless you, my dear fellow. Your letters have been devoured by us with the deepest interest. May you come back to us, and ere long, covered with honours! To win them you have only to live; but we tremble when we think of the perils by which you are girt.—Always your most affectionate LYTTON.

Votes of censure against the Government when Parliament assembled resulted in a majority against them in the Lords of 121, while in the Commons they were saved from defeat only by fourteen. They continued, however, to hold office until the

8th of June, when they resigned ostensibly on an adverse vote in committee on the budget. In the meantime, in March, the Russians had attacked and taken Penjdeh from the Afghans, which for a moment seemed to place us on the edge of war with Russia; in April the Soudan was evacuated; Ireland was a continued source of trouble — the Prince and Princess of Wales were received there with marked hostility; and the divisions of opinion in the Cabinet were an open secret.

In February Lord Salisbury had invited Lord Lytton to attend a private meeting of the "leading Peers." Feeling that the time was at hand when his leader would "expect all his officers to be ready at short notice for action," Lord Lytton took this opportunity to make it known to Lord Salisbury that he did not seek political office, and shrank from it on grounds of health and intense dislike of public speaking.

In April he went abroad to Paris, Monte Carlo, Venice, and Vienna.

To LADY LYTTON. *Paris, April* 19, 1885.

At the Charing Cross station, where, by the way, the officials were most civil, as indeed they were all along the line, a purple-faced old gent (looking rather like an animated Yarmouth bloater) poked his head through the window of my carriage and asked me if I remembered him. I said "No." But he "took the liberty of remembering me," he said. I replied that in that respect he had a monopoly of freedom. "Dear me!" said he, "and I knew your dear father, the late lord, so well, and you too when you were a boy in Park Lane; and lots of fun we had together, you and I." I said that fun is short-lived in this woeful world, and my remembrance of the particular fun to which he referred had not survived it. But would he kindly mention his name?

His name, he said, was R. I remarked that I had known several persons of that name. "But I," said he, "am R. the composer—the celebrated composer. It was I who wrote the famous song of 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer!' I felt inclined to say, "Cheer away, then, my boy," but I did not, and only looked foolish as I faintly replied, "Indeed!" "Yes," said he; "and my son too is a great author." I again ejaculated, "Indeed!" "A great author," he went on, "and a most successful one. You know his works well, no doubt. He is now, I am proud to say, sub-editor of the *D. T.*" "Then his works, I presume, are of a political character?" "No, my lord; my son is, like yourself, a man of brilliant imagination—a child of Fancy, a favourite of the Muses." "Songs?" said I. "Better than songs," said he. "Novels—popular novels—like those of your dear father—most popular novels—immense successes—*The Wreck of the Racoon, The Mysterious Midshipman, The Midnight Meeting, The Wizard of Wapping.* You have read them, of course!" "Dear me!" said I, "is it possible that the author of those remarkable works is your son?" "It is," said he, with the tone of the Oxford undergraduate who, when a young lady said to him admiringly, "O Mr. So-and-so, how delightful it must be to be wise and know everything!" calmly replied, "It is." Thinking the subject of literature exhausted by this revelation, I asked him if he was going to Paris by the tidal train. "No," he replied, "only to Boulogne. I live at Boulogne. I have retired to Boulogne. At my age a man should retire if he *can* retire. The young men must have their day, the old their ease if they *can*. I have mine. My retirement is a pleasant one. *Otium cum dignitate.* I am old but I am happy." And so we parted, for the train went on. I saw him no more. . . . I feel physically weak and tired, but morally the change of scene refreshes me. It is pure summer weather, floods of sunshine without a cloud. All the trees in the Boulevard and Ch.

Élysées out in full leaf. The flower-shops a feast to the eyes. Paris looking so clean after the grim hideousness of London.

From Paris he went to Monte Carlo. There the final proofs of *Glenaveril* were corrected and a new play for Miss Anderson begun. The subject this time was sufficiently dramatic and inspiring—the story, namely, of Scribe's opera of *La Juive*. Lord Lytton read up the history of the time, and began the play while he was abroad. It was finished in the spring of 1886. Miss Anderson expressed herself delighted with it, but the dramatic fate of it proved no happier than that of the unfinished *Harold*. It was never acted or published.

On the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's ministry, Lord Salisbury consented, on the 8th of June, to form a Government, on the understanding that the Opposition would make their task possible during the interval before an appeal to the country on the new register could take place.

The following letter was written when the Cabinet had been formed :—

To LORD SALISBURY. *Knebworth, June* 25, 1885.

MY DEAR LORD SALISBURY,—I feel sure that you will not have misunderstood my abstinence, during your anxious occupations of the last few days, from demonstrations of a personal and political sympathy which I can no longer refrain from expressing, now that the successful completion of your Cabinet has been announced. I am deeply impressed by the exceptional—and indeed, I think, unprecedented—difficulties of the patriotic task before you ; but the courage and sagacity with which I know you will confront them all can be appreciated by no one more unreservedly than they are by—Yours always most sincerely, LYTTON.

From LORD SALISBURY. 20 *Arlington Street, June* 26, 1885.

MY DEAR LYTTON,—I am very grateful for your kind expressions of sympathy. You have always shown me such true friendship during the last ten years of my public life, that there is no one whose approval gives me so much pleasure and support. I wish heartily that your tastes had led you to take to English political life: it would have made a good deal of difference in the prospects of political parties. But in the middle of the sort of work with which I am now contending, I can well understand that your tastes and training would leave you little heart for such a struggle. I do not know if I shall retain any hold on public affairs long enough to have the opportunity of asking you to give the public service the advantage of your powers in some one of the principal posts of your original profession. It will be a great pride and satisfaction to me if such should be the case. But with great prevision the recent Government have filled up all possible vacancies some way ahead. I think our prospects are doubtful, but I by no means think them so bad as many people fancy them to be.—Yours very truly, SALISBURY.

In the autumn of 1885 Lord Lytton went in search of health first to the Alps and then to Aix-les-Bains. His wife and two daughters accompanied him. Health, no more than happiness, as the melancholy Jaques said, was to be found in travel. But at Bel Alp he met Professor Tyndall, and found in the daily intercourse with him and his wife "a delight at once invigorating and soothing."

To the REV. W. ELWIN. *Aix-les-Bains, September* 13, 1885.

I greatly enjoyed my intercourse with Tyndall. He is a fine, manly fellow, robust of mind and body, with

what seems to me a noble character, full of fine enthusiasm for all that is beautiful and great in human as well as inanimate nature, and a richly poetic imagination. I also like his wife very much. They seem to be a singularly happy and well-assorted couple. I really think that genuine human beings are the rarest, as they are certainly the most precious, things in the universe. The more I mix promiscuously with the world around us, the more I feel in it like a Crusoe on a strange island.

The rest of the autumn was spent at Knebworth.

To PROFESSOR TYNDALL. *Knebworth, September* 30, 1885.

MY DEAR TYNDALL,—I think the atmosphere must be full of obstructive as well as destructive germs, which, wherever they find the smallest crevice between intention and action, rush into it and imperceptibly widen it from hour to hour. I have daily, for weeks, been wishing to write to you, but am the victim of this phenomenon. The sulphur baths of Aix reduced me to a condition of mental and physical pulp; the journey hence was not propitious to epistolary impulses, and on getting to Knebworth, I found awaiting me here a big heap of little things which must needs be done at once. Whilst doing them I stupidly caught a heavy cold which went to my liver and completed my discomfiture; for my liver is to me what the Eastern Question is to Europe, a chronic source of troubles never long suppressed, and always ready to begin again on the least occasion. So that now I feel a sort of ghostly shyness about breaking silence—like Dante's Virgil—

"Chi per lungo silenzio parea fioco."

The political horizon has not brightened, either at home or abroad, since we looked down on it together

from the Epicurean Olympus of Bel Alp. . . . The great doctrine preached by Chamberlain and his new ally Harcourt—that every man has a right to a comfortable life—appears to me at once the most attractive and the most dangerous ever proclaimed by ex-Cabinet Ministers. The only way in which its promises could be practically realised would be by applying to men the method commonly adopted in the case of horses. Of course, if you breed only so many as you can afford to keep, and arrange their work without reference to their wishes, you can give them all a fairly comfortable life; and yet even then the old and the weak would not come off very well. But, as beautifully remarked by Mr. Bland, from whose *Latin Verses* I did exercises in longs and shorts forty years ago—

> "Liber et exultans latis equus ardet in agris
> Per fluvios faciens septa rubosque viam."

He must pay the price of his liberty by frequent short commons and occasional broken knees.

Things are beginning to look very threatening in Ireland, which was indeed to be expected. It needed no Œdipus to solve the riddle of such a simple sphynx as the government of Ireland by soft sawder. But Carnarvon is not an Œdipus. Inexpressively repulsive to me, however, is the glee with which Radical orators are already discounting the political capital they hope to make out of disaster to England from crime in Ireland and trouble in Europe. For generations all parties have been demoralised by contact with this endless Irish question. Each is tarred with the same brush. . . . I have always thought that there is one form of Home Rule which would be worse than Irish independence, and that is a Local Government for Ireland, which would systematically oppress the landlords and Protestants, yet be constitutionally empowered to call upon the whole force of the United Kingdom to back it up in all its measures.

I look upon modern Democracy as the hugest humbug under the sun—and, as applied to the administration of so complex and artificial an empire as ours, the most mischievous form of social insanity. . . . But *basta!* My fortnight's intercourse with you at Bel Alp has been the most delightful event of my later life, and I perceive that to tell you this I have taken a very roundabout course—my letter thus far having been an absurdly long preface to so short a statement of feelings, the reverse of those inspired by all the topics over which it has rambled.

A general election took place in November of this year. The result was inconclusive. Neither Liberals nor Conservatives were returned in sufficient numbers to make them independent of the Irish party, and out of a total of 670 Lord Salisbury could only reckon on the support of 249 votes.

Before the close of the year it was rumoured that Mr. Gladstone was prepared to throw in his lot for Home Rule. On the 17th of December Lord Lytton writes:—

These last few days have been days of great political excitement, caused by Gladstone's alleged adoption of a Home Rule policy based on the concession to Ireland of a separate Parliament. I regard it as the last stake of a desperate gambler and a perfectly hopeless one.

And again:—

No one credits his [Gladstone's] denial of the intentions attributed to him about Ireland, and they have created consternation amongst all sections of the Liberal party. Even Brooks' is almost in open revolt, and men who ten days ago were staunch Gladstonites are now saying that if Lord Salisbury does not throw away the

trumps which have been put into his hand, he may now effect the annihilation of the Liberal party, and make himself for any number of years the strongest and most trusted Minister that England has had for generations.[1]

To Mrs. C. W. Earle. *Knebworth, January* 12, 1886.

. . . You ask me if I don't think Home Rule in some shape or other is inevitable. That depends on what is meant by Home Rule. I doubt the power of the English Democracy to maintain for long any sort of Rule that is energetically contested. But of one thing I feel certain. If the present Union is not maintained in all its essentials, what must ultimately take the place of it is not the sort of Home Rule proposed either by Gladstone or by Chamberlain, but the complete separation and independence of Ireland. There can be no permanent halting-place between these two principles.

Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, Lord Salisbury's Government were defeated in the House of Commons by the combined forces of the Liberals and the Irish on an amendment to the Address moved by Mr. Jesse Collings. Mr. Gladstone then formed a Ministry and brought in his first Home Rule Bill. As a spectator Lord Lytton viewed these events with profound disappointment and a sense of a great opportunity missed.

During Lord Lytton's last visit to Vienna he had become acquainted, through Prince Philip Hohenlohe, with the works of Karl Erdmann Edler. This Austrian writer was born in 1844 at Padebrod in Bohemia. "Whether of Slavonic or (as his name implies) of German parentage," Lord Lytton says of

[1] To Elwin, December 20, 1885.

him, "he seems to have been born with a genius in which the characteristic note of both nationalities is curiously distinguishable." His first work, entitled *Kolorit Studien*, and consisting of two short romances, *Wilfrid* and *Gabor*, was published in 1873. This was followed by two classical romances, *Ursinia* and *Artemis*, and his next publication was a volume containing "three little modern idylls"—*Baldine*, *Notre Dame des Flots*, and *The Gross Glöckner Mountains*.[1] These stories were the means of bringing about a literary friendship between Karl Edler and Owen Meredith.[2] "Like some of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse*, or the *Märchen* of Hans Christian Andersen, though written in prose they belong in all essentials to the province of poetry. They do not fetch their subject from the clouds, however, though they lift it above the common level. They are not abstractions of pure fancy, but ideal delineations of real feeling, with a definite core of human interest."[3]

Lord Lytton confesses that when first introduced to his works by Prince Hohenlohe he began them with reluctance and in a sceptical spirit. "I had been asked to read them," he says, "with special reference to the question whether some of them, if translated, would have any chance of a favourable reception from the English public; and I expected to find them written in the style of Freytag's *Soll und Haben*. But I had not read many pages before I felt

> 'like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.'

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[1] Titles as given in Lord Lytton's English translation.

[2] Amongst his other works may be mentioned a drama entitled *Theodora*, which Lord Lytton much admired; a troubadour romance, *Péire de Cinqtors;* and *The Last Jew*, which in Germany has been generally regarded as his greatest work.

[3] Lord Lytton's preface to *Baldine and other Stories*.

I was conscious of being in contact with the mind of a new and genuine poet."[1]

This consciousness roused all his sympathy and appreciation, and he became zealously anxious to assist in the introduction of Edler's works to an English public. On his return to this country he negotiated with Mr. Bentley for the publication of a translation of *Baldine and other Stories*, and when no translator could be found he undertook the task himself. The stories came out in two volumes in 1886, with a short introductory preface written by Lord Lytton.

When the preface and translation were completed a copy of them was at once sent to Count Hohenlohe, with a letter which the latter forwarded to the poet himself.

Edler's delight at the spontaneous sympathy, insight, and labour bestowed upon his writings by a stranger and a foreigner was quickly and warmly expressed. Lord Lytton was charmed with his letter, and wrote in reply:—

To PROFESSOR EDLER. *Knebworth, March* 12, 1886.

CHER ET TRÈS-HONORÉ MONSIEUR,—Votre lettre du 15 février m'a fait une joie extrême. . . . Ce n'est que pour vous obéir que j'ose vous écrire dans une langue qui me gêne beaucoup. Pardonnez-moi donc mon mauvais français. Si je me sers d'une expression fausse, pour exprimer un sentiment vrai, c'est encore la faute de cette vilaine tour de Babel, qui a infligé plus de trois cents manières de parler à des êtres qui n'ont qu'une seule manière de sentir. Je voudrais bien vous écrire dans votre propre langue si je le pouvais, mais l'allemand est pour moi ce que l'anglais est pour vous—une porte que je ne puis ouvrir qu'à coup de dictionnaire. Oui, les Idéalistes sont aujourd'hui les

[1] Lord Lytton's preface to *Baldine and other Stories*.

proscrits de la littérature contemporaine, où du reste leur appréciation est aussi rare que celle d'un lis dans un champ de pommes de terre. Mais espérons, qu'il y aura toujours dans le monde un petit nombre pour trouver qu'une seule fleur de lis vaut mieux que plusieurs sacs de pommes de terre. Malheureusement ce petit nombre est fort dispersé ; et taciturne d'habitude, il salue en silence les voix qui le touchent. Pour celui qui parle c'est décourageant, car la plupart des réponses, que leur envoie la Presse, ne viennent pas de ceux qui ont écouté et compris sa parole. C'est une chance rare et heureuse qui m'a permis de vous passer de la part de votre petit auditoire ici le signal, que vous avez si bien accueilli. Mais chez moi vous êtes installé depuis plusieurs mois en ami de la maison. Ma femme, mes filles, et moi, nous parlons de vous comme d'une connaissance intime, et nous nous intéressons à tout ce qui vous concerne. J'ai chargé une de vos compatriotes de me procurer votre photographie ; elle me l'a envoyée, et, comme votre lettre, ce portrait est en harmonie avec l'image de l'auteur que j'avais trouvé déjà dans vos ouvrages. Cela est charmant, mais cela ne suffit pas. On fait des voyages pour trouver des montagnes et des lacs—mieux vaudrait-il les faire pour trouver des amis. Je serai bientôt en route pour l'Italie à la recherche d'un, "po' di luce"—j'irai d'abord à Florence et plus tard, vers le mois de Mai, je compte aller à Venise. Que je serais heureux, si je pouvais vous tenter de me donner rendezvous là sur l'Adriatique. Cela est-il tout-à-fait impossible ? Dans ce cas il faut bien que je fasse des efforts d'aller à Vienne pour vous y serrer la main. En attendant je suis vraiment touché de ce que vous voulez bien me donner une édition complète de vos œuvres. Faites-le, je vous prie. Ce sera pour moi un don *précieux*, et ils auront à côté de ceux de Goethe, la place d'honneur dans ma bibliothèque, où je nourris toujours l'espoir de recevoir leur auteur un de ces jours. . . .

A few more letters at rare intervals passed between the German and the English poet. They had hailed and recognised each other as kindred spirits from afar, but in this world they never met.

My father carried out the intention expressed in this letter of spending part of the spring himself at Florence and Venice, and took me with him. Florence society began by amusing, but soon wearied him. Venice was more congenial, because more solitary. These occasional returns to the continental life which had made the setting of so many years of his existence, were a pleasure and refreshment, but he was never again happy for long away from Knebworth.

To his Wife. May 1886.

My chief enjoyment of the present visit to Italy has been in the freshness of dear Betty's impressions and the charm of her companionship. I often wonder with some wistfulness what part, if any, the recollections of these first impressions of Italy may have in the sentiments and tendencies of her after-life, when you and I have ceased to be its guides. I am glad you think it was good for Betty to see something of the social life of Florence while we were there. To my own enjoyment of Florence it is rather a drawback that I now know so many people there that it is practically impossible to be there for even a few days *incognito*, and though an occasional glimpse into the little world of Florence amuses me, it is an amusement of which a very little goes a long way, and I soon get tired of it, as indeed I do of all society everywhere.

To the Same. May 1886.

At present I have not the least desire for a *pied-à-terre* either at Florence or Venice. It is not that Italy is

greatly changed (though changed a little it is), but that I am changed myself. I have gone through so much elsewhere since I was here as a boy with boundless horizons of unknown possibilities still before me. The scenery, the climate, the treasures of Art, the historic associations, the easy, graceful social life of Italy—all these things are still as beautiful as ever, and they are still comparatively cheap luxuries, but I feel they can never again be to me what they once were, nor I to them as I once was. I contemplate them with a curious feeling—admiring and approving coldly, but feeling all the while as if some spring of emotional receptivity were broken within me, so that Italy, though it still charms me in many ways, rather depresses me in others. Its beauties and enjoyments seem to me now like passing objects—fair enough while they pass, but forming no longer any part of my real inner life, and after a few weeks of them I begin to pine, almost with a sense of fatigue, for the home to which my real inner life does now belong, its loved familiar faces and voices that will be always with me, and its daily occupations which I soon begin to miss.

The emotions which he describes himself as no longer able to receive, he was nevertheless able to impart to the girl at his side. For me he repeopled the streets of Florence, and the canals of Venice, with the faces and scenes that had made them famous in history. Our walks were illuminated by his stories, historical, fanciful, poetical; and our evenings, when we were alone, were spent in reading such things as Browning's Italian poems, Byron's plays, Shelley's *Cenci*, George Eliot's *Romola*. All that we read at that time retains for me a charm woven round poem or story by his stimulating, illuminating, suggestive talk, and by every association of his presence. He was often ill, often melancholy, but always intimately loving,

indulgent, and the object of my unqualified adoration. Sometimes he would begin the day with the freshness and high spirits of a boy, rush out before breakfast, be ready to see fun in every incident of the day, and inspire his companion with a sense of unspeakable enjoyment. Sometimes he would get interested in a subject of discussion and talk far into the night; sometimes a whole day would pass and he would hardly speak—be absorbed in a poem he was writing, or in a book he might be reading; and even then his silence was companionship, and his presence a source of conscious happiness. It was hardly as a father that I regarded him. There seemed to be something unique and peculiar in our relationship, for when with him he made me feel that I was his age and that he was mine, and from that time forward all intercourse with him was tinged with romance. Even his sadness could not dim the golden joy of those days, when all life centred round him, and when the influence of his personality seemed to light up the world with a rainbow glow.

In the meantime the political situation at home was absorbing public interest. The second reading of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was moved on May 10. On May 14 a formal meeting was held at Devonshire House by 122 Liberals to repudiate this policy and withdraw their support from Mr. Gladstone.

On the 7th of June the Bill was rejected on second reading by thirty votes, and an appeal to the country followed, resulting in the return of a Unionist majority of 113. Mr. Gladstone resigned, and Lord Salisbury was again called upon to form a Government. The Liberal Unionists as yet held aloof from a Conservative Ministry, though it was understood that they would give it their support.

The following letter was written after the general election, but before Mr. Gladstone's resignation:—

To LADY SALISBURY. 16 *Portland Place, July* 16, 1886.

DEAR LADY S,— . . . I can't say how delighted I am by the good news you give me of our dear chief's health, and the success of the Royat cure. Heaven grant he may return from it refreshed and fortified for the great, and I fear difficult, task now awaiting him. So far as I can judge, there is a general and strong desire throughout the country to see him at the head of a Unionist rather than a purely Conservative Government *if* possible. But everybody feels what a difficult "if" that is, so far as it regards the possibility of Lord Hartington's association with the leadership of an army to which he could not now bring over more than a small regiment from the Liberal camp. I have heard it whispered that, personally, he is not disinclined to join Lord Salisbury's administration, but that the strongest possible pressure is being put on him not to do so by his *entourage*. The party designation of "Conservative" sticks in their throat, and Churchill's "Tory Democracy" they find still more unswallowable. I am, in any case, so convinced that the safety of England at home and abroad now entirely depends upon the sustained supremacy of Lord Salisbury's control over our national destinies, that I own I long to see his Government and his policy represented in the Commons by a strong and reliable Front Bench. I trust you will be able to complete in peace the cure which has begun so well; but all Gladstone's people are speaking this afternoon of his tendering his resignation next Monday, as if they had no doubt about it. Lady Airlie, who met him yesterday at Lady Derby's, tells me that he harangued for an hour, in a state of vehement excitement, about the wrongs of Ireland; declared them to be "unprecedented in the evil record of oppressed and tortured peoples," and

asserted that "British rule in that country at the beginning of the present century transcended the massacres of St. Bartholomew in the cruelty and villainy of its doings!!!" . . . Cranborne's victory[1] rejoiced our hearts exceedingly, and is one of the most delightful results of the Conservative reaction you so truly predicted, a reaction which is still, I trust, far from having reached its climax.—Yours, dear Lady Salisbury, most sincerely,

LYTTON.

In the autumn of 1886 Lord Lytton went to Paris to see Mounet Sully's acting of *Hamlet* at the Théatre Français. On his way thither he visited his eldest son, then a little boy of ten, at a private school at Dover.

To his Wife. Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, November 1886.

On reaching Dover, I went at once to Castlemount and interviewed the great Chignell ("Chigg," the boys call him, and sometimes even "Old Chigg"—I learn from Vic). He expressed himself well satisfied both with Vic's proficiency and his general conduct. The only fault he had to find with him was, he said, that he was apt to be absent and dreamy, and that his attention sometimes wandered from his work. This, I told him, was a defect he inherits from his father. When Vic appeared he was at first very shy, so shy that he called me "Sir," which sent a cold thrill through my heart, for I remembered that this was exactly what happened with me the first time my father came to see me at school; and Chignell in Vic's presence said to me: "The boy is always shy with me; I don't know why." Good heavens! was there ever a schoolboy *not* shy with a schoolmaster? Vic, to my great contentment, however, was looking in robust health, much stronger than when he left home. Before leaving Castlemount I asked to see young Villiers,

[1] In the Darwen division of Lancashire.

the two Russells, and Regie Wilbraham. They were all marshalled into the master's room together in a row, which made *me* very shy; but I tipped them all, and then carried off my prize. The landlady at the hotel had previously assured me that what Mr. Chignell's young gentlemen best like for dinner is roast chicken, because they never get it at the Mount; so I had ordered a roast chicken and an apple tart for luncheon. Over these viands Vic soon warmed up, and lost all his shyness. . . . I promised Chignell to send him back by nine o'clock, his bed hour, and the dear little man's eyes grew rather tearful when I sent him back in charge of Todd,[1] but he was very brave. He says he may have books sent him if they are not too exciting, that he has read all those he brought with him, and would like some more.

To his Daughter. Paris, Saturday, November 1886.

DEAREST BETTY,—I must keep all details about *Hamlet* till we meet, I fear, for if written they would fill reams of paper; but the play delighted me.

In the first place, it is the only time I have ever seen *Hamlet* given as a *play*, and not as a *one-part piece*. Nearly all the subordinate characters were admirably acted, none of them ill acted, and the cuttings and changes of scene and act, in so far as they partially assimilate the *construction* of the play to the type of the French acting drama, do undoubtedly give to it an increased unity and consistency of effect; although the inherent defects of the Elizabethan construction are more or less ineradicable, and in despite of excellent acting, the dramatic movement of the tragedy drags in the later acts. At the end one feels it has been a very long play. The King and Queen looked and talked like human beings, and actually succeeded in inspiring an interest in themselves, which, instead of diminishing, greatly enhanced all that is interesting in the character

[1] Lord Lytton's valet.

and position of Hamlet. Horatio had the appearance and manners of a gentleman; ditto, Bernardo, Marcellus, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern; and Polonius was not turned into a buffoon, but suggested the idea of Lord Burleigh a little in his dotage.[1] The strolling players were essentially strolling players. The contrast between their appearance and that of the people of the Court was admirable, and without a grain of exaggeration. I never before heard the Actor's speech (describing Hecuba, &c.) spoken with effect; the man really *had* "tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect," and withal was perfectly natural. The Ophelia was the least satisfactory of all the characters—too much, at first, of the French *ingénue*, and with a shallow, rather *banale* voice; but in the mad scene she was much better—quiet, graceful, and touching.

Now for Hamlet himself. M. Sully is immeasurably the best Hamlet I have ever seen (and I have seen all the English Hamlets from Macready to W. Barrett). Indeed, he is the only Hamlet in whom I could ever recognise the Prince of Denmark. Up to the play scene

[1] Did Lord Lytton remember Johnson's analysis of the character of Polonius, of which Macaulay says that "nothing so good is to be found even in Wilhelm Meister's admirable Examination of Hamlet"? It runs thus:—

"Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius."

before the King he is absolutely faultless, never putting himself forward for effect, yet always, on a densely crowded stage, concentrating your intensest attention. In his first appearance he makes no entry, nor is he discovered standing, as is usual on the English stage, but sitting on a bench opposite the King and Queen. His attitude and whole appearance are those of the profoundest melancholy and *self-absorption;* the lines, "'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother," &c., are spoken in a faint, dreary voice, without any gesture or play of facial expression, and they thrill you. Sully's eyes, which nature has made large and prominent, he has contrived almost to efface; they seem as if they had sunk inside his face, and were always looking *inward.* Until he deliberately assumes madness, and whenever in solitude he throws off the assumption, he is singularly quiet, little or no gesture; the voice always low, deep, and dreamy, and very pathetic in some of its tones; the scene with the ghost admirable in its mixture of awe, doubt, and passionate filial tenderness and sorrow. Here, however, he makes a point which is in its way very effective, but certainly not consistent with Shakespeare's intention, nor would it be possible with the English text. I forget the exact words of that text, but I think that when Hamlet writes in his tablets after the interview with the ghost, his words are in substance:—

> "Quick, my tablets!
> I hold it good to set it down,
> 'A man may smile and smile and be a villain—
> At least I'm sure that it is so in Denmark.'"[1]

And then as he puts up the tablets in his pocket he adds—

> "So there, I have you, uncle."

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[1] My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark;
So, uncle, there you are.
—*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 5.

The French lines run thus:—

> "Mes tablettes! notons qu'on peut, la rage au sein
> Sourire, et, souriant, n'être qu'un assassin!
> En Danemark, du moins, ce n'est pas chose insigne.
> Vous êtes là mon oncle!"

And this is how Mounet Sully gives them. After writing the words, as he is about to put back the tablets in his pocket, he pauses, seems to vibrate with a fierce decision, crushes the tablets with a gesture of concentrated scorn and rage, flings them from him, strikes his forehead, and exclaims, "Vous êtes *là*, mon oncle!" The scene with the recorders is a masterpiece of dignified irony, and something more. He is all over the Prince, but a prince overwhelmed with a sort of dreary self-pity and reproach of all the world, when he says, "See now for how base a thing you take me," or, in the words of the French text—

> "Ah, je suis donc tombé bien bas dans vos mépris!
> Quoi! vous voulez jouer de moi, par Notre Dame!"

Rosencrantz, moreover, throughout this scene acts admirably the exact tone of an embarrassed courtier. Of the first scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Mounet Sully's rendering seems to be as admirable as it is strikingly original. These two rascals, sent by the King to pump him, he at first receives with the most unsuspicious and hearty cordiality, frank, boyish, and yet princely friendliness; whilst talking with them thus unreservedly he catches a glimpse of the King behind the door, seems for a moment *distrait* and puzzled; then his tone and look become cold and wary. He scrutinises their faces keenly when putting to them insignificant questions; the scrutiny seems to confirm his suspicions; he lapses at once into a demeanour of assumed eccentricity, mocking, sarcastic, and you feel that he is inwardly enjoying his mystification of the two spies. Finally, when he

takes leave of them with the words, "I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw," he draws them a little aside, places himself between them, his hands on their shoulders, in an attitude of ironical confidence, speaks in a half-whisper, and on coming to the words, "I know a hawk," &c., pauses; they demonstrate eager curiosity; he looks Guildenstern full in the face and says in a low, significant voice, "A hawk"—pauses again—turns to Rosencrantz with the same look, and adds, "from a handsaw," and then turns his back on them both. It is all done very quietly, but the contemptuous significance of the implied warning to the two traitors, that he can distinguish a loyal friend from a hired spy, is thrilling. And numerous touches of this kind seem to give to Hamlet's unshaken confidence in Horatio that peculiarly affecting significance which Shakespeare certainly meant it to have, but which I have never seen given to it by any other actor. By rather emphasising the *natural* frankness and trustfulness of the Prince's disposition, Mounet Sully makes you keenly realise the terrible isolation of his situation, surrounded by spies and foes, and forced to wear a mask even to the woman he loves. And here, before speaking of the mad scenes and the scenes with Ophelia, one general observation occurs. This is the only perfectly *intelligible* Hamlet I have ever seen. I take it to be much more intelligible than Shakespeare meant it to be, and this is a fault or a merit according to the point of view from which you regard it. For *stage* purposes I think it a merit. The French actor and the French authors between them have produced a Hamlet with "the heart of his mystery plucked out," or, rather, with no mystery to pluck. The wonderful French love of extreme lucidity in art is singularly conspicuous and very characteristic both in the adaptation and the performance of this play. There can be no question in the mind of the audience whether Hamlet is really

mad or not—a question which Shakespeare purposely raises and purposely leaves undecided. The French Hamlet is perfectly sane and his madness unmistakably assumed. Equally impossible is the question, "Does he really love Ophelia? and if so, why does he treat her so cruelly?" The French Hamlet *does* intensely love Ophelia, and both to her and the audience he exhibits all the tenderness and yearning and immense sorrowfulness of his love for her whenever the nature of the situation allows him to reveal it. Here again, in the opening scenes with Ophelia, all the frankness of Hamlet's natural character, all the trustfulness of his affection, and the tender yearning of his heart to this child as the one pure, true, and innocent being to which his need of love can cling amidst all the baseness and falsehood and enmity of which he is himself the central object, are strongly emphasised. It is not till he becomes cruelly conscious that Ophelia is, partly from ignorance and partly from weakness and helplessness, acting as the more or less unconscious tool of her father, and made subservient to the craft and enmity of his deadliest foe, that Hamlet suddenly alters his demeanour to her, and even in her presence (knowing that he is watched) puts on the mask; you are made to feel, and to feel most vividly, that this discovery comes upon him with an agonising shock, that it costs him the keenest pang of all, that it completes the desolation to which he is doomed, and that thenceforth he is suffering deeply and incessantly from the consequences it entails. Such an interpretation of the character renders it infinitely more human, and thereby more dramatic. For the curiosity excited by a psychological puzzle can never be so dramatic as the sympathy inspired by an intelligible emotion. The same conception of the part, however (which in the acting of Mounet Sully is logical and consistent in every detail from beginning to end), explains those features of it which have least pleased me. In the demeanour of a man whose mind is really unhinged, and

yet not completely off its balance, there will probably be a certain sobriety of extravagance, at any rate an approach to uniformity of tone, a perceptible connection or relation between his most violent and most subdued moods. But a man who is only *shamming* madness is sure to overdo his assumed part, and in his assumption of it you will feel that there is something histrionic and not perfectly natural. Mounet Sully, purposely, consistently, and logically, *does* overdo his assumed madness in those scenes where he means you to understand clearly that it *is* assumed. Granted the conception, this no doubt is right in principle, but in effect the harshness of the contrast rather jarred on me. The play scene I thought positively bad. The graveyard scene was very well done by all concerned in it, and young Coquelin acted the first gravedigger (Got did Polonius); nevertheless the graveyard scene (I mean the dialogue between the gravediggers) is always distasteful to me, however well done. I think it barbaric art, and its humour tedious. This scene, the beginning of it at least, and the scene with Osric might, I think, be omitted on the stage with advantage. Take it all in all, Mounet Sully's Hamlet is an *uncommonly fine* performance. Is it a work of genius, or only of great and highly trained talent? I can't quite say; but, anyhow, it is supremely better in all respects than any stage Hamlet I have ever seen before (including the German Hamlets).

Now I must end in haste. *Suite en prochain numéro.*

P.S.—I forgot to say that the famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy was supremely excellent, the ideal of how the thing should be done. I'll describe it when I see you. L.

To PROFESSOR TYNDALL. *Knebworth, April* 16, 1887.

I have a strong impression that the Gladstonians are mistaken in their undoubted belief that they have the English democracy with them in their wicked attempt to rebuild the temple of their Prophet out of the ruins of the Union. I don't think the English Demos has any real sympathy for the Irish revolutionists; and I suspect that, in the main, what is most dangerous to the Union in the present temper of "the masses" is—not their misdirected sympathies, but their continued apathy upon the whole Irish question. Possibly, however, a few of the outrages we are promised after the passing of the Crimes Bill may convert this apathy into very decided animosity.

Another good feature in the situation is, I think, the retirement from office of Randolph Churchill[1] before he had time completely to pervert and demoralise either the party or the Cabinet, whose extreme mediocrity makes it very much at the mercy of any clever man with great force of character. Randolph is now supporting the Union and the Crimes Bill with his customary vigour, because he has the intelligence to see that any other line would at this moment be fatal to his political influence and prospects. But I have a profound mistrust of his political wisdom and honesty—although personally I like him well. Goschen is, I think, an excellent exchange for him. It seems to me that the strength of the Radical and Socialist party in this country comes—not from its intelligence, which is small indeed, but from its emotional power. Men of sober mind and moderate opinions are not given to vehement utterance upon all occasions. But the present occasion specially calls for the *passionate* expression of *moderate*

[1] Lord Randolph Churchill resigned his post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in December 1886, and was succeeded by Mr. (now Lord) Goschen, who was the first Liberal Unionist to join a Conservative administration. He introduced his first budget in April 1887.

views. Regarded as a fighting body, the inevitable weakness of intelligent Conservatism (in which I include intelligent Liberalism) is that it must always act on the defensive. Its right functions are not aggressive. And the fault of its organisation is that it never takes the *active defensive* soon enough, before the outworks of the position have been lost. I believe, however, that in our country the auxiliary forces of Conservatism are enormous, and that, if actually combined, they would be irresistible.

CHAPTER XXII

KNEBWORTH—(*continued*)

1887, AET. 55–56

Far off, and ever farther off from us,
That Forest and the dwellers in it seem,
As far and farther on we travel fast,
And more and more like a remember'd dream
Becomes the glimmering wonder of the Past.
—*Legend of Fable from "After Paradise."*

To PROFESSOR TYNDALL. *March* 1887.

I am making a new garden at Knebworth, and a new drive, and two new lodges, and I am also preparing for publication in May a little volume of new poems. These are my only present occupations, but I find them more congenial as well as much less fatiguing than those of political warfare or official work. Even if they do no good they can at least do no harm to any one. My new garden, or rather wilderness (for I mean it to contain nothing but wild growths), is at present in a very bare and scrubby condition, much vexed by the east wind. But when I walk among its incipient brambles and baby creepers I flatter myself that I—

"Like Moses, can espy
E'en in a bush the radiant Deity."

The volume of poems to which reference is here made was published by David Stott this summer under the title *After Paradise, or Legends of Exile, with other Poems.* Many of these poems had been conceived years before; some were now rewritten,

and some for the first time put into verse form. He at first intended to introduce the poems by a long prose preface on "Fables and Fabulists." This idea, however, he abandoned, and filled up the space with new short poems.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *May* 18, 1887.

The suppression of the preface to my volume of new poems, which must be out by the end of this month at latest, or postponed for a twelvemonth, necessitated the immediate production of a considerable quantity of fresh material. Luckily for me, or at any rate for the book itself, I have had an unusually strong visitation of the spirit that bloweth only when it listeth, and when these visitations come the whole world around me is annihilated so long as they last. Inspiration, if kept waiting at the door, goes off offended and will not return for any beseechings; and once in possession of her slave, she seizes him by the head and will not let him go till she has said her last word to him. These moments while they last completely absorb and subjugate me. They are to myself happy ones—my only happy ones, for they put a temporary end to life. The wheel of Ixion stands still—the world vanishes out of sight, and with it the eternal torment of self-consciousness. But for my friends I am then as a dead man, and can only ask them to make allowances for me in a state of suspended animation.

Mrs. Earle understood by this that composition was too rapid to ensure the perfection which endures. Lord Lytton, in reply to her remonstrances, wrote:—

The time laid down by Horace (half jestingly) for the adequate preparation for a poem was nine years. But of these poems scarcely one has been less, and nearly all

of them have been more, than nine years in course of preparation. I can't explain the mysteries of composition, but it was not *haste*, it was absorption I spoke of in my letter to you.

These poems are free from the defects which marred Lord Lytton's earlier publications. They are not diffuse; they exhibit great perfection of workmanship; they echo no other poets, but are singularly original and characteristic of their author's mind. The volume, however, never achieved any wide popularity. The leading ideas of the poems were analysed and described in a review of which more will be said hereafter, and from which I quote a few sentences:—

The peculiarity [of these poems] consists in a combination of two elements—the fantastic and the philosophical. Lord Lytton transports us into a world of airy fancy, a world purely imaginative; yet through all the imagination the reflective vein runs so strongly as to make it clear that as much importance is attached to the underlying thought as to the poetical medium in which it is conveyed. . . . *The Legends of Exile* form a series of poems divided under two heads, "Legends of Man and Woman" and "Legends of Man and Beast." . . . In the "Legends of Man and Beast" the reflective element is almost wanting. The "Legends of Man and Woman," on the other hand, are so thoroughly pervaded by it as to approach in parts the character of philosophical poems. The central idea in them is one that has become common property ever since the days of Plato, and of which Wordsworth has made such a beautiful use in his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." . . . There is, however, a characteristic difference between the two poets in their handling of this theme. Wordsworth's poem, though touched with sadness, yet breathes hope throughout. The soul's equipment

is not merely a reminiscence of the past, but a distinct promise for the future. Lord Lytton, reflecting in this the more sceptical spirit of his generation, does not venture to draw this conclusion, and, in fact, discountenances it. He too represents the existence of an ideal in man as a reminiscence of a happier state; but this ideal looks back only, not forwards. "What seems the future is the past," and we have no sufficient ground for believing that it will ever be anything else than the past. . . .

"Prometheia," "Uriel," and "Strangers" (poems in the second part of the book) have, in common with the legends and with each other, the characteristic of blending in an unusual degree reflection with fancy. In "Prometheia," and still more in "Strangers," the reflective element predominates, in "Uriel" the fanciful. . . . Hopelessness of the ideal is the burden of them all. But the ideal is in each case different. In "Prometheia" we have a satire on the vanity of what the age calls progress; "Uriel" is a picture of the disillusion that attends individual aspirations and desires; and "Strangers," the saddest poem in the book, reads like a passionate wail over the fate of living and poetic souls, that vainly would build ideal universes of their own, too fragile for contact with the reality of an unfeeling world. . . . We are perhaps entitled to draw a distinction between the poetry which is the expression and outcome of the poet's personal unhappiness, of his disappointed hopes, and his unsatisfied ideals, and that which seems to rest upon some deeper and more objective conviction of the futility of things, and justifying despair on system, becomes in fact the poetry of pessimism. In comparing Lord Lytton's earlier poems with his later, we seem to see represented in the whole series the phases of a mind tending to pass from the first of these attitudes to the second. The poems contained in the present volume show no falling off, but, on the contrary, a marked increase in all the gifts that go to make poetic excellence. In depth and power of reflection they greatly surpass his earlier productions. . . .

[But] the melancholy in them is not that of a poet giving vent to his own personal griefs and disappointments. It is the sadness of a man who tells the world that all joy is a mere illusion, and that all ideals are unreal dreams.

To MRS. RICHARD STRACHEY. *Knebworth, July* 10, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send you herewith (by parcels post) an advance copy of my little book, which I have only just been able to get. The book itself will be out, I believe, in about a week. The publication is only delayed till the advance sheets (already on their way) have had time to reach America. But I shall then be out of England, as I start for Homburg next Saturday. Thence I go to Gastein, and altogether I expect to be absent about two months.

If in the poems added to *After Paradise* you find anything which any poetry readers known to you would, in your opinion, be likely to think worth the price of 2s. 8d., I should be very grateful if you would let them know that the book can be purchased at Stott's for that price. For I am making a new experiment with this publication, and for me a good deal really depends on the chance of a fair sale of this little book.

He also writes to Mrs. Richard Strachey to ask her help about a proposed new edition of his old poems, particularly *The Wanderer*. He was being pressed by friends and relatives to republish the original edition of 1858, but having re-read it, he writes:—

I am really so appalled by the badness of the greater part of it that I cannot bring myself in cold blood to make deliberate preparation for the continuance of its existence.

[1] Review of Lord Lytton's *After Paradise* in the *Scots Magazine*, June and July 1888.

The writer who publishes or republishes what he himself, in so doing, believes to be utterly worthless, insults the public and his own genius, if he have any. It is natural that poets, especially in the immaturity of their powers, should publish as well as write, without premeditation, much that deserves to die. But there can be no reason why, in their maturity, they should deliberately republish it as work which in their opinion deserves to live. All poets, even those who are most studious of perfection in form, and the most reticent of publication, do publish bad as well as good work. But if a poet's bad work preponderates largely in quantity over his good, the chances are a hundred to one that instead of the good redeeming the bad, the bad will swamp the good; and posterity does *not* always undertake the filtering process—not at least with any advantage to the reputation of those poets who have neglected it themselves. Yet every poet wishes his work to live *if* possible. If Kit Smart had published nothing but his "Hymn to David," posterity would probably have preserved his name in the front rank of the most famous writers of his time. As it is, his name tied to his bad work is forgotten with it; and that wonderful poem remains a rarity unknown and unrelished by the general public. Browning is, I think, a most suggestive instance in point. He has written at least three or four poems any one of which I, for my part, would rather have written than all Tennyson's poems put together. And one of them —*Paracelsus*—is, *me judice*, the noblest and greatest poem produced in any literature within the last hundred years. Yet he has written besides such volumes of trash—and even his best poems are marred by such defects of taste—that the probability is that whilst Tennyson's work, in which (though it is really the work of a cultivated commonplace mind) the best preponderates in quantity over the worst, will hold a high permanent place in our literature, Browning's best will be, a hundred years hence, little more than a literary

curiosity, most precious to those who take the pains to discover it, but with no monumental place perceptible to those who follow the main course of English literature. Oddly enough, all Browning's really great work is the work of his youth and early middle age. My own individuality, as a fact (such as it is), has been of extremely slow growth. Its maturity will probably not produce much, and its immaturity has been deplorably prolific. . . .

Lord Lytton became acquainted this year with Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose novel *The Woodlanders* had lately been published.

To MR. THOMAS HARDY. *Knebworth, July* 10, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. HARDY,—I have to thank you cordially for two most pleasant days with *The Woodlanders* under my own Greenwood Tree. I think that in this work you have done for our English Woodlands (which have little or nothing in common with the Continental Forests) what Victor Hugo has done, in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, for the North seas and the Jersey coasts. In the imagination of any one who has read this book (if the reader has any imagination at all) the English Woodland must live permanently—and familiarly—as an animated entity—a mysterious but perfectly sentient and busily occupied Being, with a distinctly personal character of its own. The pervading presence of this sylvan mystery hovers over the whole book, as does that of the grandeur of Rome throughout the classical tragedies of Corneille. One is everywhere, and at all times, conscious of it in the background of the action, and all the human characters seem to be the natural creations of its influence, emerging out of it and receding into it, so as to make one feel, as one follows their course, that within it is the womb of Nature. This seems to me a transcendent merit—independently of which the book abounds in

felicities of description and expression which haunt my recollection as if they were bits of verse — such, for instance, as the passage describing in two or three pregnant words the physiognomy of a deserted highway, and the "level repose" of boughs that seem to be "reclining on the insubstantial air," and the "weary cheerfulness" with which the preoccupied Doctor talks to his housekeeper.

I am off to Homburg next Saturday, and thence to Gastein. I expect to be back early in September, when I shall remain at Knebworth till the end of the year. Is there any chance of your being then able to give me an opportunity of introducing our Hertfordshire Woodlands to you, if you are not yet on familiar terms with them?

My little book[1] will now, I believe, be out in a few days; but as I shall very probably have left England ere then, and had rather you received it from me than from the publisher, I am sending for your acceptance by to-day's parcel post an "advance copy" of it.—Pray believe me, yours very sincerely, LYTTON.

During a visit to London in the spring of this year, Lord Lytton and his family made the acquaintance of Mr. Gerald Balfour. Meetings during the summer were frequent. In July he came to Knebworth, and became engaged to Lord Lytton's eldest daughter while her father was abroad. Lord Lytton received the news at Homburg with whole-hearted content. His feelings for his son-in-law were warm from the first, and grew ever more affectionate. "I am desperately in love with Gerald," he wrote the following year to his wife, "who is *seul de son espèce*, the *espèce* being the very best in the world."

This new relationship brought him also in contact with Lady Frances Balfour, the daughter of his former foe, the Duke of Argyll, and he made with her a strong and lasting friendship.

[1] *After Paradise.*

To Lady Frances Balfour. *Knebworth, Tuesday, September* 13, 1887.

Let us "sound the loud timbrel," dear Lady Frances, over last night's signal defeat of the Powers of Darkness![1] I have been thinking all day with what pleasure you must have read this morning's papers, and my own pleasure, which was very great, has been increased by the certainty of yours. Arthur's[2] speech was not only a brilliantly good speech, but it was also exactly the sort of good speech which the occasion required, admirable in tone and singularly felicitous in all its points. I am told that it was most effectively delivered, and that every bit went home. . . . What a comfort it is to see any English Minister behaving like a man who is not frightened by cant! I really believe that, if the present Parliament does not perish prematurely, A. B. has now a great chance of pulverising the League, pacifying Ireland, and achieving for himself a great place in English history. He has at any rate shown that he has it in him to do this if time be vouchsafed him. Gerald, who went up for the debate yesterday and stayed in town over night on the chance of being wanted for the Appropriation Bill this morning, tells me that he was unable to have more than a few words with his brother, who was surrounded all night by congratulating M.P.'s.

P.S.—Fergusson told me the other day that some Tory M.P.'s conversing on the Terrace at the House, one of them remarked on Harcourt's habit, when speaking, of continually turning round to the benches behind him. "He is only reminding them," said Labouchere, "that he has given them up his country, his Queen, and his God, and assuring them that if there is anything else they want he will be happy to oblige them, and the least they can give him in return is a cheer when he wants it."

L.

[1] The Crimes Act was read a third time, September 12.

[2] Mr. Balfour became Chief Secretary for Ireland during the summer of 1887.

The following letter forms part of a correspondence which passed between Mr. Wilfrid Ward and Lord Lytton with reference to Mr. Ward's book *The Wish to Believe*, and deals with the questions raised therein as to the nature of religious faith.

To MR. WILFRID WARD. *October* 1887.

I fancy that what I meant to suggest was the practical impossibility, as it seems to me, of any man who is at all concerned about religious truth *as such* entering upon a serious investigation of its evidences with his mind in a state of absolutely impartial receptivity (or scepticism) to all religions alike—and no more personal interest in the result than if he were studying conchology. Such an impartial critical survey of all religions might of course be made—and has no doubt often been attempted —and from this point of view it does seem to me that the student would naturally begin his inquiries with the older religions, such as Brahminism, Buddhism, and Judaism, whilst, if he were a European born in a Christian country, Islamism would also claim from him, perhaps, in the first instance, more careful study than Christianity, both because its externals would be less familiar to him, and he would be more likely to be filled by superficial impressions of them.

But it is clear that such a study as this would have no more to do with *religious truth* than if the subject of it were Etruscan vases. The religions reviewed would be examined only on their external side in relation to other social phenomena as historic facts—that is to say, not really as religions at all. So much of their evidences as could be caught within the domain of historical criticism would no doubt have been examined and compared. But between the evidences and the things evidenced no intelligible connection would have been established. This conclusion seems to me quite in accordance with your own. What I feel is that the

truths affirmed by religion are not like scientific truths, which have to be *discovered*, and which can be found out in the course of general inquiry. In science a man may beat the bush all round on the chance of what will come out of it, and if chance is propitious he catches a bird that no one ever saw before; all he has to make sure of is that his method is sound; the region of discovery is inexhaustible, and whatever the prize, it is a *novelty*.

But in religious truth there can be no novelties. It is not a thing to be discovered by research—it is *there*. We cannot increase or diminish it; the more or less of it is only the more or less of our own receptivity to it. I cannot put this feeling into very intelligible words—indeed, I have never thought it out clearly, but I felt it very strongly in reading FitzJames Stephen's article in the *Nineteenth Century* (on Mr. Mivart's book), which he sent me in proof. I don't think it was worth while loading an Armstrong gun to knock over such a poor mark as Mr. Mivart. But on the wider issues of such a controversy it seems to me that the whole of Stephen's argument proceeds upon a sort of excluded middle in which the answer to it lies. He seems to say: "Either the evidences of Christianity lie within the province of reason, and can be tested by the methods which reason provides and employs, or they do not. If they do not, then Christianity is an unreasonable claim to belief, with which learned men need not concern themselves. If, on the other hand, they do, then I assert that under all the ordinary tests which reason employs—critical, historical, scientific, and so forth—the evidences of Christianity crumble to pieces. Her assertions are incapable of proof, and so in either case—good-bye to her." I think this is a perfectly false alternative, and for my part I should dispute the premises altogether. I should say that the evidences of Christianity are various, and infinitely complex; that some of them lie within the province of reason, and others entirely beyond it; and that this is not a condition of truth peculiar to Christianity, but

common to, and characteristic of, all the higher truths we have; that within the strict province of reason very little of any real knowledge is attainable, except perhaps in mathematics; that the whole of human knowledge rests upon evidence of which very little has been furnished by the reason, and next to nothing would survive a purely rational test; that reason itself in its daily walks goes upon the crutches of axioms which are nothing but the authority of a capitalised experience whose assertions are incapable of proof by the reason; and that nearly all the truths most important to the non-animal life of man are not the acquisitions of reason, but the gifts and bequests of intuition and insight.

But what a curious symptom of our age it is that these tremendous questions should be seriously discussed by serious men in monthly articles of half-a-dozen pages! My friend Stephen once told me that in his opinion Milton might have said all he had to say in *Paradise Lost* far better and more effectively in a short prose pamphlet of half-a-dozen pages. Clearly there was in this saying no "wish to believe" in the truth and worth of *Paradise Lost*. What *proof* could any one give of its truth and worth that would satisfy Stephen? And what could Stephen say in *disproof* of its truth and worth that any one who has once felt them would think it worth while to discuss seriously?

I had no intention of inflicting on you this long, rambling letter when I sat down to write, but ἃ γέγραφα γέγραφα. I have read with great interest your last able paper on Catholic positions. Its reviewer in the *Tablet* is the son of an old friend of mine.

The wedding of Lord Lytton's daughter was to have taken place on the 8th of November, but at the end of October, while staying at Knebworth, his future son-in-law fell ill of typhoid fever, and the marriage had to be postponed till the 21st of December. In the meantime the post of British Ambassador at

Paris became vacant through the resignation of Lord Lyons, who had held the post for nineteen years. Lord Salisbury, acting upon the desire he had already expressed, offered it to Lord Lytton, who accepted it, and found himself back once more in his old profession.

The wedding took place at Knebworth on the 21st of December, and immediately afterwards the family started for Paris.

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR. *Dover, December* 21, 1887.

One line ere the sea is between us. May God keep you in the very rare happiness of the feelings which responded without reserve to the vows you breathed this morning. The loss of your companionship will be a greater loss to me than I care to speak of. But I am satisfied that all is for the best.

In the years to come you will probably, outside the four walls of your new home, live among persons with whom I am not likely to have any intimate *rapport*, but I know that no new influences or experiences will ever turn your sympathy from the heart of—Your loving father, LYTTON.

To LADY FRANCES BALFOUR. *Paris, December* 29, 1887.

Our journey to Paris was as comfortable as such journeys can be. At Dover Sir James Stephen joined us by an early train, for a last talk, and stayed with us till we went on board. We had a fine boat, a fine cabin, and a fair passage, the only sick one of us being Paisy,[1] who, with her usual meek optimism, professed to like it rather, in the belief that it was good for her, and the dispensation of an all-wise providence. We found Paris bitterly cold, and in a condition of *verglas;* the result of which was that the drive from the station to the Embassy seemed the longest, and certainly the most

[1] The English governess, Miss Plaistowe.

perilous, part of our journey. We were all the way an object of such increasing interest to the foot passengers in the streets, that I doubted whether we or our horses would reach the F. St. Honoré without broken limbs. However, we got to the Embassy at last safe and sound, and found ready for us there a most excellent dinner, and here I am fortunately able to tell you (in view of your next and, I trust, not long deferred visit to us) that the cook promises to be a rare treasure. He is at present an oasis of luxury in a desert of discomfort. But oh! what discomfort has been and still is! Through some misunderstanding at the *douane*, our three vans full of cases were not delivered here till the morning of the day we arrived, and we found the house piled with them. The Government Architect has discovered dry rot in one of the floors, and has consequently taken possession of some of the best bedrooms, from which the ceilings are being removed and replaced. The house is surrounded by scaffolding, and filled with workmen, packing-cases, ladders, paint-pots, dust, and thorough draughts. The rooms destined for me, and the only ones in which I could work or receive with any privacy, were being papered; and till this morning, when I at last got into them, still smelling horribly of paint and varnish, I have been bivouacking all about the State apartments, pursued by carpenters, masons, and upholsterers. . . . The day after our arrival, feeling very tired and seedy, I was summoned back, as you know, to kiss hands at Osborne. The result of a very cold journey there and back to Paris the same night has been the return in an aggravated form of a rather mysterious and exceedingly painful affection of the tongue from which I suffered and believed myself cured two years ago.

This plague has come at a most inconvenient time. I got out of bed this afternoon for the ceremony of delivering my letter at the Élysée (of which I enclose a report from the Official Gazette), and only managed to get through it by copious previous applications of

cocaine and laudanum, but nothing deadens the pain for long. Next Sunday another ceremony, the Presidential reception of the Corps Diplomatique, and next Thursday a State dinner at the Élysée to which I have just received the President's invitation for Edith and Conny as well as self. My reception has been extraordinarily cordial, and within half-an-hour after it Carnot sent me twelve brace of pheasants, the trophies of his famous *chasse*, which, according to the French newspapers, has given him, strange to say, an unanticipated popularity. He is a very good-looking young man; I should say about thirty-three, though he told me he married in 1866 and has a grown-up son; black whiskers and moustache, straight neat figure, very pleasing manners, and intelligent face, though without much power in it. Altogether he looks rather like the serious *jeune premier* of a first-class French theatre. Flourens[1] looks older, though I don't know that he really is so. I should give him nearly fifty; greyish hair, thin, a keen thoughtful face, quiet deliberate air, something academic about the cut of his jib. I dined at Hatfield the night before I went to Osborne, and found the tone there rather anxious about the European situation. Flourens speaks of it more cheerfully, and is evidently sanguine of peace. But I have not yet begun to talk politics here. To-morrow I begin a round of visits to my ambassadorial colleagues, and in the afternoon take Edith to call on Madame Carnot. When I shall be able to open, for official receptions, the doors of this "disorderly house," heaven only knows.

God bless you, dear Frances. I must say good night. This is a most unsatisfactory letter, and I cannot even say of it, as Touchstone says of his wife, "A poor thing, sir, but mine own," for it is only a bald chronicle of external events, in which there is little of myself but the assurance that I am—Your unchanged and unchangeable friend, LYTTON.

[1] Foreign Secretary.

CHAPTER XXIII

PARIS

1888, AET. 56–57

Thus while one part of me, that seems the whole,
Lives in profusion and magnificence,
The other pines in pitiless control,
Lone as the nameless Prisoner of Provence.
—*The Prisoner of Provence.*

ALTHOUGH Lord Lytton's term of office at the Embassy at Paris was not marked by any notable piece of diplomatic history, his capacities nevertheless found sufficient scope for Lord Salisbury to consider him one of the best ambassadors of his time; while, on the other hand, Lord Lytton records in his correspondence that only those in the service and behind the scenes could ever realise the extent and power of Lord Salisbury's influence abroad.

"No one in England has any idea," he writes in one letter, "of the extent to which both the peace of Europe and our own immunity from serious foreign pressure have all this while been depending on Salisbury's personal influence. He is out and away the greatest Foreign Minister we have had in my time, much greater than Palmerston, who was the next greatest."

Paris as a town had always attracted him, and the French as individuals. His arrival was hailed by many old friends, and was soon a source of pleasure to many new ones. English society had never greatly charmed him. He disliked "the absence of

any sort of *impromptu* element," and hated engagements which had to be booked for weeks or months beforehand. The greater ease and naturalness of French social life he much appreciated, and Paris itself he thought so beautiful "that" (he writes) "I feel ashamed of not appreciating the privilege of being highly paid to live here in a luxurious house, with all that is requisite for the external comfort and enjoyableness of existence." The universality of his interests in every phase of human thought and achievement could only be equalled by the universality of his sympathy with human beings. "I have a foot in many worlds here," he writes, "political, literary, theatrical;" and he sought this variety partly because he desired to extend as far as possible his knowledge of the State and the people with whose government he was put in relation, partly because he had an insatiable curiosity to plumb as far as he could the complexities and diversities, humours and mysteries, of human nature. But this combination of sympathy and curiosity, and a sort of genius for friendship, entailed daily and nightly claims on his time, a vast correspondence, and "a never-ceasing whirl" of engagements, which, though they interested, nevertheless wearied and depressed him. At moments when the routine of official work and the grind of a too strenuous social existence seemed almost crushing, he would lock his door against all interruptions, and escaping for a short while into his "realm of consolation," become once more absorbed in poetical composition. During the years between 1888 and 1891, in the midst of an exceptionally crowded life, he managed to recast and finish in its final form his favourite poem of *King Poppy*, to compose the volume of lyrics published under the title of *Marah*, and to rewrite and republish the prose story of *The Ring of Amasis*. The

double life which he thus led—that of the popular, able, successful, and apparently light-hearted man of public affairs, and that of the poet and dreamer, out of harmony with all around him, pursued by a restless and insatiable melancholy—suggested to him one of the most striking of his latest poems, *The Prisoner of Provence.*

> The one the world sees, talks of, thinks it knows,
> Is named and noted. All that more or less
> Men envy, fate upon his lot bestows;
> Celebrity, importance, and success.
> The other breathes beneath an iron mask,
> Suppress'd in silence, solitude, and gloom,
> A nameless mystery. For my lifelong task
> Is to conceal the secret of his doom.[1]

His health, which was always variable, was constantly breaking down in these later years. One winter he had a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs, in 1889 a severe operation, and the last summer and autumn of his life were full of illness and suffering. He was extremely sensitive to pain, and did not attempt to conceal his horror and dread of it. At the same time he was capable of great endurance, and would often do hard work in a condition of great physical misery. His dread of pain was not accompanied by any dread of death, which he faced without fear.

Each year while he was ambassador he spent part of the summer months in England. After 1890 Knebworth was let, and he did not return to it. But other small country places were hired or lent, where he could live what he called a Vicar of Wakefield existence, and be thoroughly happy alone with his family. His home ties became more and more to him.

M. Flourens was Minister for Foreign Affairs when

[1] *Selected Poems.* Longmans, Green & Co.

Lord Lytton arrived in Paris. He was succeeded in the spring of 1888 by M. Goblet, and he again shortly afterwards by M. Spuller. With all these, as well as with the President, M. Carnot, Lord Lytton worked on terms of cordiality and friendliness.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *January* 23, 1888.

My life as yet is a rush for time from morning to night, and I can rarely get ten minutes to myself. The daily official work, though not at present heavy in itself, goes on at all hours, and involves a vast deal of talking as well as writing. What little intervals of seclusion I can snatch now and then are crammed with getting up the back correspondence on current questions, and wading through boxes full of tedious documents. I have at the same time to keep pace with the daily newspapers, French and English. Then the social duties have been, and continue to be, incessant, receiving and returning visits, granting business interviews, and answering dozens of daily notes in French from all sorts of persons about all sorts of things. I have not only to see a great number of persons, but also to find out all about each of them, and try to establish a certain *rapport* with them, without offending a host of other persons. Add to all this the domestic troubles of getting into working order a huge new establishment, in a foreign country, with workmen still in the house, and all the servants cross and demoralised, and you may fancy the difficulties of private correspondence and the jaded feeling with which I turn to it. My health is not good just now, and I feel very depressed and weary, and all the long dinners through which I have to eat my way like a caterpillar don't improve the state of my peptics. My rooms are on the north side of the house, whence I never catch a sight of the sun; but indeed there has been no sun to

catch sight of anywhere. Both Carew and Lee,[1] however, are most helpful and thoughtful, and I am more than satisfied with each. All the staff of the Embassy is nice. Edith is a great social success, and does all she has to do in perfection. Con[2] is much admired. All the world is very friendly to us, and our first reception seems to have gone off very well.

To LADY SALISBURY. *February* 14, 1888.

. . . The French of all parties and classes continue to be overwhelmingly civil to us, and I feel rather alarmed at the excess of their civilities, for Randolph's visit to St. Petersburg has put all sorts of extravagant notions into their heads, and when these are disappointed I daresay the revulsion of feeling against us will be proportionately strong.[3]

I went the other night with H.R.H. to see the new play of *Décoré* at the *Variétés*. It is delicious—a broad farce, but treated with such finesse that it almost attains the dignity of dry comedy. Its author, M. Meilhac, is a candidate for the Academy. All your last batch of appointments seem to me exceptionally happy ones. Freddy's[4] liveliness will not be chilled by the Canadian frosts. Lansdowne will be perfect in India, and Dufferin

[1] Mr. Carew was private secretary to the ambassador. He died in 1888. Mr. (now Sir Henry Austin) Lee was at Lord Lytton's request attached to the Embassy staff on his appointment in 1887, and the next year succeeded Mr. Carew as the ambassador's private secretary.

[2] His second daughter, Constance.

[3] Lord Randolph Churchill went on a private visit to Russia in December 1887. When the newspapers became aware of his destination they jumped to the conclusion that he went as special envoy from Lord Salisbury, charged with a secret mission. Lord Randolph was known to have strong Russian sympathies, and he was received by the Czar at the Gatschina Palace. This was enough to excite the curiosity and interest of Russia's French allies; but, in fact, the visit was a purely private one, and had no official significance whatever. A most interesting record of his talk with the Czar is recorded in Lord Randolph Churchill's Life by his son, vol. ii. chap. xix.

[4] Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby.

perfect, as well as perfectly happy, at Rome. Was his resignation as sudden as the announcement of it? Hicks-Beach will strengthen the Cabinet and deprive Randolph of a possible ally.[1] Russia has certainly made a conquest of Randolph. Let us hope it may be her last conquest for some time to come. He told me, however, when he was at Paris (and this was the last thing he told me) that it is not his intention to attack or embarrass the Government about its foreign policy. He hopes to obtain the eventual adoption of his "own policy" by means of private persuasion. I hope this will relieve his chief's mind from the load of apprehension under which it might otherwise have been labouring!

It really looks as if the Irish rebellion were beginning to collapse. I have always expected it to do so as soon as the Irish were finally convinced that the Government is stronger than the League, and the history of the recess must have done much to promote that conviction. The successful arrest of the Irish members within "the sacred precincts" is a delightful piece of news. . . .

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR. *Paris, February* 15, 1888.

C'est le premier pas qui coûte. By-and-by all that is now a rather trying novelty, will have become an easy habit, and I shall be, like "the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in." And sooner or later the weather must become less merciless, and the sun will shine again, and the buds will sprout. And I too shall have my part, I doubt not, in the happy influences of the spring.

I have been to only one play since you went away, and that is the new play of *Décoré* at the *Variétés*, which the Prince of Wales took me with him to see. It is very clever and very amusing. I have made the acquaintance of ever so many French poets and writers

[1] As President of the Board of Trade.

—Emile Augier, Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, Halévy, Meilhac, Paul Bourget, and others. They have all sent me their works, and I have not a moment's time to read them. A literary young lady introduced by the Nuncio keeps writing to me that she is a child of genius, young, beautiful, and in need of guidance, and that the whole happiness of her future life depends on my granting her a private interview, which I continue to decline sternly.

To the Same. Paris, February 29, 1888.

I have been trying to read Sully-Prudhomme's new, big poem, *Le Bonheur*. It bores me, but I am in no fit state to enjoy poetry, and I wonder what Gerald would think of it. Two whole cantos are devoted to a review of ancient and modern philosophy, and a third to science ! . . .

During Mother's visit to you I gave a little *dîner de garçon*, which was an immense success, and has made quite a social sensation here. The guests were Flourens, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, Ferdinand de Lesseps, Stuers the Dutch Minister, Sardou, Coppée the poet, General Meredith Read, an American member of *les Spartiates*, and my two secretaries. The new cook, who was on his mettle, surpassed himself. The conversation was brilliant, the lead being taken by Sardou, who is quite the most fascinating talker I ever met. It was well sustained by Coppée, I throwing in only a word now and then to keep it going, and Lesseps furnishing the texts. We discussed the Ancient Egyptians, the Phœnicians, Herodotus, Strabo, the Portuguese Navigators, &c., on all of which themes Sardou poured floods of erudition; but the stream of his talk was so sparkling, so rich in epigram, quaint illustration, and suggestive comment, that it was like nothing I ever heard before. X. unconsciously contributed to the humour of the evening (it was his solitary contribution) in this wise. The talk

turned at one moment on *Atlantis* and all the legends and traditions about it, in the midst of which my dear X. solemnly turned to Coppée and said, "I have heard of the book, but have not yet read it. Is it amusing?" Coppée as solemnly replied, "The original idea was not a bad one, but it has been watered away so!" Every one was *en train*. Flourens went away delighted, and has beamed on me ever since, and all the other guests have spread it about that the only person in Paris who knows how to give a perfectly enjoyable dinner is the British Ambassador. But I shall never do it again. It was a lucky chance, and a single petticoat would have spoilt it all.

To LADY SALISBURY. *Paris, February* 28, 1888.

MY DEAR LADY SALISBURY,—How am I to thank you for the encouraging words of your most kind and most delightful letter? I can only say that the encouragement they give me is both very great and *very gratefully felt.*

Our Foreign Minister here (whom I should be very sorry to lose) has, I am afraid, been considerably damaged in public opinion by speeches which I believe he never made (his wife says they were made for him by the newspapers) in the course of his recent candidature for the Hautes Alpes.[1] There is a very strong parliamentary combination determined to challenge his election, and it is quite on the cards that he will be unseated. Floquet is spoken of as the next Prime Minister.[2] But a pure Floquet Cabinet could not last a month, and I think he will find it very difficult to form a mixed Ministry. He is a self-assertive sort of man, and a vigorous President

[1] M. Flourens won his election and retained his seat for the Hautes Alpes while Lord Lytton was ambassador, though he ceased to be Minister for Foreign Affairs when the Floquet Cabinet came into office in April of this year.

[2] M. Floquet became President of the Council on April 3, 1888, and retained this post till February 22, 1889.

of the Chamber, with a comely, cleverish wife, who seems wound up to play her social part with perfect mechanical precision. . . . I am not yet so well acquainted as I could wish to be with the chief politicians here. But the opportunities of meeting them except on formal official occasions do not often occur. . . . The whole of French society seems to me to have settled down to a lower level and a lower tone since I was last here. . . .

In March Lord Lytton took advantage of what seemed to be "a lull in the current business of the Embassy" to visit his daughter and son-in-law at Arcachon for a few days.

To LADY SALISBURY. *Arcachon, March* 26, 1888.

You send me gold, for which I fear I can only return you copper. But it is "my poverty and not my will" that consents to this unequal exchange.

I have been living the life of a hermit here, but, were I writing from Paris, I think I should be equally newsless. Nothing seems to be stirring there, except the Boulanger affair, which is not particularly edifying.[1]

The man himself seems to be an egregious goose, and a mere tool in the hands of very second-rate political

[1] When M. Rouvier formed a Ministry in May 1887 he declined to take General Boulanger as a colleague, although in the previous Cabinets of M. de Freycinet and M. Goblet he had held the post of War Minister. Instead of office he was given the command of an army corps at Clermont-Ferrand. A "Boulangist movement" was started. He became a popular hero, and the people looked to him to give France her revenge for the disasters of 1870. The Bonapartists sided with him, and even the Comte de Paris encouraged his followers to support him, to the dismay of those royalists who resented Boulanger's treatment of the Duc d'Aumale, whose name he had erased from the Army List when he was War Minister, as part of his Republican campaign against the Orleanist and Bonapartist princes. After various acts of insubordination, and twice coming to Paris without leave, he was deprived of his command early in 1888.

speculators, whom his former Republican friends are beginning to suspect of having been all along Bonapartist agents. Three weeks ago there was a real flutter of alarm about him at the Élysée. Now it is taken for granted that he is *coulé*. I expect to see him turn up again, however. Even a dead dog in a pond does that, and French democracy is a pond in which many nasty things are sure to turn up whenever it is stirred. For the present, however, the Boulanger agitation seems to be collapsing from want of funds. It has added a new word to the French language, and what a word! *Le Boulangisme*. If there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, that step is at least far-reaching; and between "Le Césarisme" and "Le Boulangisme" there has certainly been a vast descent of *everything* in this country from the formidably great to the contemptibly little. Yes, indeed, how significant is the contrast you point out between "this picture and that" when one looks from Paris to Berlin! And to think how many heads have been chopped off, and what gutters have run blood, to produce a Republic of whose history the two most characteristic events are the "*affaire* Wilson"[1] and the "*incident* Boulanger." Meanwhile Floquet is putting great pressure upon the President to prevent the infliction of any severe punishment on Boulanger, in whom he apparently foresees a useful ally at the next elections, if he himself should then be at the head of the Ministry!

In March 1888 the old Emperor William died at the age of ninety-one. He was succeeded by his son, Frederick III., who, while still Crown Prince, had contracted the fatal illness of which he died on June 15, less than three months after he had become Emperor.

[1] A scandal in connection with the sale of decorations which led to the resignation of President Grévy just before Lord Lytton arrived in Paris, December 1887.

To LADY SALISBURY. *Arcachon, March* 1888.

I return to Paris to-morrow, and will write from there, if I find anything going on that is worth writing about. But at present the whole of Europe seems to be watching in hushed suspense the last act of that profoundly sad historical tragedy which is being played out with such heroic pathos in the orangery at Charlottenberg. Is it really true that the Emperor's malady is now proved to be cancer? What malignant fairy has contrived to so envenom all the gifts which the good fairies lavished on him at his birth?

I am greatly touched, my dear *Chefesse*, by the very kind tone in which you ask about my health. My official duties at Paris have hitherto been very light, and the social ones, now subsiding, though a little troublesome at first, would, I feel sure, have seemed trifling to you, whose own are unceasing. But the fact is, I had been feeling increasingly out of sorts for some time before I came to Paris, and my recent sensations there, though in no wise attributable to work at all, had much the same character as those of an overworked man, continual pain and confusion in the head and great general depression. But my fortnight's holiday here has done me a world of good. I must congratulate you on the singularly favourable aspect of all the political omens at home. Goschen's conversion scheme[1] is evidently going to be an immense success. I don't think human ingenuity could have devised a Local Government Bill that would neither provoke Liberal opposition nor yet put any strain upon Conservative support. But when the obligation to deal with subjects

[1] Mr. Goschen's conversion scheme was introduced March 9, 1888, and received the royal assent on March 27. It was intimately connected with the Local Government Bill for England, introduced by Mr. Ritchie, then President of the Local Government Board, on March 19, and passed into law that summer.

of this kind has become unavoidable a bold handling of them is generally the safest. The Devonshire House meeting must, I should think, have been a great disappointment to the Gladstonians. Abroad war looks much less imminent than it was, and I feel thankful for every month added to the time vouchsafed us, before it breaks out, for the improvement of our coast defences and the fortifications of our coaling stations. . . .

To LORD SALISBURY. *Paris, March* 30, 1888.

The Orleanists have issued instructions to their supporters to vote for Boulanger in the Nord on the 15th. The General himself, like a circus rider, is simultaneously mounting more steeds than one. The towns are being told by his supporters that he is the only man capable of reconquering Alsace and Lorraine, whilst the rural populations, who are pacific, are being assured that the Germans so fear him that, by placing him in power, they will effectually prevent France from being attacked, and thus avert the danger of war. The German military attaché believes that up to the present moment Boulanger's bellicose sayings and doings have had no other definite object than the promotion of successful operations—*à la baisse*—by the financial speculators who have invested money in his career. . . . Flourens tells me that twelve months ago the French military attaché at St. Petersburg, on the eve of his return to his post, brought him a sealed letter which he had been charged by General Boulanger, then Minister of War, to deliver to the Emperor of Russia, and asked him whether he was to carry out the General's instructions. At the meeting of the Cabinet on the following day, Boulanger, on being charged by Flourens with this irregularity, declared that the whole story must have been invented by the attaché, and positively denied the existence of the letter, which Flourens had all the while in his pocket!

In April a new French Cabinet was formed, with M. Floquet as premier. M. Flourens was succeeded as Foreign Minister by M. Goblet.

To LADY SALISBURY. *Paris, April* 10, 1888.

Affairs here are certainly in Queer Street. . . . The general expectation is that the Floquet Ministry (which is regarded as a *Ministère de "Grande Duchesse"* [1]) will be sent about its business as soon as the Chambers meet again on the 19th, and the only thing I know of that favours the duration of its days is the proverb that threatened men sometimes live long. Meanwhile Boulanger is waxing fat and kicking very vigorously. His popularity and influence grow apace; and the Parliamentary Republic is so worn out and so unpopular, that I think he has a very good chance of upsetting it: in which case he will probably upset both France and himself into the bargain. So far as I can perceive, the only force at all strong enough to pull down things in a different direction is that of the Socialists and Communards, who may perhaps attempt disturbance if the next Ministry should have courage to refuse further concessions to the Radicals in the Chamber. But the troops, if allowed to act, would make short work with these gentry, and the absence of a Garde Nationale is a great guarantee against revolution from the streets. . . .

Paris has been swarming with English during the Easter week, and now that they are flitting the Paris season is beginning—socially, though not, alas, meteorologically, for the weather is still bitter, and snow has been falling to-day and yesterday. I feel wonderfully better for my holiday at Arcachon, though strongly inclined to agree with Sir George Lewis that human life would be much pleasanter without its amusements. The most interesting thing I have yet seen in the French Chamber, I saw the other day. It was Félix Pyat, the

[1] An allusion to Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* (1867).

old Anarchist, seated up at the very top of the "Mountain," with a flowing white beard, the image of all that is venerable. In the course of the debate, however, he descended from his perch, mounted the tribune, and, addressing the Chamber as "Citoyens," delivered with great seriousness and vehemence a speech which was received with convulsions of laughter. France on her revolutionary course wears out her politicians as fast as an army in a forced march wears out its boots, and already this grim old creature is an anachronism. I had a visit the other day from the Duke of Marlborough, who says that the Government is stronger than ever, and safe for any number of years, that Goschen has cribbed all Randolph's ideas, and that Gladstone is beginning to despond!

As soon as the weather gets really warm and pleasant, when the chestnut-trees bloom in the Champs Élysées, and the voice of the *café chantant* is heard in the land, I do hope that you and Lady Gwendoline will feel a strong springtide impulse to revisit the theatres and studios of this delectable city.

To Lady Betty Balfour. *Paris, April* 25, 1888.

What curious people the French are! They remind me more and more every day of the Græculi of the Roman period. One of the Boulanger "Réclames" which has lately been paraded all about the Boulevards is a huge crucifix with an image of Boulanger affixed to it; Flourens and Tirard, in the character of Roman soldiers, poking spears into him; France below as the *mater dolorosa* weeping, and above the inscription, "Il se relèvera"! Flourens, who lunched here yesterday, told me that last year he had seen at Neuilly an exhibition representing the horrors of Hell—sinners pursued by demons with red-hot pincers, or roasted slowly on spits. The imaginary victims were not lay figures or waxworks, but men and women hired to perform the parts. Of one

lady clad *en tricot*, and bound to a spit which was being slowly turned before a tinsel fire, he inquired if it was very uncomfortable, and she replied, "Not after one has got a little accustomed to the position."

To the Same. British Embassy, Paris, May 15, 1888.

The Hugo Exhibition I thought most curious, and it interested me greatly. It contains the manuscripts of all the plays except *Angelo* and the *Burgraves;* and also the MSS. of *Notre Dame, Les Misérables, La Légende des Siècles, Les Contemplations, et Les Orientales.* Unfortunately these MSS. are under glass cases, so that one can only see the particular page at which they are opened; but if this be a fair specimen of the rest, the MSS. are remarkably free from erasures, and all the alterations they contain are certainly improvements. The MSS. of the plays are written on one side only of pages folded down the middle like official drafts.

Lucrezia Borgia bears its original title of *Un souper à Ferrare.* On the page shown of *Le Roi s'amuse* is a pen-and-ink drawing of *Le dernier bouffon songeant au dernier roi.* Of *L'homme qui Rit* and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* there are numerous illustrations, not attached to the MSS., but separate and framed as pictures, of different sizes, most of them very large, in pen and ink or sepia, some of them slightly tinted. They are exceedingly curious; very like those etchings of Goyot at Knebworth, and also very like the books themselves, full of mystery, horror, distortion, and conspicuous imaginative power; the main feature common to all being tremendous contrasts of light and shadow, impossible towers, lighthouses, cities, castles, cathedrals, rocks, cliffs, precipices, surrounded by impossible oceans, deserts, and storms, winds, rains, clouds—bats, dragons—dwarfs and witches—corpses dangling from gibbets, ships shattered by tempests—all in a weird world of ghostly midnight, fitfully lighted from

mysterious abysses, all sorts of grotesque studies in gloom and glare, which one might fancy done by Rembrandt in a madhouse if Rembrandt had gone mad before he had quite learned how to draw. There are several sketches of Gavroche, the *gamin* of *Les Misérables*, and his ragged little friend. One large pen-and-ink drawing represents a vast wave broken on a vast rock, and across it is written in blood-red letters, "*Ma destinée.*" The whole is very curious, and shows that Hugo was really a seer; what he described he must have vividly seen in his imagination. The page at which the *Légende des Siècles* is opened contains the beginning of *Le Crapaud*. There are also chimney-pieces, boxes, and tables, carved and painted by the poet in a sort of bastard Japanese style.

To the Same. Paris, May 1888.

Your impressions of *Les Misérables* interest me immensely. Both the philosophy and politics of Victor Hugo are beneath contempt, and in the *Misérables* their silliness is absurdly paraded. But there is, I think, a stamp of extraordinary imaginative power in the work which leaves a curiously haunting impression, notwithstanding the innumerable defects of the conception and deformities of the workmanship. The characters are, as you say, fantastic monstrosities, and truth and fitness are continually sacrificed to Hugo's passion for glaring contrasts and striking effects; still, there is, I think, an intensity of imaginative force in the whole production, which continually baffles criticism. Suspend your judgment about Javert till you come to the end of him, which is striking. He is, I think, taken as a whole, the most original character in the book; and Gavroche, too, is a very clever sketch of the *gamin de Paris*. But, O dear, what pretentious pedantry and pompous predication there is all through the book! . . .

And in another letter he writes:—

I entirely agree in every word of your very just criticism of *Les Misérables.* Cosette is a horrid little minx, and Marius a wretched animal. There is no real human character in the book, except perhaps Gavroche, who is at any rate a very striking portrait of the genuine *gamin de Paris.* I can't help thinking that V. Hugo must have begun the *Misérables* without any definite plan, except that of writing a big book to exhibit V. Hugo and preach his gospel, and that he rambled on as the spirit moved him, one episode suggesting another, without any care for continuity or harmony of design. It is a most inartistically put together piece of work, and yet does not Christian verity compel us to admit that it is not more *décousu* and not more destitute of real character than Goethe's *Meister,* which it is the fashion for English critics to extol as a work of consummate art? Neither Philina, nor Mignon, nor Mariana, nor Lothario, nor any of the other characters of *Meister* appear to me to have any genuine human life in them, though only a man of rare genius and a true poet could have conceived either Mignon or Philina. Mme. Machetta, who, I am told, knew V. Hugo intimately, once told me that he said to her, "The only thing Goethe ever wrote of the least value is his *Wallenstein*"; and on her venturing to observe that it was Schiller who wrote *Wallenstein,* he sublimely replied: "Schiller ou Goethe, c'est la même chose, je n'ai jamais lu un mot ni de l'un ni de l'autre; cela ne vaut pas la peine."

To the Same. May 1888.

Only fancy, Mme. Floquet, the wife of the present French Prime Minister, is the granddaughter of Goethe's Lotte, the Charlotte of the *Sorrows of Werther.* I asked her about her grandparents the other day, and

she told me she has all the correspondence between Charlotte, Kestner, and Goethe, which she has promised to show me! Klaczko,[1] quite unexpectedly, arrived here yesterday, and lunched with us. He was looking very well and in good feather. He gave me an interesting account of a recent interview between Bismarck and the Archduke Rudolph. B. said to the Duke: "You may tell your Government when you return to Vienna that nothing is changed in German policy. I am quite strong enough to deal single-handed *avec ces jupons* (meaning the Empress) *et au besoin j'appellerai au parlement!*" K. says, however, that B. was in a dog's humour, foreseeing that he will no longer be able to govern Europe from the solitudes of Varzin, but have to be at Berlin constantly looking after the young Emperor William, who will not be easy to manage, and who cannot exert over the minor German sovereigns an influence comparable to that of his grandfather and father. As for the Empress, K. says her position at Berlin is no better than that of Marie Antoinette at Paris before the Revolution, and that after the death of her husband it will become intolerable. . . . I have for the last few days been enjoying better health than I have known for many years. What a delicious sensation it is! I don't know whether it will last. It seems too good for that, but at any rate it is a great boon, and a satisfaction to feel, on comparing my present with my recent sensations, that I was not a *malade imaginaire*, and that the difference between them is a real one.

To the Same. Paris, May 28, 1888.

I cannot say what an immense sense of relief I have felt in reading the thrice welcome good news of Gerald in your last letter to Con. Till now, reading between the lines of even your most cheerful letters has set my heart aching to the core. For I could see what a world

[1] Author of *Les Deux Chanceliers.*

of unuttered trouble there was in your own loving heart. I longed to let you know how keenly I was feeling for you and with you. And yet my sympathy has only prolonged my silence, for, on the one hand, I dreaded lest I should deepen your anxieties by confessing how much I shared them, and, on the other, every word of encouragement I tried to write seemed to me, as soon as I had written it, to take that aggravating tone of superficially cheerful exhortation from which I have so often winced when it was applied to myself, and of which Browning has so well described the effect in those lines of his "Villa":[1]—

> Never say—as something bodes—
> "So, the worst has yet a worse!"
> When life halts 'neath double loads,
> Better the taskmaster's curse
> Than such music on the roads!

Now at last I can join with all my heart in your psalm of thanksgiving, and I feel like those in the rear of Xenophon's little army when they heard the cry of Thalatta! . . .

My official duties have not lately been very interesting, the chief subjects of them being sugar and bottled wines, but then neither have they been at all heavy. My laziness has become inveterate, and I do as little work of any kind as I possibly can. I had a sudden impulse about a week ago to recast my little story of *The Ring of Amasis*, but only did one chapter of it, and have now put it aside indefinitely, for I feel that any odds and ends of time I can spare must be given to that confounded Glasgow address.[2] . . .

Randolph, who lunched here last week, wasted an hour in trying to convince me that "Balfourism," as he calls it, is now played out, and that the time is come for "a generous policy" to Ireland!

[1] "A Serenade at the Villa."

[2] Lord Lytton had had the honour to be elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University in the winter of 1887. Thirty-two years previously his father had received the same honour.

I have made with Flourens the ascent of the Tour Eiffel, or at least of one-third of it which is now completed. The climb was easy, and the view and the air at the end of it really delightful. Stephen was of the party. . . .

To LADY SALISBURY. *Paris, May* 27, 1888.

MY DEAR LADY SALISBURY,—I am afraid I have been a very bad correspondent lately, but I was hoping for a sight of you here at Whitsuntide, and I feel angry with the fine weather for having come without you. Certainly the weather is just now most enjoyable, and Paris looking at its very best and prettiest. It is also swarming with all sorts and conditions of countrymen and countrywomen. . . . The French, if the Fates allow them to celebrate the glorious principles of their great Revolution next year, will at least be able to do so with nearly all the appropriate accessories. They have constructed on the *Champ de Mars* a sham *Bastille*. Clémenceau has just provided them with a *Club des Jacobins* (also rather a sham), the Government has furnished a very genuine financial deficit, Boulanger promises them a *Constituante*, and nothing in the way of historical colouring remains to be provided for but the guillotine and the foreign invader. The new *Bastille* on the Champ de Mars is in the style of "Old London" at South Kensington, but not so good. There is, however, a very effective panorama of the taking of the *Bastille* to be seen in the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, and the latter exhibition includes sundry waxwork representations of the most horrible tortures, all represented as taking place at the *Bastille* under clerical supervision. *Voilà comme on écrit l'histoire!* These exhibitions seem to be a new form of political education for the population of Paris. . . .

Lord Acton, who passed through here a few days ago on his way to Ischl, told me that his clerical friends in

France, who are all working for Boulanger, are very sanguine of success, and my own impression is that Clémenceau's "*Société des droits de l'homme*" will strengthen the Boulangist cause by overwhelming the moderate Republican and frightening the peasantry and the *petite bourgeoisie*. Amongst the Royalists, however, there seems to be something like a small split on the subject of the attitude of the party towards Boulanger. The great majority of them are all for making common cause with him, and Breteuil is, with the sanction of the Comte de Paris, in active negotiations with the ex-general under the pleasing impression that Boulanger can be induced, for an adequate consideration, to play the part of Monk when the right moment arises. The conspirators meet nightly at the house of Count Dillon in the Bois de Boulogne. . . .

My Persian colleague is enthusiastic over the Shah's recent edict about life and property in Persia—says it is a really important event, will have a great effect in Persia, and considerably increase the prestige of the English Mission at Teheran. . . . The *Salon* is hideous, and a ghastly assemblage of deformed and cholera-coloured nudities, interspersed with landscapes which look as if the sun had gone out of nature, and portraits of raw legs of mutton and oysters, which are speaking likenesses. But everybody tells me that this year's *Salon* is much better than the two preceding ones.—Ever, dear *Chefesse*, most faithfully yours, LYTTON.

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR. *June* 8.

Paris is looking lovely, and the weather here is enjoyable—quite Italian. Miss X. has executed a ghastly portrait of Con in coloured chalks. Never was a poor girl's head taken off in a more barbarous manner. But women are so cruel to each other.

To the Same. Paris, June 13, 1888.

What you say about the absence of any perceptible influence from the Old Testament upon the religious life and art of the Middle Ages is exceedingly true, and I am struck by your notice of it. In relation to the modern world the place accorded to the Old Testament by Christianity was really the work of Protestantism. Was it not part of the revolution effected by Luther's Bible? Till then the traces of Old Testament ideas on the mind of Christendom seem faint and few, although with the Renaissance they are, I think, very noticeable in Michael Angelo. I suspect that the Old Testament was to him very much what Shakespeare was to the founders of the Romantic School in France and Germany. You have opened a theme on which one might write volumes, but time fails me to discuss with you even a fraction of all that your remarks suggest. . . . By the way, I received this morning (from friend Grahame of Glasgow fame) a magazine called the *Scots Review*, containing the first of what seems intended to be two articles on my *Legends of Exile*, and I am greatly pleased by it. It is a really serious and thoughtful criticism of the poems, and the critic has thoroughly entered into the spirit of them. I don't know who he is, but I wish his criticism could have appeared in some better known and more authoritative periodical.

The review of the *Legends of Exile* in the *Scots Magazine* was anonymously written by his son-in-law, Gerald Balfour. When the second part appeared he immediately guessed the authorship, and was both pleased and disappointed — disappointed that the insight and appreciation of the review had not come from some new source, and a critic not personally known to him; pleased because that same insight and sympathy was scarcely less welcome from his daughter's husband.

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR. *June* 1888.

I must do my best to fulfil a promise made to Mother that I would write you some account of a long visit I paid a few days ago to the Salpétrière, which, as I think you know already, is a hospital devoted to the *hypnotic* treatment of hysterical patients. There are at present six thousand women there, all under this treatment. I wish I had your gift of description; but, not having it, I should fatigue without enlightening you if I attempted to do more than mention briefly some two or three of the most interesting of the many things I saw and heard there.

Firstly, the doctor informed me as a matter of fact, which I think noteworthy, that in every case of *genuine* hysteria there is *invariably* some part of the patient's body which is *absolutely insensible.* In the great majority of cases (and in all those that were shown to me) this insensibility extends to one entire half of the body—that is to say, the whole of the right or the whole of the left side. But in *all* cases there is some spot—it may be only a finger, or a finger-joint, or a point on any other part of the body no bigger than a shilling piece—which in the normal condition of the patient is quite impervious to sensation. And this is so invariable that it is now the established test of hysteria. All the other known symptoms of hysteria may coexist, but in the absence of this one invariable symptom, their co-existence does not constitute a genuine case of hysteria, and the malady must be otherwise classified and treated.

Now, if my recollection does not mislead me, this is precisely the peculiarity (*i.e.* absence of sensibility in some one part or parts of the body) which used to be regarded as the distinguishing mark of a genuine witch, and which was taken as a test of witchcraft in many of the witch trials. If so, the fact is curiously suggestive.

One phenomenon common to all the cases I witnessed

was that after being waked from the hypnotic sleep the patient would, in her perfectly normal and natural condition, perform *proprio motu* any act, or retain any impression, suggested to her in the hypnotic stage, although apparently she retained no recollection whatever of the suggestion, or of anything else that had passed in that stage. The following are a few illustrations out of many more which I witnessed:—

1. One girl, whilst in the hypnotic sleep, was told that after being waked from it she was to kiss my hand. She was a very modest-looking girl. When restored to consciousness she soon got up from her chair and began to fidget about me, looking very embarrassed, and as if a great struggle of the will was going on within her. At last she fixed her eyes on my hand and said, "Oh, what a beautiful ring you have!" I said, "Yes; it is a turquoise." "May I look at it?" "Certainly."

She took my hand in hers, glanced shyly at the ring, then suddenly raised my hand to her lips, kissed it, and dropped it at once, blushing scarlet to the roots of her hair, and recoiling as she said faintly, "O sir, forgive me! I couldn't help it."

2. Another case with another girl.

On consultation between us as to what she should be told to do, the Marquis de Breteuil, who was with me, said to the doctor, "I will leave my watch on yonder table. Tell her that when she has been waked she is to steal it."

The doctor then gave this instruction to the girl, who at once wrung her hands and protested pathetically against it.

"Pray—pray don't ask me to do that! I can't do it. I can't—I can't! I never did such a thing in my life. It is impossible. Indeed—indeed I can't do it. Oh, anything but that!"

"But you must do it."

"I won't—I can't—I won't!"

"You will!"

(After a long struggle)—"Very well. It's all right; I'll do it."

The girl was then waked; we talked with her about indifferent things. After a little while she got restless, walked about the room, talking rapidly as if to distract attention, furtively approached the table, leaned her back carelessly against it, slid her hand behind her back, and with great swiftness and dexterity passed the watch into the hand of the doctor. The doctor, a few minutes later (while the girl was talking to us with a sort of hysterical vivacity, and obviously still feeling very uncomfortable about what she had done), slipped it into the pocket of her apron, without her perceiving it. I then asked de Breteuil to give me the time. He looks for his watch; it is gone. I remind him that he left it on the table. We look for it; watch not there. Girl very nervous, very red; asserts with earnestness that he must have left it at home. Self, doctor, and Breteuil: "No, no; we all saw it on that table." Doctor then insists on locking the doors and ordering general search. Girl in agony of terror; we all go through the prescribed formula. Watch found in girl's pocket. Girl appears stunned. Doctor appeals to de Breteuil not to disgrace establishment by sending for police, girl's first fault, &c. Girl furious, indignant. Has done nothing that needs forgiveness, honest girl; doctor and all who know her must know her to be incapable of such a mean crime; can't account for watch in her pocket. Victim of some mystification. Knows she has been asleep; somebody must have played this cruel trick on her, &c., and finally bursts into a passionate paroxysm of tears.

It is only fair to mention that in each case of this kind the painful impressions of the patient could be at once removed by a touch or a breath on the forehead.

Here are two other cases, of a somewhat different character, with two other girls.

3. Girl in hypnotic state. Doctor shows her the back of one of de Breteuil's visiting-cards, and says,

"Do you think this photograph a good likeness of Monsieur le Marquis?" Girl says "Yes," and discusses with us the details of the imaginary photograph. Then I and de B. withdraw and make an imperceptible pencil mark (that we may know it again) on the other side of the card, which is replaced with the others in de B.'s card-case. Girl awaked. De B. says he has had himself photographed on the back of one of his visiting-cards, but he forgets which; the entire set of cards, with their backs uppermost, are handed to the girl. She looks through them, without turning them over or appearing to examine them, and exclaims, "Oh yes, here is your photograph, and a very good one it is." We examine the card she has selected, and find it to be the one we marked. The doctor avers that this illusion (if not removed by any special intervention of his) will last for a year, and that at any time within the next twelve months the girl will always see a photograph on the back of that card whenever she looks at it. We repeated this experiment two or three times with different patients. But on one occasion the doctor forgot to *wake* the patient before he handed her the cards a second time, and in the *hypnotic* state he was unable to produce the second desirable vision. It only occurs *after* the patient is awaked, and *while* she is in a normal condition. That is the curious thing about it.

4. One girl, whilst in the hypnotic state, was told that on awaking she would be unable to see me. When awaked she asked where I was; the doctor said I had left the room while she was asleep. She asked if I was coming back. He could not say. She remarked that it was not very "gentil" of me to have gone without bidding her good-bye. "But," said I, "here I am; look at me." She took no notice of my voice—did not seem to hear it. I went close up to her and shouted. No notice. I seemed to be not only invisible but also inaudible to her. I then touched her arm; she shrank away with a look of disgust and terror. "What is the

matter?" asked the doctor; and she—"I don't know; a horrid sensation, as if something was pursuing me. I feel very uncomfortable."

One last case (and I have done) of Thought Transference.

A girl in the hypnotic condition was placed in a chair; the doctor asked me what idea he should suggest to her. I said, "That of being present at a conflagration." He whispered this to her. She made no reply, and did not seem at all disturbed or alarmed, but remained in a perfectly placid slumber. He said, however, that this was enough. Another girl was then sent for; she was fetched out of the garden outside, where she could have heard and seen nothing of all this, and placed in another chair, with her back to the first, the two heads touching. She was then hypnotised. In a few minutes she began to scream and struggle as if in great terror.

"What is the matter?"

"The room is on fire—the fire is getting quite close, and I can't move. For God's sake take me away; save me; I am suffocating, burning, sir."

She was waked instantly.

In connection with this case I must mention another which I did not see, but which the doctor quite seriously described to me. Last year he said he had taken a *male* hysterical patient, hypnotised him, and, while the man was in that condition, he wrote upon the man's arm, *with his finger*, the man's name—that is to say, he just traced the letters of the name with the tip of his finger on the man's arm, using no ink or marking stuff of any kind—and said to the man, "At eleven o'clock to-night the word I have now traced with my finger will come out upon your arm in letters of blood." The man was then waked, apparently retaining no recollection of what had been said to him in his sleep.

At ten o'clock P.M. he complained that his arm was pricking, itching, and burning. The arm was stripped and found to be very red and swollen on one spot. It

got more and more painful and inflamed. At eleven o'clock the blood started and oozed through the pores of the skin, in lines which exactly reproduced the letters of the man's name, in the doctor's handwriting.

Assume that the truth of this story can be substantiated, and here you have in one all the legends of the *stigmata*. For the affection of the mind produced *ab extra* by the doctor you have only to substitute an affection of the mind induced *ab intra* by a strong monomania acting on an hysterical temperament, and in both cases the same physical results occur.

I am told that there are at the Salpétrière several cases of hysteria exhibiting all the reported phenomena of demoniacal possession. But I have not time to comment on these curious facts, nor to mention some others I saw produced by the employment of strong magnets. Strange to say, all the female patients I saw there looked very healthful and cheerful.

Boulanger had been triumphantly elected to the French Chamber for the Department of the Nord. He, however, found his party in a minority there; nor was he successful as an orator. A scene in the Chamber, provoked by him, led to his resigning his seat and fighting a duel with M. Floquet, in which he was worsted and wounded in the throat. Nevertheless, constituencies vied with each other in selecting him as their representative, and in January 1889 he was returned for one of the *Arrondissements* of Paris by an overwhelming majority.

To Mr. Justice Stephen. *Paris, July* 17, 1888.

I think you will have been amused by the reports of the Boulanger duel, which came off just after my return to Paris. I don't think it yet possible to guess what will be the practical effect of it on the political prospects of the *Brav' Général*. The next election will

show. But one would suppose that to be worsted in sword-fence by a *Pékin*, and stuck in the throat like a pig by a fat civilian, would not redound to the credit of a military hero, and that the *vox populi* would say to him, "You silly man, you don't even understand your own silly trade." French sentiment, however, is incalculable. . . . The Parisian populace seems to care nothing about this or any other political event. Nothing struck me more on the 14th of July than the extreme apathy of the crowd, and the total absence of anything like enthusiasm for or against any political personage.

To the Same. Knebworth, Saturday, September 8, 1888.

Your delightful letter of the 22nd, my dearest Stephen, must have reached Samaden[1] the day I left that horrible place. It followed me to Bellagio, and thence to Lugano, whence I ought to have answered it. But the one day we passed at Lugano ("We" being the Balfours, my daughter Constance, and myself) was a day in ten thousand as regards the delightfulness of the weather, and the place was so lovely, and I was feeling so unusually well, that the temptations to idleness were irresistible, and with my three companions I "lost and neglected the creeping hours of time," wandering about the shores of the beautiful lake, and the streets of the picturesque little town, under a cloudless sky, in a warm, soft air, each breath of which was pure enjoyment after the inclement harshness of the Engadine. . . .

What you tell me of Grant Duff's journal has interested me greatly. He is in his way a very remarkable man; and if there were in him as much fire as there is fuel, he would be a very great man, for I think I never knew any one with so keen an appetite for indiscriminate information. . . .

I have always thought *Zanoni* one of my father's best,

[1] In the Engadine, where he and his daughter Constance had joined the Gerald Balfours.

and in some respects his most beautiful work. There is certainly not one of his contemporaries who could have written, or conceived, anything like it. But I think it should be read and judged as a poetical romance rather than as a novel, if at least it be, as I should say, the function of a novel to represent actual life, or the possibilities of actual life, whether in the past or the present. From that point of view, *Gil Blas* seems to me the Bible of novels, the typical book of its kind, whereas I should not call *Don Quixote* a novel at all, although as a work of genius I rate it much higher. The common fault of my father's books, and I think it is the one which most jars on the taste of the present generation, is a want of simplicity in style—a certain tendency to stilted grandiloquence. This is less out of place, and I also think there is less of it, in *Zanoni*, a story in which the characters and incidents are mainly supernatural and more or less allegorical. And all the first part of the book—the scenes in Italy, the picture of the old fiddler and his daughter, Megnour, Zanoni, the dweller on the threshold, the young painter, &c. &c.—seems to me as good of its kind as could possibly be; but to my mind the book falls off, and much of its charm goes, when it gets into the French Revolution.

Yes, the Italian language is so wonderfully easy that I have never succeeded in learning it, as I find that I can read almost every Italian book without learning the language, and I don't know any Italian book which has excited in me any strong wish to understand it better than I do, except perhaps Machiavelli's *Prince*, or Marco Polo, if he were not so well translated. Dante has always seemed to me highly overrated as a poet. Petrarch is pure artificiality. Boccaccio I think I enjoy the most, though my enjoyment of him is languid. Corte [1] has real fun, and his metre is admirably managed,

[1] I cannot identify this name, which may have been incorrectly transcribed. It may refer to Corte-Real the Italian poet, or to Pulci the Portuguese poet, whose *Morgante Maggiore* was translated by Byron.

but a little of him goes a long way. Tasso is sugar and water; Metastasio, treacle and glue. Ariosto I relished when I first read him, but I find it as impossible to re-read him as to re-read Spenser's "Fairy Queen" without being bored at the end of half-an-hour. Leopardi's pessimism soon becomes monotonous. The *Promessi Sposi* is unreadable, and Guicciardini as dull as ditch water. . . .

Goschen tells me that although nothing could be more staunch and loyal than the support given to the Government by its Liberal Unionist allies, yet the necessity of submitting its policy and intentions on all critical questions to the preliminary consideration of those allies, and thus practically working with two Cabinets, more or less independent of each other, has proved to be a serious inconvenience and a constant source of weakness to the Government, and he appears to be convinced that the Liberal Unionists cannot exist much longer as a separate party, but must be either absorbed or extinguished. What a curious, and on the whole wonderful, history is that of the Whigs! I am not familiar with the history of the Italian States, but I should doubt if there has ever been in any free State a political party with a record comparable to the Government of England by the great Whig houses. And yet how paradoxical has been the character and conduct of that party, and how thoroughly artificial all the conditions of its existence! Its career has been, in the main deservedly, identified with the enlightenment and the liberty of the nation, yet never were the individual members of a powerful oligarchy so crop-full of personal prejudices, or so fastidiously and arrogantly exclusive in all their social habits and traditions. The history of its administration has been one of deliberate willing progress towards democracy; yet never was a party so inveterately aristocratic in its composition and habits of thought. Providence must have been in a satirical humour when it selected as its instrument for the

unification of the German races the Prussian, which is the most repellent and unassimilative of them all, and the Whigs for the popular party in England. But with what consummate ability have the Whigs continued for generations to make the Radicals of all sorts their faithful and useful allies, whilst systematically keeping them out of power and in a position of political subserviency! If the Whigs had not, in their senility, committed the capital error of entrusting the leadership of their party to Gladstone, an outsider, and if he had had no personal motive for betraying them to the Radicals, even now they would have probably remained the ruling power in England. I have no doubt it was a wise instinct of self-preservation which dictated the policy of making every Whig Cabinet a family party, and admitting none but born Whigs to the higher offices. But the most wonderful *tour de force* is that in a generation born since 1831 they should have so long and so successfully played the part of the popular party, the party instinctively supported by all the *parvenus* and *roturiers*, without surrendering an atom of their social exclusiveness and family *morgue*. . . .

No part of your letter has interested me more than what you say about the Wandering Jew, and for this very personal reason. I have for years been and still am (in acknowledged intervals of hallucination) haunted by the notion of the Wandering Jew as a subject, not for a novel, which I should be quite incapable of writing, but for a poem, which is more in my line, and would come easier to me. But never yet have I been able to give a plastic form to the idea which has presented a satisfactory appearance to my own imagination. All my first attempts were in the direction of the serious, the grandiose, and the historic-philosophical, and naturally they spread away into limitless space and lost themselves in the lands of abstraction. Indeed I suspect that the chief difficulty of the subject lies in the ambitious conceptions it suggests of vast historical pictures,

and "the purpose of the ages," and "the progress of the suns," and sons, *et cetera ad infinitum*. That seems to me the bog in which Edgar Quinet has floundered in his *Ahasuerus* (did you ever happen to read it?). Then, taking just one episode, or one aspect of such a life as the Wandering Jew's, and trying to give it some sort of concrete substance, or at any rate a dramatic movement with a plain human interest sufficiently in harmony with the mysterious and shadowy proportions of the main figure or actor, I found fresh snares and difficulties in the purely sensational and melodramatic suggestiveness of such a subject, which, if exclusively followed, might lead straight to the shilling gallery, and not an inch further. My latest notion was to treat the Wandering Jew, from a more or less comic point of view, as a sort of pretext for a satire, not very serious or pretentious, the fantastic form of which might save it from being too dogmatic—somewhat, for instance, after the following fashion.

Opening scene—A fair. An old man with a long beard and gabardine, &c., is playing about the streets an odd sort of barrel-organ, surmounted by a tiny theatre in which are puppets wonderfully made, which dance and do all sorts of things, in accordance with their characters, to the music from the organ.

The organ-player, the organ, the puppets, the music they move to, all are strange, extraordinary, and all countries and all ages are represented by the puppets.

The author (who tells what he saw) is attracted, fascinated, divines a mystery; he tries to approach the old man and converse with him. Difficulties and hindrances. One evening the old man is insulted and maltreated by the crowd; rescued by the author, is grateful. Confidences ensue. The old man is the Wandering Jew. Power has been given him to revive the dead, as he remembers them, in the form of puppets, and to make them act on his little stage a sort of mimic history. All the ages pop in this way through his barrel-

organ. The living also can, if they will, enter the organ (and thus see it from the inside under a totally different aspect) upon certain conditions. He who would fulfil these conditions must do something sufficiently unreasonable to ensure his incarceration in a madhouse; so long as his body remains in the madhouse (he being then out of his mind) his mind will inhabit the organ, and *vice versâ*. The result of this arrangement is that nobody can reveal the secret of what he has seen in the organ, for if he did he would be treated as insane and again shut up. Thus each visitor to the organ has the strongest inducement to keep his own counsel about it, and its secret has never transpired, although it does sometimes happen that in actual life some persons tacitly recognise each other as having met before in the organ. Hocus-pocus scene.

The author enters the organ. He is astonished to find there many of his most eminent contemporaries—statesmen consulting Richelieu and Burleigh; legislators and judges disputing with Solon and Solomon (Beccaria, too, if you please!), orators with Demosthenes and Cicero, actors with Garrick and Talma, generals with Alexander and Hannibal; Gladstone vainly trying to find Homer, in order that he may put him right about Helen, &c. Seen from inside the organ is a limitless labyrinth, and its inmates very real persons. One day, strolling down one of its avenues, the author, perceiving a secret door, and a man who furtively approaches it with the look of a person who is going to a confidential rendezvous, stalks the stranger, and on another occasion catches him coming out of the door behind which he has been talking with a Mogul emperor. Just as he is going to cut off the stranger's retreat he is forestalled by an impudent little man, who had been also stalking the stranger, and now pounces on him, exclaiming, "Aha, my Lord Beaconsfield, I've found you out at last. I've long had my suspicions about you."

Disraeli. These reporters are intolerable!

The Interviewer. Never fear, my lord; if I reported our interview, what journal would publish it? We both of us know the conditions of admission to this garden of Armida. As for me, I am a Parisian, and therefore not expected to be reasonable. My present address is Charenton. What excites my curiosity is not that you should be here, nor in such company, but what will your Parliament say, your Press, your colleagues even, when they know it? For in a free country like yours, of course, no secret can be kept. Will not the—what shall we call it—the prejudice of your countrymen then deprive you of your office?

Disraeli. You seem, sir, to be ignorant of the sad privilege enjoyed by statesmen.

Interviewer. My lord, I am a democrat, and acknowledge no privileges.

Disraeli. Yet you addressed me just now by a title, which is one.

Interviewer. A slip of the tongue. Even my illustrious fellow-citizen Floquet has sometimes compromised his principles by a casual politeness.

Disraeli. Know, then, that he who is master here, yours and mine, enabled by a long experience of the world, and a profound knowledge of mankind, to set a just value on all human actions, has decided that the man who devotes himself to providing for the safety of his country, with the certainty of being requited by the ingratitude of those he tries to serve, has done a thing so unreasonable as to dispense him from having to produce a medical certificate of insanity. And, so saying, the late leader of the Conservative Party disappeared behind the door, carrying with him—for future use—a secret of the past.

And so on, scenes and persons variable *ad libitum.* Do you think anything amusing, suggestive, or picturesque could be made out of such a notion as this? . . .

I am so glad to think you are having, and I trust enjoying, what is, I suppose, the nearest approach to

a holiday compatible with your almost supernatural intellectual activity. But the recital of your recreations takes my breath away—rewriting or rearranging such a closely packed storehouse of thought and research as your work on Criminal Law, and at the same time learning a language and reading up its literature. . . .

To the Same. Knebworth, September 23, 1888.

I went the other day with my wife and boy to see the adventurous Baldwin descend in his parachute. We were introduced to him in a little tent, where we found him sucking a raw lemon, and looking himself rather lemon-coloured, just before he went up. He came down, however, quite safely, hanging by his arms from the machine all the while. He seemed an intelligent man, not bad-looking, about thirty years of age, I should say. The wife was present, and there was a Hector and Andromache parting between them when he started on his voyage, which is, I am told, part of the invariable programme.

To PROFESSOR NICHOL (*with whom he had been in correspondence in connection with his Glasgow address*).

KNEBWORTH.

. . . Your objection to my use of the word *parvenu* in speaking of Bacon is perfectly just. The ordinary sense of the word is wholly different from what I meant. Of course, in that sense, Bacon was no more a parvenu than Walsingham or Cecil. All I meant to imply was that he might have been a greater man if he had not had to pass the greater part of his life in making his way to a great position by all available means. I have often wondered what Lord Beaconsfield might have been if his career could have started within closer reach of the position to which it ultimately attained. His youth

was passed in forcing his own way to the front, under conditions far more hostile than any which could hamper and retard a similar career now that the reign of the ruling houses is over. His manhood was passed in keeping together, and in heart, a party condemned to a long exclusion from office, and very barren of first-class political ability. And when at last he attained to a position of power and influence which enabled him to devote all his attention to really Imperial interests, his constitution was broken and his life nearly at an end.

Now, I must thank you again for the two books you have sent me. The *Hannibal* came first, the *American Literature* not till some weeks later. But it is the last arrival which I have first read.

. . . Last night, or rather in the small hours of this morning, I finished your historical sketch of *American Literature*, and I am too full of it to delay writing to you about it. The subject of it is one in which I was interested beforehand, and as it is treated, most conveniently, in compartments, some of them with titles which attracted me more than others, I fancied that I should do less injustice to it by desultory reading. But the book has interested me so keenly that, having once opened it, intending only to dip into it, I could not lay it down till I had got to the end of it. It is a long time since any novel has interested me half as much or kept me at a stretch so long on the alert. I have been up with it all night. It is delightfully written, and the style, at once dignified and entertaining, never bores or fatigues. Your critical verdicts—though perhaps one or two of them are rather more favourable than mine would be—are all marked by a rare impartiality and conscientious determination to be just; and of your general principles of criticism, and the frequent aphorisms in which they are packed, I can only say that I wish we had more of them. *Inter alia*, "Description is the pony on which beginners learn to ride" is delicious.

That part of your book, however, which I have read

with the completest and liveliest satisfaction is its reference to the Civil War, and the character and causes of that great conflict. To this day, I am persuaded that in your knowledge of these you represent a very small minority of our countrymen, and that not one Englishman in a hundred, or even in a thousand, understands the A B C of the case. The event itself, as regards contemporary English opinion about it, was an alarming revelation of the incapacity of English politicians to understand even the most elementary conditions of any foreign situations. Gladstone's total ignorance of the facts and misconception of the forces in action were most characteristic of the man. It is quite refreshing to me to come across such utterances as yours on this subject, for they are indicative of habitual ways of forming opinion on political phenomena which are certainly not common. The American Civil War, I think, makes a very good test object for trying political lenses. . . .

What you say in praise of Longfellow I think true and well deserved as far as it goes. Indeed I don't think I would seriously question any of your eulogies, and I admit that they are largely qualified, whilst certainly his indisputable popularity justifies the space you have devoted to him. Still, though I can't stop here to defend in detail my less favourable estimate, I feel that you rate Longfellow much higher on the whole than I do. I can see in him nothing more than cultivated, amiable, successful mediocrity of mind and art. He seems to me entirely destitute of creative power, which indeed you admit; but, moreover, I don't think he marks any really important epoch in American literature, because, although he has dealt with plenty of local subjects (as in *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, &c.), there is scarcely a line he has written which—in relation to the writer's way of thinking and feeling, or viewing and describing things—might not have been written by a European poet, and I should say a second-rate European poet. Could there be a greater jumble of thought and

imagery than in the following lines from his popular "Psalm of Life"?

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We may make our lives *sublime*,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the *sands of time*;—
>
> Footprints which, perchance, another,
> *Sailing* o'er life's *solemn* main,
> Some forlorn and *shipwreck'd* brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again."

In the first place, it is not true that because great men have risen to sublimity *all* men may do so, if they will but try. That is a democratic fallacy, and just of the kind that is hateful because it is so sure to be applauded as a sweet truth by οἱ πολλοί. But let it pass. How can a footprint on the sand (the most evanescent of traces on the flattest of surfaces) be *sublime?* How can a man who is sailing on the sea see a footprint on the sand? How can he be simultaneously sailing and shipwrecked? And how can a sea be *solemn* if it is in a condition to cause shipwreck? I have no quarrel with confusion of thought and imagery when a poet is straining on tiptoe to catch by the skirt some rare and shadowy idea as it flits by swiftly on the horizon of thought. But here all the ideas are thoroughly common and trivial; they cannot have been impatient travellers hasting to be gone, and would surely have sat any length of time for a better likeness—to so careful and painstaking an artist, too! I own also that Longfellow's inveterate habit of moral tags and "Thus we see's" irritates me. It is as if the chief function of the whole universe was to suggest to a torpid imagination trivial parables about the commonest results of universal experience. And the aggravating thing is that it is on these banalities, aided perhaps by the winning sweetness of his personal character, that the secret of his popularity appears to lurk. About Lowell we seem to be in

complete accord. You have been very respectful and very generous in your notice of him, but I fancy (am I wrong?) it went a little against collar with you. He is such a well-known, conspicuous, and in some ways many-sided, personage in the contemporary world of letters and politics, that his name claims a fuller notice than I should say his literary work would otherwise require. His *Biglow Papers* seem to me his best things. But there is a certain self-complacency in the tone of all his writings and all his judgments about men and things that seems to me unjustified by the perceptible superiority of his own genius. On the other hand, I think that Edgar Poe deserves a somewhat more elaborate notice than you have given him. Poe and Hawthorne seem to me *facile princeps* the most original, and therefore the most important, in a certain sense, of American writers. They stand apart from, and in some respects above, all others; Hawthorne, of course, at a much higher altitude than Poe. To the formation of neither genius, however, has Europe, so far as I can see, perceptibly contributed much; and although Poe's verse is very far from being as good as it is striking and curious, still it seems to me the genuine outcome, free from all affectation, of a very original imagination and faculty, which resembles nothing else in the literature of his own country or of others. I am delighted with your subtle and discriminating criticism of Hawthorne, of whose genius I have had ever since boyhood an admiration which time has not diminished. His works charm me still as much as they did when I first read them. But as works of art I should place the best of the small tales very much above any of the romances—even the *Scarlet Letter*. I should, however, have been puzzled to give an intelligible reason for the preference if I had not read your criticism, which suggests, I think, a rational explanation of it. Hawthorne's genius has, indeed, for me so singular a fascination that I find it difficult to speak of his works critically. I am conscious

that my impressions of them are all of a more or less *mi piace* character. But I should be inclined to reckon him the greatest literary genius that America has yet produced. The reach of his imagination and the fineness of its quality transcend those of all the other writers of American fiction known to me. Where he falls short, of course, is in the creation of character. His *dramatis personæ* are types, and symbols of psychological problems, rather than human beings. But as regards all the other departments of American literature, Prescott and Motley in the historical, and Emerson in the philosophical, are certainly not so unique as Hawthorne is in his own. Your criticism of Emerson seems to me excellent. I think his style affected, and too self-conscious to be good. He is always trying to startle, and his monotonous stream of small electric shocks becomes fatiguing. Besides, there is a trick in it so systematically repeated that you can't help finding it out, and then the whole effect of it appears charlatanic. His writing also seems to me, like Jean Paul's, to consist too much of the promiscuous sweepings out of carefully made and kept commonplace books, as if the theme treated were little more than a pretext for stringing together *bon-mots* which do not spontaneously grow out of it. What seems to be Carlyle's affectations are relieved and redeemed by one thoroughly genuine quality of his mind, a quality which no man can affect—its *humour*. But of humour Emerson is quite destitute. Nevertheless he is undoubtedly a very stirring and suggestive writer; and I feel that I am not now competent to judge him fairly, for he is one of those writers whose influence I have outgrown. We are always unjust to our worn-out idols. Your condemnation of Walt Whitman is well deserved. But I think it is delivered in terms too merciful, and with admission of "extenuating circumstances" which I cannot recognise. To me he seems an impudent, blatant impostor, who deserves no serious consideration from the guardians of literature. Your book has interested

me by its criticisms not only of the writers I know, but also of many others—of some of whom I know nothing (*e.g.* Brockden Brown and Thoreau), whilst with the rest I am but very slightly acquainted; among the last come the American humorists. But I am greatly pleased to find by your review of them that if I knew them better my impressions of them would in all probability remain unaltered. Only two of them give me any pleasure, and that not much—Artemus Ward and Bret Harte. The former has a genial, unpretentious oddity which I enjoy, and the latter genuine pathos, though I think it runs in a thin vein which does not run very far. Mark Twain is antipathetic to me, and Hans Breitmann odious. American humorists, however, such as they are, appear to me to represent the most thoroughly national and original department of American literature. There is not an echo of Europe in any one of them. By the way, in your notice of the minor American writers there is one I miss. Do you know anything of the short tales of O'Brien? One feels they could not have been written if Hawthorne, Poe, and Hoffmann had not gone before, but I have read them with a good deal of pleasure, and think the best of them very curious and striking. *The Lost Room*, for instance, and *The Golden Ingot* impressed me greatly. . . .

On the 9th of November 1888 Lord Lytton delivered his rectorial address to the students of Glasgow in the Bute Hall. It was the only occasion, I believe, on which he visited a Scottish university or addressed a Scottish audience. The Principal of the University was that year Dr. Caird. The subject of the address was International Morality. He did not read, but spoke the whole of it by heart, which gave him greater freedom in the delivery of it and power of keeping in touch with his audience.

To the REV. W. ELWIN. *Hatfield, November* 11, 1888.

MY DEAREST E.,—The inauguration has passed off very well. I received an honorary degree, which I had not expected, with many civil words from the Professors on my address, and I am told that my reception by the students was better than the reception given to Gladstone or Disraeli, or any previous Rector except Bright. . . . Ever, dearest E., your affectionate

LYTTON.

To LADY SALISBURY. *Paris, December* 1888.

MY DEAR LADY SALISBURY,—I always feel, in writing to the Chief, that words of praise from me, or comment of any kind, would be a presumptuous impertinence; but it is a relief to be able now and then to express to you my feelings of admiration and delight about his sayings and doings, especially his great provincial speeches, which are *unique*, and I cannot help telling you how *very* great his last speech at Edinburgh seems to me.[1]

I am convinced that Lord Salisbury's extra-parliamentary speeches, when corrected, will hereafter be read by political students, as Burke's are, educationally, and as manuals of political wisdom. They have the same rare union of the practical and philosophical mind in politics—a mind that instinctively applies great generalisations to the clearest perception of actual facts—and they go so directly to the root of the matters they deal with, that under this treatment the passing questions of the day become tests for the enforcement of universal truths not previously perceived in the same clear light, or suggestive illustrations of permanent problems. All these qualities seem to me specially conspicuous in the Edinburgh

[1] In the course of this visit to Edinburgh Lord Salisbury delivered five speeches. The principal one, to which this letter refers, was delivered in the Corn Exchange, to an audience of more than five thousand people, on November 29, 1888.

speech. The case of the Union has been expounded and discussed to satiety, yet this speech sets it in many strikingly new lights. I am surprised that those portions of the speech which seem to me the most original, the most powerful and important, have been so scantily noticed and worked out by the Unionist Press, which they furnish with pregnant themes—*e.g.* the reference to the military aspect of the question, and the suggestive sketch of the Unionist movement throughout Europe. The whole of this noble passage is particularly characteristic of the speaker. How it lifts up the whole question from the region of local into that of universal politics! The pathetic and powerful appeal on behalf of the Irish Protestants for the sympathy of their co-religionists in Scotland was also a masterpiece of tact—not the oratorical tact of an ingenious speaker, but the intellectual tact of a statesman who is intensely in earnest. I hope the keynote sounded in that part of the speech will be repeated from every Conservative platform in Scotland. But I feel that there is no man living who could have handled the subject in this way.

The postponement of your promised visit to us was a great disappointment to me at first; but I have since been reconciled to it by the fact that I have not been feeling very well since our return to Paris, and when you do come I shall enjoy your visit all the more, having looked forward to it longer. Our social duties, I am thankful to say, have not yet begun; and we are still leading a very quiet life here—quite a country-house sort of life, although we are in the midst of a more or less panic-stricken community. The political situation is really a very odd one. There is nothing visible on the surface, but the feeling of coming change is in the air. Every one takes it for granted that things can't last much longer as they are, and all the prominent politicians here seem to be horribly frightened that something dreadful is going to happen to them.

. . . We went last night to see one of the oddest

things I ever saw—a very faithful translation in prose of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, performed by puppets. Prospero was an extremely dignified puppet. But Ariel had a stiff leg. Miranda could not bend her arm or sit down without considerable difficulty, and Sebastian was got up as a Scotch gillie.

CHAPTER XXIV

PARIS—(*continued*)

1889–1891, AET. 57–59

To the French—talent and adaptive skill;
But to the Germans—genius, divination!
Fortitude and indomitable will
Were once the gifts of England. But that nation
Seems, half-hysterically, passing still
Thro' some incalculable transformation;
What she will be, if she survives it, none
Can yet divine; but what she was is gone!

—*Glenaveril.*

To LORD SALISBURY. *Paris, January* 28, 1889.

BOULANGER, with his majority of over 80,000,[1] has now nearly obtained all the weird sisters promised him. Thane he is and shall be king hereafter. Floquet's confident calculations have been tremendously refuted. . . . At a Cabinet Council last night at the Élysée, when the result of the election was known, Floquet, it is said, tendered his resignation. Carnot refused to receive it; and the Government stays in till it is turned out by the Chamber. . . . The character of the next Ministry depends upon Carnot. But Carnot himself depends upon circumstances, the turn of which I cannot attempt to forecast. . . . Carnot, however, seems born to make a virtue of necessity on all critical occasions. He said last night to his ministers, "After all, the election has not gone against the Republic, since General Boulanger calls himself a Republican, and it is in that capacity he has appealed to the Paris constituencies." . . . Randolph Churchill, on his way through Paris, saw and catechised

[1] For one of the *Arrondissements* of Paris.

[Boulanger]. He repudiated aggressive designs, but said he should certainly take a higher tone in foreign affairs; that France with her present army was in a position to hold up her head and make herself respected; and that it was time to put an end to the *coups de pied* she is now receiving from her neighbours. With regard to ourselves he said, "I am not anti-English, but if I were to tell you that I regarded the interests of England and France as identical, I should not be an *homme sérieux*."

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR. *Paris, February* 6, 1889.

Your criticism of *Manon Lescaut* has interested me greatly, and makes me overhaul my own impressions of the book. I have, however, always admired that book, mainly on the ground set forth by Gerald, though I also think that it is a true portrait, very delicately drawn, of a particular type of woman which has a very real existence, though you have probably not come across it. And in the helpless and infatuate devotion of the *Chevalier* to this little *Coquine*, there is also a true exposition of a very real and not uncommon phenomenon in the mystery of passion. The fact is that all our higher affections, which are affections of sentiment and soul, are curable by the discovery of great unworth in the *objet aimé;* but passion—I mean physical passion—is not so curable, for the senses are not affected by such discoveries. If a woman is the only woman who gives to a man—or a man the only one who gives to a woman—a certain world of physical sensations and emotions transcending in their intensity all others, those sensations are not affected by moral unworth in the source of them. English literature has never grappled with the tremendous problems of physical passion, and you would never guess from it the part which, as a matter of fact, they play in the relations of real life between the sexes. Shakespeare, who

touched all chords, has shown by his *Antony and Cleopatra* that he understood the strength and character of this one. But he stands alone. Of our modern writers the good ones avoid the subject, of which they probably know and understand nothing; and the bad ones, the Swinburnes and the young lady novelists, reveal their ignorance of it by mistaking sensuality for passion, which is a totally different thing. But now that you have read *Manon Lescaut*, I wish you would read George Sand's *Leone Leoni*. It is very short—a little tale which you will read through in an hour. It is one of her earliest works. It was written under the immediate influence of *Manon Lescaut*, which she had just been reading when she wrote it, and it reverses the picture—her Manon being a man, and her Chevalier a woman. There are, so far as I can recollect, one or two rather shocking scenes in it, but I think it a wonderful little book, full of power and genius.

To Mrs. C. W. Earle. *Paris, February* 23, 1889.

Edith does all the social work of the Embassy, and does it very well. So much of my time as is not spent on official work, I pass chiefly in taking baths and paying visits, most of which are duty visits, and other visits made on the chance of finding some new social interest, or for the sake of keeping myself in touch with the small talk of the place. We have almost daily guests to luncheon, and that is my most social time. We have as yet been passing most of our evenings at home, and by the time I have read the newspapers after dinner, and got through a certain amount of official papers to be read or written, I find that bedtime is come before I know it. I have also been going to the Chamber a good deal lately, and this absorbs many afternoons; sometimes, though not often, I get a walk in the *bois* with my dog and Conny. Of the Paris ladies I know (they are not many), the one I

like best is Mme. Saly Stern, a great friend of Lady de Grey's, Jewish, I think, by birth. Her first husband was a Scotchman, her present husband a banker. Without being exactly pretty, she is very attractive, very clever and intelligent, an excellent mimic, and said to sing divinely, though I have not heard her sing.[1] I also know a certain number of the better class of actresses here, and I occasionally visit them. Of these the one who attracts me the most is Mlle. Brandes of the Français, because she is young and pretty, and the two who amuse me most are Granier and Reichemberg. Madam Adam receives every Thursday afternoon; her *salon* is useful, and rather agreeable, and I frequent it occasionally. She has asked me to write something for her review, and I have promised to do so, but don't think I shall keep my promise. Of the men I know, the three I like best are our old friend Louis de Turenne, now at St. Petersburg; de Breteuil, a great friend of Randolph Churchill, and a most charming fellow, rising young Orleanist deputy, clever, *bon enfant*, and very thoroughbred, one of the Comte de Paris' advisers, but at heart a Boulangist; and thirdly, a very different man, my mystic, the Marquis de Saint Yves, a great student and ascetic, and saint, an *illuminé*, but beaming with goodness (*bonté*), who has conceived a particular kindness for me and interest in me, and his handsome bedridden wife (whom I knew thirty-two years ago as a great beauty). I often pass an afternoon at her bedside chatting with her and her husband. . . .

I went with Edith the other day to the Academy to hear Renan's reception of Claretie,[2] which was very interesting. Renan in great vein—very witty and *fin*. As the contempt he poured upon Camille Desmoulins

[1] This lady died of consumption while Lord Lytton was in Paris. Her death greatly touched and grieved him.

[2] M. Claretie was elected a member of the French Academy in the place of M. Cuvillier-Fleury, and was received by M. Renan. He was a writer of novels and a journalist, and was also "*Administrateur*" of the *Comédie Française*.

and the heroes of the Revolution, as also upon Zola and the new school of French literature, were entirely to my taste, I relished his discourse greatly, and if I can get a report of it I will send you one; though it will lose much of its point without the face and tone of the man himself, which were those of an accomplished comic actor.

The French Government, within two months of General Boulanger's election for Paris, had formulated a prosecution against him, and were prepared to sign a warrant for his arrest, when the General himself fled to Brussels, and by so doing extinguished the hopes of his party and his own fame and popularity.

To LORD SALISBURY. *March* 31, 1889 (*the day before Boulanger's flight*).

It is certain that when the Chamber met last Tuesday it fully expected to receive the application for the arrest of the General, who for that reason was present in his place, and the disappointment of this expectation nearly exposed the Government to a serious attack from its own supporters, which was only averted by the assurance privately given by M. Rouvier and M. Sigismond Lacroix that the Government had not abandoned but only postponed the mention of its known intentions. It has since transpired, and this was probably the cause of the delay, that when sent for by the *Garde des Sceaux* to sign the application, M. Bouchez, the *Procureur Général*, had declined to do so, on the ground that to him, as a magistrate, there appeared to be no evidence on which to support a charge of conspiracy. It was reported last night that, in consequence of this refusal, M. Bouchez had resigned or been dismissed from office. But this report is contradicted to-day. There the matter rests for the present. The general anticipation is that the Government, being now too far committed to withdraw from the position it has assumed, and its supporters being bent on getting rid of

the General *per fas aut nefas*, his arrest on some charge or other will probably be effected in the course of next week, unless in the meantime he flies the country—a step recommended to him by some of the ministerial organs.

To LORD SALISBURY. *Paris, April* 3, 1889.

This morning I telegraphed to you the substance of a manifesto published in the Paris journals, and purporting to have been issued from Brussels by General Boulanger. The document turns out to be quite authentic. . . . General Boulanger has been for months past under the constant surveillance of the police, but most of the agents employed for this purpose by the Government are secretly in sympathy with his cause; and, whether from one of the Ministers, or by what other means I cannot say, it is certain he has hitherto received accurate intelligence of what goes on in the Cabinet within an hour or two after each of its meetings. Last Monday evening he received through these channels positive information that the warrant had been signed and delivered for his arrest at noon the following day (Tuesday). Had this warrant been executed, the Government would have met the Chamber at two o'clock the same day with a demand for a bill of indemnity—on the ground that it had acted in the interests of the public safety upon information that the General was about to escape from France, and with proof in its possession of his complicity in crimes against the State. That the Bill would at once have been passed by the Radical majority and the opportunists in the Chamber there can be no doubt. In that case the Government would have brought him for trial before the Senate. His condemnation by the Senate was a foregone conclusion, and it was to have been followed by his transportation to New Caledonia, where he would have been effectually out of the way.

Boulanger's own impression seems to have been that the Government would not venture to carry out such a

programme, and that it had furnished his informants with false intelligence in the hope of frightening him out of the country, and thus relieving itself of a great embarrassment. But his friends were unanimous in the opinion that the risk of acting on that impression would be too great; and in accordance with their urgent advice, he took the train to Brussels that night.

General Boulanger went from Brussels to London. He was tried in his absence and condemned for treason. In October 1889 he retired to Jersey, and ceased to be a figure of consequence. On the 30th of September 1891 the world was startled by the news that he had committed suicide in a cemetery at Brussels by blowing his brains out on the grave of his mistress.

In the spring of 1889 Lord Lytton was troubled with a growth in the nose. He was at first inclined to think nothing of it, but his Paris physician advised him to get further medical advice when he went to London. In April, accordingly, he consulted Dr. Malcolm Morris, who, after trying a treatment of cauterisation, was puzzled with the case, and carried off his patient to Sir William Paget. The latter was also puzzled. They feared the presence of a malignant tumour. A microscopical examination was made, and was said to prove that the tumour was indeed of a malignant nature, and that an immediate operation was necessary. He showed in this situation no fear for himself, although there was some risk in the operation of death or disfigurement, or protracted suffering from a mortal disease, checked but not cured. This operation was in his mind when he wrote to Mr. Wilfrid Ward on November the 3rd of the same year.

I have at least looked close in the face of the great facts of sorrow and death. Not many months ago I had

to undergo an operation which the surgeon told me might very probably be fatal to life. My own impression —though erroneous—was strong that I should not survive it. Many years before I had been brought by a fever to death's door. On such occasions a man voluntarily takes stock of himself, and though empirical, I think they are very practical tests. On both occasions, with mental faculties in their normal condition, and after deliberate self-examination, I entered the shadow of death without shrinking or fear, and bade farewell to life without regret. Whatever the source of that state of things, it was certainly not stoicism—the capacity to bear pain is not increased by its frequent exercise. My life, though externally much favoured by fortune, has been familiar with pain of all sorts, and I keenly realise the contrast (to which you refer) between the importance of the individual to itself and its unimportance to Nature. But —to use a metaphor—the painfulness of the contrast seems to me to lie within the almost infinitesimal point of contact between two lines crossing each other in opposite directions.

The operation proved perfectly successful, and Lord Lytton ever after entertained for Dr. Malcolm Morris, and for Sir Thomas Smith, the surgeon who performed the operation, feelings not only of gratitude but of warm personal liking. His nurse was called Gibbon; he at once nicknamed her "the historian," and as such she is referred to in his letters. The pain and slowness of his recovery were increased by a curious oversight on the part of surgeons so eminent as those who attended him. The wound continued to discharge and give trouble some time after it should have healed. He moved from London to Knebworth, but the "historian" could not be dismissed, as the wound still needed antiseptic treatment, and a new surgeon was called in.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *June or July* 1889.

Bravo the doctors! What do you think? The new man, Dr. Butlin, put an instrument up my nose and pulled out of a cavity at the root of it—guess! No, you'll never guess—a wad of lint as big as my thumb! It had been stuffed in there to prevent the hemorrhage getting into my throat and causing suffocation during the first operation, and appears to have been forgotten or lost sight of. This accounts for every one of the subsequent symptoms that have so puzzled and alarmed us.

During his convalescence he read, amongst other books, *An African Farm* and *Dreams*, by Miss Olive Schreiner.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *May* 1889.

I have read nearly all the stories in Miss Schreiner's dream-book which you so kindly sent me, and which I am very glad to have had the opportunity of reading. The dreams are of unequal merit (I like them none the less for that, for uniformity of good workmanship is the mark of mere talent); but all of them have interested me much more than modern books generally do, and some of them I think exceedingly beautiful.

I read them just after reading a story of R. Kipling (to me exasperatingly unpleasant) called *Badalia Herods-foot*, which, I am told, is much praised; and although I fully recognise the conspicuous cleverness of all I have read of Kipling's writings, I could not help feeling that I would infinitely rather have written the least of these little fictions of Miss Schreiner's than all his productions put together. The face of the photograph in the frontispiece has interested me also. It is handsome, and there is a certain frank power and large harmony about it which I like. Of course,

these sketches must be taken for no more than what they purport to be, and they do not afford scope for the creation of character, which was very striking in the *African Farm*, but they are the utterances of an interesting (and to me sympathetic) individuality, and hence their charm. All writers who write genuinely, and without *parti pris*, from their own emotional experience, are sure to write some one thing that is original and impressive. But such writers are apt to write themselves out—one might almost say *burn* themselves out—unless they are continually taking in *fresh fuel;* to do this is not so easy for a woman as for a man.

In July he was once more at his post, and writes from Paris: "Not for many years have I felt so well as I am feeling now, and never before have I found Paris so enjoyable. I am still correcting the proofs of *King Poppy*."[1]

The great exhibition to commemorate the centenary of the Republic was held in Paris this year. At the time of the opening Lord Lytton was still in England, but during the summer he visited the exhibition several times.

The following letter describes the occasion of illuminations given in honour of the visit of the Shah of Persia:—

From a Letter to THE QUEEN. *Paris, July* 1889.

The crowd collected to see these illuminations was quite the largest Lord Lytton has ever seen, and was itself more curious than anything it had come to see. The numbers were officially computed to be between 400,000 and 500,000, and though composed almost entirely of the poorer classes of the Parisian population, it was remarkably good-humoured and well-behaved.

[1] To Lady Betty Balfour, July 21, 1889.

Nothing, indeed, has more struck Lord Lytton about the French exhibition than the manner in which the population of Paris appear to regard it as a sort of people's park and palace, created for their special benefit and amusement. Nor is this impression incorrect. For all the arrangements of the exhibition have been mainly with a view to the comfort and convenience of the poorer classes, who have practically taken possession of it; and the admission to it being very cheap, the Paris working men and their families pass the greater part of their time in it, bringing their own provisions and picketing about the gardens. . . . One of the most interesting objects now being exhibited at Paris in connection with the exhibition is a system of trains running upon skates, and propelled by water over moistened rails with such a complete absence of friction, and consequent capacity of speed, that the inventors of the system confidently assert the capacity of such trains to traverse the distance between Paris and Marseilles in two hours, without difficulty or danger. The calculated cost of construction is heavy; but on the working expenses they estimate a saving of 90 per cent., and it is possible, therefore, that this new system may eventually effect a great revolution in the world's existing means of locomotion by land.

In August he went to Dieppe.

To LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. *Hotel Royal, Dieppe, August* 25, 1889.

MY DEAR, DELIGHTFUL LADY DOROTHY,—Ten thousand thanks for your enchanting letter from that hygienic *guinguette.* It finds me in a much duller locality, which, however, not having ever been here before, I like—for the air is full of ozone, and the place, though quiet, is cheerful. Lady Salisbury, surrounded by a large family group, is close by at the Chalet Cecil, where they are

expecting my chief next week. He is only lingering now to put up the Parliamentary shutters. . . . We are all in high spirits about the signal success of the German Emperor's visit to England. Everybody was reconciled to everybody—there was shaking of hands all round—and on his return to Berlin the Kaiser telegraphed to his mother, "Hurrah for old England!" This is a good job, entirely due to my chief's admirable diplomacy, for the occasion was a critical one, and had the visit gone wrong it might have had many anxious consequences. I find the Chalet Cecil much excited about the Maybrick case, and warm partisans of the lady. Poor, dear woman, I am quite convinced she poisoned her husband, and equally convinced that he deserved it (most husbands do); but I am nevertheless very glad she is not to be hanged, though, were I in her case, I think I should prefer hanging to penal servitude for life. Alexandre Dumas and family are also living near here in their chalet at Puys, and I see a great deal of them. He is finishing a new play for the *Français.* At the other end of the cliff, in another charming chalet, dwells Mme. de Greffulhe, an accomplished, pretty little lady *de la haute;* and in the town itself we have quite a constellation of artistic stars—famous theatrical ladies, rising painters, and brilliant writers, including Halévy. Jane Hading acted here the other night very badly, and the Great Sarah, having embalmed her D'Amala and restored him to his native land, is coming here next week in her widow's weeds—to act *Françillon* and *Fédora.* Boulanger is generally thought to be smashed, and your friend Gallifet is proportionally elated, for he was thirsting for the blood of the *Brav' Général.* The weather here also is dull, and so am I, "so no more at present" from—Your ever affectionate

LYTTON.

He was greatly interested this summer in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's life of his father and history of

the Oxford movement, and some correspondence passed between them on the subject.

To Mr. Wilfrid Ward. *Paris, September* 25, 1889.

My dear Mr. Wilfrid Ward,—With the exception of the Appendices, not yet read, I have now finished a more than attentive, and, as regards many portions of the work, a twice and thrice repeated, perusal of your admirably written account of the part taken by your eminent father in the Oxford movement. The book has interested me greatly. It has interested me in many ways beyond my expectation, and, contrary to your own expectation, I think I have been more interested by the historical than by the biographical part of it. Of the latter, however, I must say that I think it perfect, and a beautiful bit of literary work. Your portrait of your father, drawn with a masterly hand, is very living and very entertaining. . . .

The Oxford movement was before my time, and not among the events that have directly affected my life or influenced my mind. But, of course, we have all lived more or less in the backwater of it, and been indirectly reached in all sorts of side ways by the after effects of its subsiding eddies. Conscious of these after effects, I find your book full of interest and suggestiveness, quite apart from the interest inspired by the eminence and earnestness of the actors whose action it describes. But it is only through your book that I know anything of your father's writings. They have greatly impressed me, and I find myself in strong sympathy with all the negative side of his reasoning. Constructive reasoning cannot, of course, be adequately followed, understood, and weighed in fragments and extracts. But on *that* side I do not think I should ever follow the movement of your father's mind with the same assistance of a previously concurrent tendency in my own. On the other side, there are sayings of his, quoted in your book, which

touch me, *imo pectore*—they seem such exact echoes of my own thoughts or statements of my own experiences.

The Anglican Church service, whenever I take part in it, throws me into a most irreligious state of feeling. It not only bores, it irritates and exasperates me. The Roman ritual has exactly the contrary effect upon me. It stimulates, and *sustains* in a stimulated condition, all my devotional faculties and feelings. . . . Of course, all ritual must rest indirectly upon dogma, but I am convinced that to effect its purpose, ritual should be a direct appeal to the emotions *only*, and that its relation to dogma should be emotionally *felt* rather than precisely imposed upon the attention of the intellect. In one word, my ideal of a ritual is perfectly expressed by your father's phrase, "the *illustrative* representation of religious *mysteries*." This ideal *is* attained by the ritual of Rome, and I never attend Catholic worship without feeling the truth of your father's assertion that it "in no way interferes with freedom in the form of their devotions on the part of the faithful."

Renan once told me that, when he was staying with Berney at Bonn, it surprised him greatly to see the scrupulous solemnity with which his Israelitish host, although an avowed freethinker, celebrated the Passover with all his household. Questioned by Renan about this, Berney replied: "All organised religions aim at Unity. You Christians have sought unity in *dogma*, and thus you have lost it, for dogma provokes schism. We Jews have preserved our religious unity by confining it to *ritual*, which does not provoke intellectual *dissent*, because it does not ostentatiously require intellectual *assent*." A ritual without a dogma would be meaningless. But, within limits which are obvious, this view of the function of ritual seems to me a true one. If public worship is to be a genuine act of adoration, or anything better than a formal and forged recital of theological tenets, its ritual should appeal not to the reasoning faculty (*that* should be lulled to a holy slumber by it)

but to the imagination and the emotions. But to my mind it is not only in her liturgy and her ritual, but far more in her real catholicity, her vast humanity, her organisation so flexible and yet so firm, so sympathetically and sagaciously adapted to the idiosyncrasies of all her children, that the Catholic Church transcends all others, Greek or Protestant, and justifies her proud title of the Church Catholic. . . . For all sorts of reasons I shall never become a Catholic. But a Catholic I should certainly be if I could get over the initial difficulties of belief common to all the churches. Perhaps the main reason why I shall never get over those difficulties is that I have no inclination to get over them, no "wish to believe"—in that particular sense. I do not feel my mental attitude to be in this direction an irreligious one—at least, it is a profoundly reverential one. But the tremendous problems presented by observation of the natural world and human life do not affect me as *difficulties*, but as *mysteries*—which, in this life at least, must ever so remain. I cannot bring myself to look upon the universe as a book of riddles, and dogmatic theology as a book of answers to them. Evil, pain, birth, death, the unfathomable sense of right and wrong, the constant unappeasable yearning of the soul for the unseen substance, coupled with the inveterate inability of the mind to get beyond phenomena, the cruel inequalities of human life, the bewildering multiplicity of accepted revelations, the intense suffering which our higher nature endures in contact with circumstance, and the comparative impunity with which our lower nature is so often indulged—all these mysteries I contemplate with a sensation, not of terror, but of awe and worshipful wonder. The immensity of them, the sense of infinitude they excite in me, does not inspire fear, but rather a vague hopefulness, a strange sort of subdued, inarticulate, passive conviction, that in so infinite a scheme of things nothing can be irrevocably lost, or go irrevocably wrong, nothing appear or pass without

the best of all reasons in relation to a purpose and a power that transcend reason. I suppose a convinced Christian would call this a dangerous state of mind, and being asleep in sin. But I don't FEEL the danger of it. If my contemplation of these mysteries and my sense of the unknowableness of the unknown exasperated and afflicted me—if they threw me into a state of revolt or panic—I would turn for rescue from such a condition, not only to Christian dogma, but to that dogma in its most authoritative form—*the most authoritative*, because what I should then need and hope to find in dogma would not be a rational explanation of such things, but a compelling guide to faith in their unexplained beneficence—a potent aid to trust and rest in the contemplation of them. That need I do not feel—I could not feel it without losing the "blind trust" I already have, and which then would only be replaced by a trust equally blind—perhaps less trustful—of another kind. Therefore it is that your father takes me all-assentingly with him in the negative and critical, but only haltingly and restively in the positive and constructive line of his arguments. I have ever been convinced that, as he asserts, no religion can rest upon free inquiry, and no spiritual truth be attained to by any other than a spiritual method. Rational conclusions we cannot realise till we have understood them. But religious truths cannot be understood till they have been realised. No one can feel this more strongly than I do. Also, that the existence of a personal God cannot possibly be proved from observation of the natural world, and that Paley's argument, if it proves anything, only proves the power and wisdom, not the justice and lovableness, of such a God. To me, indeed, it has always seemed that Paley's line of argument, if adopted, goes to prove too much. The idea which would certainly be suggested to myself by an examination of his famous watch (had I never seen a watch before) would not be that of a watchmaker, but of several watchmakers, and a notion

of adaptive mechanism probably brought to its final perfection by a long series of gradual developments and improvements in its passage through many minds and hands. And this, moreover, would be the true history of the watch—a perfectly polytheistic one! But the part played by *conscience* in your father's system seems to me —notwithstanding all his arguments to the contrary— a fundamentally emotional one, and not the part of a *tertium quid* susceptible of clear definition, as existing apart from reason and emotion, and acting independently of both. Not that I think the less well of it for that. Only to my own mind his argument does not—any more than Newman's in his *Grammar of Assent* (although both are most acutely and powerfully put)—convincingly dispose of sundry impedimenta in the way of the unconvinced, which I cannot attempt to state, or even indicate, at the fag-end of this fearfully long letter. I don't know when I have written such a long one—for letter-writing is labour and grief to me, and ever since my recommencement of official life I have been compelled to reduce my private correspondence to the meagrest minimum. The interest of your book, however, has carried me beyond bounds. . . . Pray believe me, very faithfully yours, LYTTON.

The poet Robert Browning died at Venice on December 12, 1889.

To LADY POLLOCK. *British Embassy, Paris, January* 25, 1890.

Browning's death affected me deeply in many ways. It has stirred up all sorts of dormant ghosts in my life. My friendship with him long ago was at one time exceedingly intimate and tender, but circumstances I do not now care to recall came between us and chilled it, and it was never cordially renewed.

I think that all his best and greatest work, some of which, *me judice*, is very great indeed, was written during his married life in Italy, when our sagacious literary press never deigned to notice it, except with an occasional sneer.

To MRS. C. W. EARLE. *Cimiez, February* 16, 1890.

I have during the last fortnight been under a powerful and absorbing spell of composition. These fits, which will neither come nor go at command, act on me like a sort of weird seizure, and while they last they take complete possession of me to the exclusion both of all thoughts and also of all sensation that is not wholly given up to their bidding. I have recast and rewritten the greater part of *King Poppy*, and feel satisfied that I have put a life into this poem now that will last, whatever be at first the commercial fate of its publication some day hence—and even if it seems to fall still-born. No man who writes with an eye to popularity or to please a prevalent taste ever produced great work in *poetry*. The poet must write to please himself. But if one be not a poetaster, nothing is more difficult than to please oneself after one's taste and judgment have come to maturity. . . .

What you say of me is true. I think I am as variable as a wind, and I certainly am conscious that I don't know myself. Indeed, I am a great puzzle to myself. All I know is that I have at least half-a-dozen different persons in me, each utterly unlike the other—all pulling different ways, and continually getting in each other's way—and I don't think anybody else knows all of them a bit better than I do myself.

Every spring while he was ambassador he was in attendance on the Queen when she came abroad. In April 1890 he was with her at Aix-les-Bains.

To Mr. Justice Stephen. *Aix-les-Bains, April* 11, 1890.

What events since we last surveyed mankind from China to Peru! The fall of the Bismarck dynasty, I am assured on all hands, is to involve no change in Germany's foreign policy, at any rate for the present. It seems to have come about entirely on administrative questions, or rather on the personal question as between two powerful families, whether the new German Empire was to be ruled by the Bismarcks or the Hohenzollerns. The Emperor naturally preferred the Hohenzollerns, and having the power to solve the question in their favour, he did so. Münster, fresh from Berlin, gave me, just before I left Paris, the following account of the matter. "The relations," he says, "between the Emperor and the Chancellor had been strained ever since the Geffcken affair.[1] The young Emperor was then, if you remember, much blamed for permitting the publication of a document which contained injurious reflections on his father. But that document was published by Bismarck without his knowledge, or any reference to him. He knew nothing of it till it was in the papers, when his attention was called to it by the Grand Duke of Baden. Hence a scene between the Emperor and the Chancellor. After this Bismarck seems to have got upon the brain a fixed notion that all the other members of the German Government were intriguing against him behind his back with the Emperor, to whom he was incessant in his complaints about it. The Emperor assured him that this was a pure delusion, that not one of them

[1] In September 1888 part of the Emperor Frederick's diary during the Franco-German war was published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* by Dr. Geffcken, formerly Professor of History at Strasburg, and an intimate friend of the Emperor Frederick. This publication raised the ire of Prince Bismarck, who drew up a long report on the subject, and expressed the belief that the publication was not genuine. Dr. Geffcken was subsequently put on his trial, but acquitted by the Imperial Court at Leipzig.

had ever uttered a word to him against the Chancellor, and that Bötticher, of whom he specially complained, was notoriously his most loyal and devoted friend. Bismarck, however, maintained his accusations against all his colleagues, and ended by demanding from the Emperor a pledge not to see or transact business with any member but himself, and not to receive the current correspondence of any Government department except through his hands. The Emperor declined to accede to this demand, on the ground that it would virtually transfer the seat of Government from Berlin to Friedrichsruhe, where the Chancellor passed most of his time, cause endless delay in the transaction of current business, and bring the administration to a standstill, unless he, the Emperor, were treated as a cypher, and important affairs disposed of without his adequate consideration of them. Bismarck, however, returned to the charge with his accustomed pertinacity, and finally produced in support of what he called his 'constitutional right' an old rescript elicited from the Prussian King Friederich Wilhelm, by the Liberal Manteuffel Ministry shortly after the revolutionary events of '48. The Emperor said this document was the obsolete outcome of a revolutionary episode, 'no part of the Prussian or German Constitution,' that the principle of it had never been recognised, and was in any case quite inapplicable to the Government of his Empire, and the system by which he intended to rule. He therefore instructed his Chancellor to lose no time in drafting for his signature another rescript cancelling this one, and affirming the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Crown. Of this instruction Bismarck took no notice. The Emperor, having waited some time, sent for the new rescript. Bismarck replied that he had no intention of drafting or accepting such a document, and that if His Majesty bothered him any more about it he would resign. The next day the Emperor again sent him word that he must have the rescript in the course of the evening. The Chancellor then did send in his resigna-

tion, and, much to his surprise and vexation, it was at once accepted." This is Münster's account of the matter. He maintains that the Emperor could not have done otherwise. Be the wrongs and the rights of the dispute what they may, I can't help feeling that the Chancellor's fall has thrown the international relations of Europe into a condition of considerable uncertainty. Europe had learned to understand Bismarck's policy, and knew what he was driving at, but the character, the capacity, and the intentions of the young Emperor are all unknown. One thing only one may take for granted—he wants to do, and probably will do, *something*. But what thing? That is the question. My own impression is that, unless driven to great straits, or under the influence of a sudden *coup de tête*, he will not go in for gunpowder and glory. In that direction he cannot beat his grandfather's achievements, and I think he aims at some achievement special to himself. Nor will he imitate or repeat the constitutional liberalism of his father, of which he has apparently a very poor opinion. He seems to be something of a dreamer, an ideologue, an *illuminé*. May he not say to himself, "My grandfather made the Empire; my task must be to consolidate it—*i.e.* to extinguish the separatist sentiment, and supersede the federal element in its present composition, by bringing all the German tribes and provinces under the direct rule of one strong central Hohenzollern Government, humanitarian in its tendencies but autocratic in its methods, a sort of paternal despotism, with a more or less socialist home policy, admitting no privileged classes or powers between the Crown and the totality of its subjects"? Such a policy would, in my opinion, be a very risky one for any German Emperor, but it has much in it not unlikely to fascinate the imagination of an enthusiastic young sovereign with a mission. To carry it out, or even begin it with any hope of success, he would require to start with, first, a strong military Government at Berlin; second, some guarantee against the danger of interruption from attack by either

Russia or France. If the young Emperor has any such idea as this in his head, I should not be surprised to see him eventually drawing closer to Russia (autocratic affinities!), dropping the Austro-Italian alliance, and even perhaps going in for the neutralisation of Alsace-Lorraine. He might argue, not without some reason, that after trying hard for twenty years Germany has wholly failed to Germanise Alsace, which is now more French than it was before the annexation; that this population is consequently an internal weakness to his Empire, and that the external military advantage secured (for defensive purposes) by the annexation would be equally assured by the neutralisation of it, and that some such arrangement would suffice to pacify France, and thereby relieve Germany of the danger of a combined French and Russian alliance against her. Russia, deprived of the all but certainty of French co-operation on which she can now reckon in the event of war, might then be easily squared, as regards Germany, by giving her a free hand in the East of Europe. This might involve the dissolution of the Austrian Empire, but, as a necessary consequence of that, the Austrian Germans would fall into the German Empire, which would then acquire not mere territorial extension (a probable weakness), but increased strength and solidity from the absorption of a thoroughly German, intelligent, and willing population.

All this may be mere moonshine, undreamed of in the young Emperor's political philosophy, but the unknown character of that philosophy sets every one speculating about it. Meanwhile he is, for the present, in a hot fit of friendliness to England, and Caprivi, the new Chancellor, is, I am told, personally averse to the active colonial policy which has of late been the sore point in our relations with Germany. . . .

I am here in attendance on Her Majesty, for I know not how long, but probably not many days longer; which I regret, for I find Aix a great rest from the daily rush of Paris. I have nothing to do here but dine occasionally

with the Queen, take sulphur baths, and walk about in rather chilly weather. . . .

My wife is on the Loire, visiting historic *châteaux* with our youngest boy [1] and her brother-in-law, C. Earle, and poor Vic is kept at Eton, in spite of the holidays, by an attack of measles. I think this age of ours will occupy a very sensational page in history, notwithstanding the notion of our modern philosophy that history is henceforth to concern itself with "forces, to the exclusion of persons." Just think what a number of "palled and sculptured" royal tragedies we have witnessed within the last few years! The death of the Emperor Frederick, the suicide of the King of Bavaria, the ditto of the Arch Duke Rudolph, the kidnapping of Prince Alexander, the expulsion of the Emperor of Brazil, the mysterious death of Cardinal Franchi, which is said to have changed the whole policy of the Vatican, and in France the appearance and disappearance of Boulanger—not a tragedy, I admit, but certainly a very sensational farce.

Apropos of farces, Sarah Bernhardt—intoxicated with the new idea of virginity ever since she acted Jeanne d'Arc—has been reciting a French passion play in the biggest circus of Paris, with a Christ in white tie and tail-coat. The audience got bored — rose in revolt, screaming out, "Tu nous ennuies: assez du Christ. De la musique! de la musique!" So that quite unintentionally and unconsciously the *chef d'orchestre* played in this performance the part of Barabbas ("Not this man, but the other!"). Then the author of the play, white with

[1] Neville Stephen Lytton, who, though only eleven years old, had already shown signs of that talent for painting which caused his father to hope he might adopt the artistic profession. In the previous year he had written of him: "Neville has just completed the sketch of a large figure picture in a really masterly manner for so young a hand. I am wondering whether, if his talent develops, I should be justified in allowing him to take to art as a career." This belief in his son's talent caused him to express a hope that in leaving him a competent income he would devote his life to painting. The hope was fulfilled, and in one of his children the exclusive devotion to art, the desire for which had so haunted my father, has been happily fulfilled.

rage and *très ému*, began skipping over the benches on to the stage, shaking his fist at the audience, and, with copious tears, kissing first Sarah Bernhardt, then his mother, then his sister, and then his mistress. This touched and partly mollified the public! What a funny nation we are here! and yet we are capable of great things, now and then, and very clever things at all times.

In the autumn of this year (1890) he was ordered by the doctors to Luchon, a place he had not revisited since he lived there with his mother in 1860 and wrote *Lucile*.

To MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN. *Hotel Sacaron, Bagnères de Luchon, Haute Garonne, France, September* 8, 1890.

I have let Knebworth for three years to some wealthy Americans, and my wife, with all the children, has been staying during the boys' holidays in a pretty little cottage not far from Knebworth, which she hired from her aunt, Lady Bloomfield. I joined them there last month, and greatly enjoyed our Vicar of Wakefield life all together while it lasted. But for me at least it did not last more than a fortnight, as my doctor, who considered a month's cure at Luchon very important as a precaution against any return of the trouble for which I had been operated on, and from which I have been quite free ever since, wrote to impress on me that if I did not begin my cure at once the season would be too late for it; so I started for this place in a hurry, and have been here a fortnight. But the weather had turned cold when I got here, and I began by catching a chill which has interrupted my cure, and will, I suppose, prolong my stay here. It is a wonderfully pretty little place, one of the prettiest watering-places I have ever seen, nestled in a fold of the Pyrenees; and it is full of strange, ghostly reminiscences for me. I was here about thirty years ago, in horrible circumstances. . . . While I

was here I passed as much of my time as I could in the mountains on horseback, with a guide whose glories I have sung in a trashy poem (*Lucile*) that seems to have become very popular in America. I find him here still alive, and very flourishing. He has become a rich man —rich for a man of his class—and the chief *bourgeois* of Luchon. Our meeting was fraternal and effusive. He said to me, "Ah, milord, depuis ces jours là nous avons fait tous les deux une belle carrière." A statement to which I modestly assented. Then he informed me that he owed his own career entirely to his extraordinary honesty and integrity of character, and in reply I assured him that I attributed mine to the same cause. The little place is nearly empty, and it grows emptier daily. . . .

My only acquaintances here are Meilhac (the dramatist), who in the intervals of his gout is finishing a new play for the *Variétés*. His plays are exceedingly witty. But he himself is a shy, rather silent, clumsy-looking man, rather like an awkward elephant with a wonderfully intelligent sensitive trunk. And M. and Mme. Straus. Straus is a French barrister (for civil cases only). I once heard him plead, and thought he did it remarkably well. His wife is a most intelligent and charming woman, daughter of Halévy the composer, and widow of Bizet the composer, whose opera of *Carmen* is now all the rage here. She is said to be the heroine of a novel by Maupassant, which I think horrid, called *Notre Cœur;* but if so, the portrait is not at all a likeness. They are both of them Jews. Then there is Paul Rémusat, whose more distinguished father, Charles, I remember very well as Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Presidency of Thiers. Paul is an accomplished and very agreeable and amiable man, who has done nothing in life that I know of beyond contributions to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, but he is a Senator. And finally, there is the *famille* Gavard, whom I think you know, and M. Piou, the deputy, one of the few Royalists who agrees with me in thinking that the only right and

sensible thing for the French Royalists to do, in this twentieth year of the Republic, is to tell the Comte de Paris plainly that his cause is hopeless at present, and that their duty to the country is to recognise that fact, put their stupid *drapeau* in their pocket, frankly accept the Republic, and organise themselves as a Conservative Republican Party. I have little doubt that if they did this they would before long be governing the Republic, and able to save it and themselves from a lot of mischievous legislation which they dread, for the French nation at present is really no more Radical than it is Royalist. But it is absurd of them to call themselves Conservatives, when there is nothing in the constitutional *status quo* which they are not seeking to destroy.

The Orleanists are gnashing their teeth at the revelations contained in the *Coulisses de Boulangisme* by M. Mermeix; and this they may well do, for the Comte de Paris' alliance with Boulanger fixes an indelible stain on the whole party. Meanwhile the author of these papers, who seems to be a *canaille*, has got himself into a nice nest full of wasps. I can't say how difficult I find it to take any interest in our own politics just now.

To MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN. *Paris, September* 24, 1890.

I can't agree with Rémusat about Balzac, if, at least, he means that Balzac has been overrated. To me he seems one of the greatest and most far-reaching novelists that have ever lived. Who else has produced such a vast and vivid panorama of modern life and character—or at any rate of French life and character—in its most universal and permanently human aspect? Compare him with one of the cleverest of our own novelists, Thackeray, and how poor and thin and limited and local Thackeray is by the side of him; or with French writers of the same school—*e.g.* Flaubert. How he dwarfs them all! No doubt there is nothing noble, nothing heroic in Balzac; and his imagination, far-reaching as

it was, falls short on the poetic side. But I don't think the wisdom of mere observation has ever been carried further or so far in fiction; and then, when one remembers that he died at the age of forty or so, the size and truth of the imaginary world he created seems really amazing.

To LADY SALISBURY. *Paris, September* 20, 1890.

MY DEAR *CHEFESSE*,—I can't wait to thank you for your kind, delightful, thrice welcome letter.

I am still waiting for Edith, whom I expect next Monday back to the solitude of Paris. For Paris is just now a complete solitude, and I think the liveliest events that have happened here since I last wrote have been a couple of funerals—that of my colleague Alessandri and that of poor little Mlle. Samary of the *Comédie Française*. She was a very good, kind-hearted, well-behaved little woman, and a clever actress—popular with her fellow-artists and the public—married to a *fils de famille* whose name I forget, and devoted to her husband and her two little children. I was once introduced to her in the green-room of the *Français*, and on that occasion, the only one I ever saw her off the stage, she told me with great pride that her husband was *un homme du monde*. You will have seen in the papers all the speechifying at her funeral, which seems to have been attended *par tout Paris*. What a change since the days when in this country actors and actresses were refused burial in consecrated ground! Alessandri, the Roumanian Minister here, was also, his friends aver, a great poet—the Burns of Roumania. But though he gave me a copy of his books, I cannot read a word of them, as his muse only sings in Moldo-Wallachian. He was himself a gentle, genial, unpretentious old gentleman, and I liked him, though I wish he had not encouraged his august mistress, Carmen Sylva, to consider herself also a great poetess. . . .

Yes, I have read the two hearts,[1] and I am delighted

[1] *Notre Cœur*, by Maupassant; *Cœur de Femme*, by Bourget.

to find my opinion of them so completely confirmed by yours. Contrary to the universal verdict of the *monde* here, I think Bourget's book much the best of the two; and I like it best or dislike it least. Besides, Maupassant's two last novels seem to me deliberate imitations of Bourget, who was really the originator of this *genre*. But I can't say I care much for either of these books. I am so sick of the sameness of the French *romans d'amour*. One knows exactly what one is going to find in it. A tediously minute analysis of the amatory relations between a married woman whose function in life is to go wrong somehow or other, and a very uninteresting, rather feeble-minded man, artist or amateur artist of some sort, with no serious occupation or capacity. The universe in which this couple move and have their being extends no further than the Bois de Boulogne, or the *Ultima Thule* of Fontainebleau. The book opens with a detailed description of the lady, not her character only, but her gowns and petticoats, her gloves, her stockings, and her perfumes; then her *salon* is described, and its *habitués;* then come the preliminary assignations at the Louvre or in the Bois, and towards the middle of the book we get the inevitable little apartment *en ville*. After this one of the couple gets tired of the other, and then there are reproaches, letters, and perhaps a duel which winds up the book. I entirely share your wish that these "gifted writers" would enlarge their dealings with the Decalogue. When I had finished *Notre Cœur* I turned with great relief to a criminal novel, called *Le Point Noir*, a bad imitation of Gaboriau, but infinitely more entertaining than these novels of sentiment. I also miss old Paul de Kock, with all his wholesome coarseness.

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR. *Paris, October* 24, 1890.

I went last night to the *première* of Cleopatra with Mother, Con, and Blunt. The house was crammed with

the *élite* of the literary and artistic world here, but the universal impression was one of great disappointment. The scenery and costumes were both splendid and curious; but the piece! It is no play at all—nothing but a series of gorgeous tableaux, having no constructive connection or unity, each of them short and inconclusive, and the *entr'actes* between them interminable, owing to the time required for elaborate changes of decoration and costume. I am amazed that so experienced a dramatist as Sardou should have been content to turn out such a production, and even to take such extraordinary pains about it, for it has been six months in rehearsal, and for the last two months, daily from midday to 3 o'clock A.M. Add to this that the tone of those tremendous actors who in the real drama of history played for kingdoms, with the whole world for stage, has been brought down, in language and sentiment, to the current idiom of the boulevards. Sarah herself was finely dramatic whenever she had an opportunity; but her opportunities were few and far between, and her voice, her physical strength, and artistic power are, I fear, upon the wane. Nothing can save the piece but the interest inspired by her personality, however. And, strange to say, the only dramatic situation in it, or at least the only one that strongly impressed the audience, is the scene with the messenger who brings the news of Antony's marriage with Octavia, and this is taken almost verbatim from Shakespeare. Although, however, the dialogue is nearly a literal transcript, the conception of the scene and the rendering of the situation were original and striking. The messenger, an Egyptian or Nubian slave, black, half-naked, soiled with dirt and sweat, breathless, and horribly afraid of the message he has to deliver, grovels at the feet of the Queen, as an Oriental slave would certainly do in such circumstances. When she elicits from him that Antony is really married to Octavia, she has a superb movement, plants her foot on his neck, and seems

about to stamp him into the dirt like a black beetle, then recoils, overwhelmed with the helplessness of her own misery, and totters back to her throne half-senseless. Her alternations of emotion as the messenger describes the appearance of Octavia were also very fine, and all this brought down the house.

Another situation, finely conceived, did not seem to me as effective as it ought to have been, yet it told in the house. Antony is at Actium with Octavia, who is trying to patch up a peace between her husband and her brother, and is in a fair way to succeed. Meanwhile Antony has sent to Cleopatra for the aid of her fleet. She arrives with it; and here Sardou has transferred to her meeting with Antony after his marriage the well-known incident of her introduction to Cæsar in the clothes-basket. She is smuggled into Antony's house wrapped up in a carpet, and laid on his bed, the bed now shared by Octavia. Here, behind the curtains which conceal her, she first overhears and witnesses a conjugal love scene between Antony and Octavia, in which he tells Octavia that he is entirely emancipated from the influence of the Egyptian witch, &c. This is followed by a scene between Antony and his generals, in which Thymus, in order to complete the cure of Antony's infatuation for Cleopatra, tells him that between him and Cæsar she had many lovers, and has since his departure consoled herself with many others of the lowest and vilest kind. Antony's jealousy rekindles all his passion. He can think of nothing else. Having previously resolved not to see Cleopatra again, he has now but one thought—to seek her, overwhelm her with his scorn and execration, and slay her with his own hands. He breaks up the council; the generals go out; Cleopatra (who in the meanwhile has passed from despair, at the scene with Octavia, to hope, tenderness, triumph, at this evidence of Antony's continued passion for her) then draws the curtain; they confront each other, speechless for many moments, and then follows

a fine scene between them. There are two other originalities in the conception of the play. The first is this. On the faith of Plutarch, we have all attributed Cleopatra's flight at Actium to sheer funk. She was a woman and a sybarite, lost her head, and ran away from the battle. Not a bit of it! According to Sardou, she was never cooler, more deliberate, or self-possessed. She was resolved that at any price Antony, after their hardly-won reconciliation, should not return to Rome and fall under the influence of his wife and his countrymen; she fled, reckoning on his pursuit of her, and sincerely persuaded that all might be retrieved at Alexandria, but that in any case Antony was henceforth hers for ever. This interpretation of an action which history has left more or less unintelligible is, I think, ingenious and dramatic in idea, but to make it effective the character of Cleopatra (of which more anon) should have been differently conceived.

Another novelty which quite misses fire occurs in the last scene. Cleopatra is at bay, shut up in the tomb with her slaves, and the fate of Antony uncertain. She demands an interview with Octavius, to which, for motives of his own, he assents. He comes to her alone in the tomb; she asks him his conditions. Will he leave her Egypt? Will he spare her the disgrace of attending his triumph at Rome? and other things, which he refuses. Previous to the interview, however, she has concealed one of her slaves, with a knife, in a recess, from which he is to creep out and stab Octavius from behind, when she lifts her fan and puts it in a certain position, if Cæsar is obdurate and the interview goes ill with her. Throughout the course of it the fan with which she plays rises and sinks with her alternate hopes and fears. At last it gives the signal; the slave steals out, and is about to stab Octavius, when the opposite doors are thrown open and Antony, followed by the Queen's attendants, staggers in mortally wounded.

The premeditated murder of Octavius immediately pre-

ceding the actual death of Antony is an ingenious idea, but in my opinion a stupid incident. It presupposes the absurdity of Octavius venturing unarmed and unattended, and without any precaution, into the tomb where Cleopatra is surrounded by her slaves, and, of course, it leads to nothing. On the entry of Antony, the slave puts up his knife, and Octavius remains on the stage till the curtain falls, nobody paying the least attention to him. One feels that the confusion caused by the entry of Antony is just the moment of which the slave would naturally have taken advantage to stab Octavius, and that afterwards he might have killed Cæsar twenty times over with the greatest ease—thus avenging the death of Antony and saving his mistress—but that the obvious and only reason why he does not is that Cæsar has got to live and Antony and Cleopatra have got to die, because history has so settled it. This deprives the scene of all sense of actuality, and leaves one wondering why it was introduced. In the previous act a much finer situation also, I think, misses fire from the timidity with which it is treated. Antony, in the bedroom scene, reproaches Cleopatra (*inter alia*) with having been the mistress of one of his slaves after his departure for Rome. She denies it, with truth. Then says he, "Prove to me that it is false." "How can I prove such a thing?" she asks. "By putting the man to death." At this proposal she has a movement of horror and dismay, feeling all the cruelty and ingratitude of the act required of her. He notices this, and says, "You shrink? Then it is true!" She, overcoming her repugnance, says, "No; call in the man." Then in the presence of Antony she tells the man what he is accused of. His manner and hers attest the innocence of both. But she informs him that he has nevertheless got to die for the mischief of which he is the cause. Is he prepared for death? "Death for her! yes, at all times!" She empties poison from a pearl into the cup she gives him; as he is about to drink it, Antony,

convinced that his reproaches were baseless, dashes away the cup and spares the slave. Now, I think this situation a strong one and quite in the right note. But it leads to nothing, and makes no lasting impression, because it is not boldly worked out to its logical end. To make it fully effective on the stage, Antony's re-conversion to faith in Cleopatra should not come till after the slave is *dead*, and he feels with remorse that his unfounded jealousy has deprived Cleopatra of the most devoted of her servants just when she specially needs the fidelity of all.

Finally, Sardou and Sarah between them have created a most improbable Cleopatra, in whose character the dominant note is that of tenderness—the tenderness (rather moral than physical in all its manifestations) of a rather good modern woman, neither capricious, vicious, nor cruel, monotonously amorous, with very little of the *cocotte* in her, and still less of the queen. Constans, the Minister, who was there last night, said to me, "Cela me fait l'effet d'Aïda mis en musique par Sardou"—a clever shot at two birds with one stone. I saw Sarah for one moment after the play, when she was so surrounded that I was fortunately under no obligation to do more than join in a chorus of conventional congratulations. I fear she must feel something of the disappointment I feel myself about the whole performance, and I called on her this afternoon, meaning to have a chat with her about it; but I could not get out till late, and when I got to her house she had just gone off to the theatre.

To Mrs. C. W. Earle. *Paris, Winter* 1890.

The Parnell-Gladstone crisis has excited me more than any event I can remember for many years past in purely English politics; and never, I think, since the fall of Babel was there a more retributive confusion of tongues than what is now raging in the Opposition

camp. But though the exposure of the fundamental rottenness and hollowness of the Home Rule imposture has been premature and most dramatic, both in its suddenness and the character of all its details, I have never doubted that, sooner or later, the unreality of Gladstone's Irish policy, or pretence of a policy, would reveal itself to all but the wilfully blind. You may remember how often I have stated to you, as to others, my conviction that the moment he was compelled to go beyond phrases and legislate on definite lines, he would find it impossible to draft any Home Rule Bill capable of satisfying his Irish allies without frightening the English and Scotch electorate. As the game now stands, it seems to me that Parnell has taken every trick, and that at present the old man has not one good playing card left in his hand. No amount of non-conformist enthusiasm for the venerable champion of purity and the seventh commandment can do service in this particular game for what was, and must ever be, the primary condition of success, now lost—viz. the assured and manageable co-operation of a united Irish Home Rule party. Hap what may, therefore, I take it that Home Rule is indefinitely postponed, and for the present at any rate England is saved from what was, I think, the greatest danger with which she has been threatened in my time.

To MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN. *Paris, January* 2, 1891.

I can tell you a good deal about the Eyraud trial,[1] having been present at the first and last day of it, though not during the intervening days—and not, as the newspapers reported, with my daughter, but once with my wife and the second time alone. It was a very theatrical and, *me judice*, ill-managed exhibition, and I certainly came away from it more than ever

[1] A murder trial. Gabrielle Bompard had, with the assistance of her lover, Eyraud, murdered a "*huissier*."

confirmed in my impression that criminal procedure is *not* one of those things which "they manage better in France." I am bound to add that there are a good many things which I think they do manage better in France. At least, in all that relates to the grace and enjoyment of social life, Paris seems to me a much more civilised capital than London. But that is neither here nor there. The French procedure is so different from ours in principle and aim, whilst at the same time it presents so many points of superficial resemblance, that it looks like a parody of ours. For instance, nothing could appear more grossly unfair and improper to an English spectator of a French criminal trial than the conduct of the judge or president who personally cross-examines, attacks the defence, and puts the worst construction on it. But then, I take it, his function is not intended to be that of a judge but of an accuser. Practically the president and the *procureur* are both counsel for the prosecution, and there is no summing up of the evidence. Apparently the jury is the judge, the only one—or at least occupies the position of judge as well as jury, with no qualifications for the judicial part of its functions. On the other hand, the interrogation of the accused seems to me a good thing, and the defence is allowed the last word. In this case President Robert (by whose competency for his task I was not greatly impressed) seemed to me to waste a great deal of time in trying to blacken the character of Eyraud, quite unnecessarily (as if it were not already black enough!), by holding him up to the eyes of the jury as a monster of iniquity, because, being married, he had had mistresses. To which Eyraud replied, naturally enough, "Tout cela est bien pâle à côté du crime que j'ai avoué."

The academic discussion allowed between the rival professors of the Paris and Nancy schools of hypnotism seemed to me absolutely inexcusable and intolerable. There is not the least doubt in my own mind that

Gabrielle Bompard is very much the worst of the two murderers, and that she is as thoroughly wicked a little creature as ever wore petticoats; but she is young, looks even younger than she is, decidedly good-looking, with something virginal and refined in her appearance, and you would say from a first glance at her that butter couldn't melt in her mouth. Had she been old and ugly, I don't think the *procureur* would have *invited* the jury to find extenuating circumstances in her favour. It afterwards transpired that the jury only found Eyraud guilty, without extenuating circumstances, by a majority of three, of whom, I am told, two have since joined the minority in signing a petition to Carnot for the commutation of the man's sentence! *Quel drôle de pays!* And to put the wig on it all, it was found necessary to postpone the case from one assize to another, because an enterprising reporter had interviewed all the jury on the first panel, and published their preconceived opinions as to the relative guilt of the accused!!

Lord Lytton was greatly interested in all Ibsen's plays. I wrote to him of a performance of *Hedda Gabler* in London, to which he replied:—

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR. *May* 1, 1891.

I have not seen or even read *Hedda Gabler*, but what you say of its effect on the stage confirms the impression made on me by *Ghosts*, when I saw that acted, that Ibsen is, in his way, a master of stage construction, and that his plays have an *acting* interest and fascination of which it would be difficult to form an adequate idea from merely reading them. I think of him exactly as you do. Whatever else they are or are not, his plays are at least extremely suggestive. They haunt one, and set one thinking and questioning, long after one has seen or read them, like so many raw slices of real life; and

they certainly suggest, amongst many other things, quite new possibilities and new directions in the department of drama. As for the critics, was there ever a swan they did not mistake for a goose? And how many geese are they continually treating as swans?

I enjoyed my few days' stay with the Monacos greatly.[1] I was lodged in great comfort, as well as great luxury, with a suite of sunny rooms to myself. My hosts left me in peace, and did not attempt to amuse me, so I had time to read and write a little and dream much. They have also an excellent cook, and are both of them, I think, very lovable. She has a great deal of miscellaneous reading, French, English, and German, a smattering of Sanscrit, is fond of Oriental literature, and seems to have read all that can be read of them in translation. She has a good deal of character, and I should say immense kindliness. They are a great contrast—she, full of quicksilver; he, very staid and subdued — never laughing, rarely smiling—but then, with great sweetness —the dominant note of the whole man a sad gentleness. Withal, I should say he had a strong, tenacious will of his own; but he bears about him touching traces of a shy, sensitive, affectionate nature—subdued for life to a hushed tone by past suffering. He is something of a *savant*, has just been elected a member of the Institute—an enthusiastic sailor—loves the North and pines for a sea life. But they adore each other!

To the Same. (*Later in May.*)

Mother is going to give a sort of "private theatricals" at the Embassy on the 10th of next month [June]. I am now in communication with the people of the *Français*, who are all eager to lend their *concours*, and I think it promises thus far to be a success. The *pièce de résistance* will be *Une Conversion*, acted by Febvre and Baretta; the other pieces not yet settled, but the actors and actresses

[1] The Prince and Princess of Monaco.

will be Febvre, Worms, Baretta, Brandes, Reichemberg, and Ludwig. A very pretty stage, with all the necessary scenery and decorations, is being prepared under Febvre's superintendence in the State ballroom of the Embassy, and what I want to know is whether you and Gerald cannot be tempted to come to us, with the babies.

This was a party after his own heart. Lady Frances Balfour and myself were both present at it. The programme comprised a little *lever de rideau*, acted by Mlle. Brandes of the *Vaudeville;* a poem recited by M. Worms of the *Français;* a piece called *Ma Voisine*, by Mlle. Reichemberg and M. Coquelin Cadet; and, finally, *Une Conversion*, acted by Mme. Baretta, Mlle. Ludwig, M. Febvre, and M. Falconier, all from the *Théatre Français*.

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR. *June* 16, 1891.

I think that what has made me write to you to-day is a curious paper on which I lighted yesterday in Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews* by a Professor Gardner (?) (American, I fancy), describing how he has discovered and learned the language of monkeys by the aid of a phonograph. He asserts that monkeys have a distinct organised (but limited) language, very difficult to pronounce (being all in F♭), but possessing all the essential conditions and features of articulate speech, and varied by dialects spoken by different monkey tribes. There is a genuine term for drink, and another for food, but no words distinguish the different kinds of either. Also a word for "weather," of which he says the monkeys talk much; and one word, which he has learned how to pronounce, the meaning of which he has not yet been able to discover, appears to have a significance so awful that whenever it is uttered the monkey that hears it goes nearly mad with terror. He suggests that this simian language was probably the earliest form of human speech.

To Mrs. C. W. Earle. *June* 1891.

My dear, I am tired, overdriven, sick and weary of all things. The roses are too red for me—the sunbeams too sunny. In every rose I recognise a canker—in every sunbeam a potential ague—and beneath all flesh, however fair, the skeleton that will outlast it.

In this depressed mood he took a short holiday from Paris and went for a few days to the sea.

To Madame Flourens. *Houlgate, Calvados, July* 2, 1891.

My dear Madame Flourens,—The air here is cool and fresh, a fine breeze blowing all day long from the sea, over the sandy reaches, and little gardens in front of the window at which I am writing to you. I have already had two long swims in the sea, and am feeling much the better for them, and I have not yet met a single acquaintance at Houlgate. My solitude, though less savage, is for all practical purposes as complete as Alexander Selkirk's when he exclaimed:—

> "I am monarch of all I survey;
> My right there is none to dispute;
> From the centre all round to the sea,
> I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

Goblin[1] is my only companion, and it is on his behalf, or at least in relation to him, that I am now inspired to write to you. In fact he is both the subject and the cause of this letter. A few days before leaving Paris, I brought him with me to call upon you and make acquaintance with his kinsman. But you were not at home. Houlgate, however, has developed a very noble and touching trait in his character, which I feel bound to record to you, who will, I know, appreciate it.

[1] Madame Flourens, the wife of the French Minister, had given him this dog, a native of the Pyrenees. He long survived his master, and was a beloved friend to the family.

I must tell you that Goblin has an invincible dread and horror of water. Never yet have I been *able*, by any persuasion or threat, to induce him to dip his paw into lake or river, sea or pond. Well, yesterday, as soon as I got here I went to take a bath in the sea, and I took Goblin with me. As the bathing-place is just in front of the hotel, I made sure that when I got into the sea he would either find his way home or else wait for me on the beach, and I did not concern myself about him. The tide was flowing in, and I was therefore able to swim out some distance from the shore without risk of being drifted too far by the tide. When I was already a good way out, and had just turned my face landward to swim back, imagine my surprise to perceive that the faithful beast was swimming out to me in a very fussy, floppy style. He, too, was already some way from shore, but he made slow progress against the waves, though his poor little paws beat them with desperate rapidity. He was panting and snorting loudly, and there was a look of unutterable anguish in his yellow eyes, which were all the while fixed steadily upon me. He had evidently fancied I was going to be drowned, and that it was his duty to save me, or perish with me, or else that I was meanly and cruelly abandoning him. And at any risk he would not be left behind. This moral agony had conquered his physical horror of the water, as Aaron's rod swallowed up those of Pharaoh's magicians, and affection had cast out fear.

Now, three weeks before leaving Paris I had dreamt a bad dream, which made a great impression on me, and in my dream I had seen Goblin drowned. Suddenly the thought rushed upon me that this bad dream was about to be fulfilled, and I think that in that moment my own fears became greater than Goblin's. I made for him as fast as I could, took him in my arms, and holding him before me like a baby, swam back with him till we were in shallow water again.

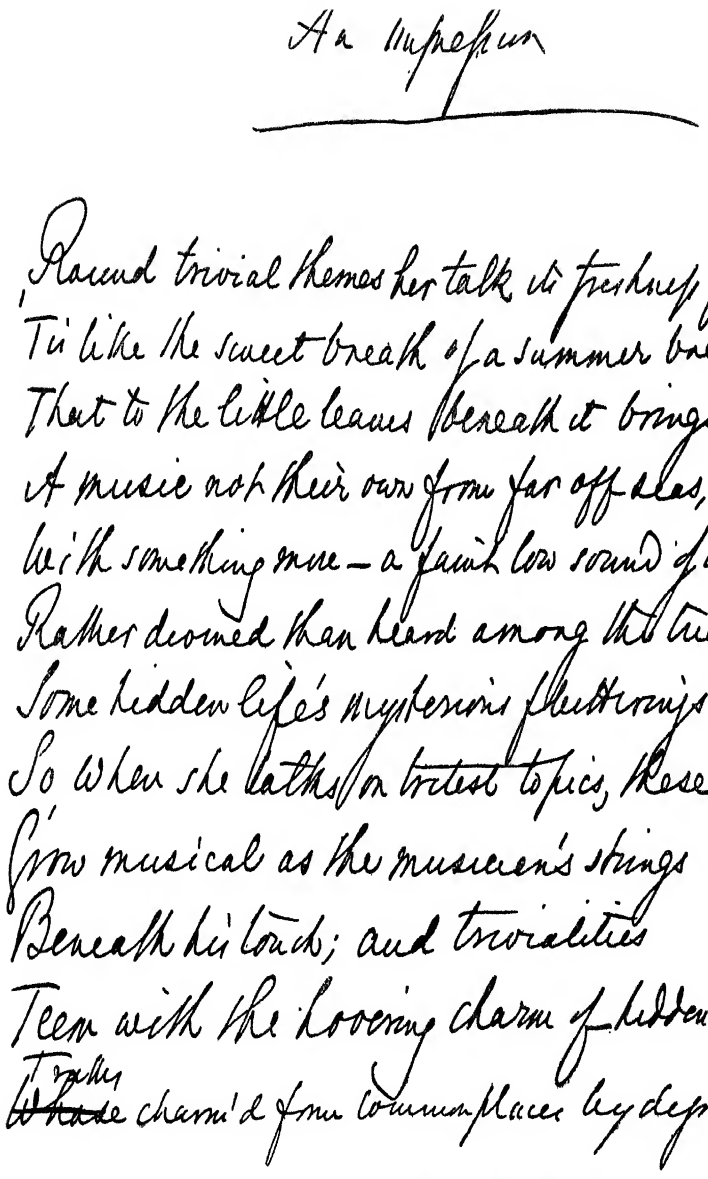
Ever since he has been in tearing spirits, cocks his

To his Daughter, CONSTANCE LYTTON. *Bayreuth, July* 21, 1891.

This afternoon we began our Wagner worship with *Tristan und Isolde*. I have been reading up the *libretto* of that opera and the *Parsifal*, and knowing pretty well nearly the whole group of legends from which the subjects of these operas are taken, I am struck by the genius with which Wagner has instinctively picked out of such a vast mass of heterogeneous materials only just the situations and characters suited to his purposes, and fused these in his imagination with entirely new creations full of new significance. I say all this without reference to his music, although as regards its physical effect upon myself, who am not very susceptible to musical effects and wholly ignorant of the art by which they are produced, he has certainly carried the power of music far beyond the point reached by any other composer, not excluding even Beethoven.

An Impression

Round trivial themes her talk its freshness flings.
'Tis like the sweet breath of a summer breeze
That to the little leaves beneath it brings
A music not their own from far off seas,
With something more — a faint low sound of wings
Rather divined than heard among the trees,
Some hidden life's mysterious flutterings!
So when she talks on tritest topics, these
Grow musical as the musician's strings
Beneath his touch; and trivialities
Teem with the hovering charm of hidden things,
~~Whose~~ Truths charm'd from commonplaces by degrees.



FACSIMILE OF LORD LYTTON'S HANDWRITING

CHAPTER XXV

LAST DAYS

1891, AET. 59–60

Roam the round world, by valley, hill, or heath,
The land will lead thee to the sea at last.
Life is the never-failing way to death,
The present a sure passage to the past.

Whatever chance may by the way befall,
Thou canst not miss the Infinite, that waits
With endless time and boundless room for all.
Trust the Unknown! For it survives the Fates.
—*Selected Poems.*

I COME now to the last summer months my father ever spent in England. They will ever be associated in my mind with the *Marah* poems. At intervals during the last year and a half these poems had been in the making, but it was at Frognal, a house near Ascot, which my parents rented for the summer holidays, that most of these poems took their final shape and were put together for the press. Three years earlier he had confided to me four wishes he would like to fulfil before his life ended: first, to finish his father's biography; secondly, to edit his own Indian papers; thirdly, to build a museum for his Indian collection, to be presided over by a statue of his father; and lastly, to write one more volume of verse—a volume of quite short lyrics, similar in their nature to the poems of *The Wanderer*, but much more carefully polished in form. Of these four wishes this last was the only one he lived to complete.

Many of these poems were first written in letters

to members of his family. In a letter dated Christmas 1890 he writes to Mrs. Earle:—

I was greatly pleased, my dear, to know that the poems had interested you. . . . They are composed with a view to the eventual publication (probably years hence) of a small volume of short poems, mainly love poems, or poems of sentiment, which I think of calling *Marah and Beulah.* I agree with you in thinking that (apart from Tennyson and Browning, each in his way a really great and stimulating poet) our contemporary English poetry is marked by a singular absence of either passion or sentiment, whilst at the same time the technical skill of its average productions is equally striking. I think the reason of it is that in the diffusion of mechanical proficiency in all arts, which is a characteristic of our age (all arts, and also all departments of mental culture), the number of persons capable of writing exceedingly good verse has been enormously increased. But few, if any, of these writers have *individually lived* what they write (or at any rate they have not lived it forcibly), in the direction either of thoughts or feeling; although they have all acquired the art of expressing in technically faultless verse the sentiments and impressions common to the *milieu* in which they live, the prevalent interest (for instance) in and nice observation of external nature, flowers, birds, landscape effects, skies, hills, streams, woods, &c. (which is one of the most marked features of the modern mind, as compared *collectively* with that of the previous generations), or the notions superficially floating in the atmosphere of modern life about religion, society, and things in general—notions which do not go very deep either way, for they represent what the writer has imbibed from a common culture, or picked up as the member of a modern community to which such notions are common, rather than anything which has been branded into his own inmost consciousness by any strong emotion, or fetched by himself, at his own cost,

out of the dim region of unexplored ideas. But all this diffusion of proficiency cannot increase the number of genuine poets—indeed, the multiplicity of able verse-writers tends to diminish the number of genuine poets, for its influence is prejudicial to the free development of the genuine poet, wherever he exists. The more numerous the artisans, the fewer the artists.

In another letter, written in July 1891, he writes:[1]—

In a certain sense, no doubt, all these little poems are personal. A certain element of personal emotion seems to me indispensable to the truth of all love poetry. But none of them is autobiographical. That is to say, they are in no wise representations of incidents in my own life, or direct conscious expressions of my own character. Nothing I have ever written is that. . . . When I first thought of writing, with a view to their possible popularity, a small series of short love poems or lyrics, more or less sentimental, as a means of floating *King Poppy*, my idea was that the series might appropriately be called *Marah and Beulah*—the waters of bitterness and the pleasant land—indications of an ill-starred, unhappy passion, followed by a more serene and felicitous affection; but, in the first place, my inspirations, such as they are, have not been in keeping with that programme, and, in the next place, I was disappointed with the only reference to Beulah I could find in the Bible.[2] I fancy the ideas I associate with the word must be derived from *Pilgrim's Progress*. Was it not the place at which Christian's burden fell off his back? I have not read the book since I was a boy.[3]

[1] To Lady Betty Balfour. Houlgate, July 1891.

[2] "Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married" (Isa. lxii. 4).

[3] Christian and Hopeful came to the land of Beulah almost at the end of their journey—a country "whose air was very sweet and pleasant," beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and out of the reach of Giant Despair.

The final arrangement of the poems in *Marah* reversed this order. They begin with a happy, unalloyed love, which, ending in death, is saved from chance or change; they then pursue the course of an "ill-starred, unhappy passion," ending in a sad satiety and a grey-toned indifference or despair.

Other poems, not included in the *Marah* collection, were also written at this time, and were subsequently published in a volume of selections.

These poems were all composed with an astonishing rush and ease, and seemed to their author at "a much lower mental level" than *King Poppy*, or *The Legends*, or *Glenaveril*. It was a surprise to him, therefore, when his most exacting family critic (Gerald Balfour) expressed great admiration for them. "The opinion he has expressed to you," he writes to his daughter, "was a surprise, delightful because it encourages me to hope that, after all, the imaginative quality of these poems may be higher than I rated them." But as he became more and more absorbed in their composition, the old restlessness at his dual life pursued him. He felt with an acute pang the hopelessness of his case as a poet, from the irremediable antagonism between himself and his circumstances.

To Lady Betty Balfour.

All the successful and known side of my life is a suppression, a sacrifice which has not even the grace of spontaneity, of the natural self. I feel like a wild bird in a poultry-yard, and if now and then the cramped wings flutter under the coop, they are subdued at once by a perception of the unseemliness in such flutterings of a diseased personality. On this side of my life, whether I look forward or backward, an immense despair always comes over me. If I were younger—but it is all too late now; I know that as a poet I shall

never do or be what I feel that I might have done and been. A neglected gift is not profitably cultivated, even if the conditions of its culture are accorded, on the threshold of old age, when the imagination wanes and all the horizons darken. Nor yet as an official and a man of the world shall I ever do anything more than I have already done. The wish for escape and rest is sometimes overwhelming, and the prospect of any long continuance of my Paris life shakes me with fits of loathing; yet the thought of the only conditions under which I could retire from it is also full of fears and misgivings. However, I won't pursue these thoughts any further; I could scarcely make them intelligible if I tried, and to-night I am in one of my blackest fits. . . .

This exceeding bitter cry was wrung from him partly by the ill-health and condition of almost constant pain which was the beginning of his long last illness. Neither physical suffering nor mental depression, however, ever disturbed the gentleness or affectionateness of his bearing towards those who lived with him, or dimmed the keenness of his sympathies or interests. If there was a tone of bitterness in the expression of his innermost thoughts, it was bitterness against himself, and not against any other human being. The letter just quoted was quickly followed by another.

To LADY BETTY BALFOUR.

Beyond my immediate belongings all people are to me as *ombres chinoises*, and from all my immediate belongings, including friends, I have received nothing but good, great kindness and great help, inadequately returned, but never recalled without the fondest gratitude. How then, explain? Well, there is a fine passage in Schopenhauer which often haunts me; I wish I could quote it, but it is in substance to this effect: that as

a bird can only thrive in the air, a fish in the water, so a man can only thrive in that element of life which is suitable to his nature; and that as life abounds in pursuits and attainments good in themselves, and generally good for all, but not equally good for each, therefore every individual should select from the throng of good things life offers him those only which are thoroughly suitable to his nature, and eschew the rest. But, says Schopenhauer, many a man covets and pursues objects, because he sees them enjoyed and coveted by others, which, when attained, he is incapable of enjoying. The man who does this lays up for himself endless disappointment, and his way through life, instead of being straight to the mark, is crooked and wandering. My physical temperament has a great tendency to beget blue devils, and when those imps lay siege to my soul they recall these words of Schopenhauer's, and say to me, "Thou art the man!" Then I reflect that if I had acted more selfishly—I don't mean in the bad but the best sense of the word, with more of that self-assertion which springs from a man's confidence in the bent of his own nature, and is the distinguishing mark of genius—I should have resolutely eschewed a number of good things not suitable to my nature, and should have bent the circumstances of my life into conformity with the natural direction of the faculties best fitted to render life fruitful. In my inability to do this I recognise the absence of that mission without which the imaginative faculty is a will-o'-the-wisp. On the other hand, I reflect further that if I had had more talent and common-sense, more *savoir vivre,* I should have taken the really fortunate circumstances of my life, without repining, as they are, cheerfully adapted myself to them, and by placing myself in unison with them, by the rejection of all antagonistic impulses and tendencies, I should have reaped from the field of a life so richly favoured in all its external conditions a fruitful harvest of content. In either case, my blue devils whisper me,

I should have been a happier and probably a better man, of more "reasonable soul and flesh consisting." But when my blue devils are cast out, and I recover sanity of spirits, then I say to myself just what you, dear, say to me in your letter—that the main thing is not to do but to be; that the work of a man is rather in what he is than in what he does; that one may be a very fine poet yet a very poor creature; that my life has at least been a very full one, rich in varied experiences, touching the world at many points; that had I devoted it exclusively to the cultivation of one gift, though that the best, I might have become a poet as great at least as any of my contemporaries, but that this is by no means certain to me, for my natural disinclination to, and unfitness for, all the practical side of life is so great that I might just as likely have lapsed into a mere dreamer; that the discipline of active life and forced contact with the world has been specially good for me, perhaps providential, and that what I have gained from it as a man may be more than compensation of whatever I may have lost by it as an artist. Besides, there is this paramount consolation. I feel no doubt whatever that my official and public life has been in all ways more beneficial than the other, or any other, could have been for those I love and to the welfare of whose lives my own can be conducive. But O, my dear *alter ego*, enough and too much of this egotistical psychology!

To MME. STRAUS. *Frognal, Sunningdale, Surrey, August* 10, 1891.

Me voici dans mon hermitage. Et c'est un hermitage charmant qui me plait beaucoup. La campagne est bien ce qu'il y a de mieux en Angleterre, cela me parait toujours plus campagne que la campagne ailleurs. Frognal est une maison de campagne qui est à la fois très campagnarde et très comfortable, entourée de jardins, très fleuris—vieux style, superposés les uns

sur les autres en terrace—un grand potager, fort pittoresque, et peu productif, un petit parc délicieusement accidenté, une grande garenne couverte de fougères et fourmillante de lapins, et puis tout autour du bois, de fort belles solitudes, nature, repos. Tout ce qu'il me fallait! et si je me portais bien mon bonheur ici serait à l'égal de ma sagesse qui est irréprochable! Mais en quittant Paris j'avais promis à mon médecin de suivre içi rigoureusement le traitement qu'il m'a recommandé, et çela fait que je me porte affreusement mal.

His delight in the peaceful, homely conditions of this country life, his ill-health, his spell of poetic composition, all made the prospect of a return to Paris more and more distasteful. "I think the term of my official life," he writes,[1] "is drawing to a close. I feel a great need of rest, and a great longing for a return to literary work, which is impossible at Paris."

When the schoolboys' holidays were over he and my mother paid a few visits to Lord Bath, at his beautiful house, Longleat; to the Rayleighs at Terling, where he was greatly delighted to meet Professor Crookes, whose book on psychic force he had read with intense interest; and once more to Elwin at the Booton Rectory.

At Elwin's suggestion, he delayed his return to Paris in order to consult the surgeon, Sir Thomas Smith. He spent these days alone in London; "living a very dull life," he writes, "whilst waiting to weigh anchor — too much out of sorts to see any one or go to any places of amusement; passing all my afternoons and evenings at home, and with a minimum of cigarettes." But he was still able to take comfort in writing. "By way of occupation during the next few days I think of trying to finish my prose story of the devil's incarnation, and pro-

[1] To Mrs. C. W. Earle.

pose to call it *Sathanas Vagabundus, or the Genesis of a New Philosophy.*"

One day he went to Knebworth, and wrote of his visit there:[1]—

I had a rather dreary day at Knebworth last Saturday in pouring rain, and came away with a strong impression that the "owner's presence" is much needed there.

This day of "pouring rain" resulted in a chill, which started a severe internal inflammation.

On the 17th of October he wrote to me:—

MY DEAREST,—I will not conceal from you the truth about myself. It would be no use. These last few days I have been, or have at least been feeling, *very* unwell, and T. Smith has been in constant attendance on me. . . . T. Smith is very hopeful. . . . I am told that all this trouble is the result of an overstrained life, which has taken too much out of me, and that henceforth I cannot live too quietly or carefully. Smith is most anxious that I should give up Paris; but that question will probably settle itself a month or two hence. At first he wanted to keep me here for the present, but I have begged so hard for leave to go back to-morrow that this is now agreed to. I feel most sanguine that with all the comforts of the Paris house, and all the kind care I shall have there, I shall rapidly mend.

The thought of prolonged illness in a London hotel, and away from my mother and all home comforts, was unendurable, and the next day he left England for the last time.

The journey aggravated his complaint. On reaching Paris he went to bed, and was never able to leave it.

[1] October 13, 1891.

CONCLUSION

Lord Lytton died on the 24th of November 1891, a few days after reaching the age of sixty.

The following evening my mother was surrounded by all her children and her sister, Mrs. Earle. Sympathy in her loss seemed literally world-wide. Telegrams and letters poured in from every part of Europe, and from India. The French Government paid the unprecedented tribute of a public funeral to the widespread esteem felt for the British ambassador. The procession, as it passed from the Embassy to the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, and from there to the Gare St. Lazare, was attended the whole way by thick lines of spectators, who watched it with a respectful sympathy. "It was worthy of one great nation paying a last homage to the representative of another," wrote the *Times* correspondent. "Within the Embassy church the whole intellect, it may be said, of Paris was collected round the remains of a man who had won the affection of all who love the true and the beautiful."

The funeral at Knebworth was strictly private, the coffin, covered by the Union Jack, being followed to the mausoleum in the park by the family and a few of Lord Lytton's most faithful friends. A memorial service was held at the same time at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the funeral sermon there was preached by Canon Farrar.

Sir James Stephen wrote to my mother:—

I never knew a man towards whom I felt so warmly, and to whom I owed so much. From our first meeting,

which took place in, I think, 1876, till the present day we were always intimate friends; for well I recollect—as who would not?—his singular readiness to make friends, and his genius for discovering at first sight who were his friends, together with his constancy in his treatment of them.

I shall always regard it as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life that I was for many years one of his most intimate friends.

Sir John Strachey wrote:—

It has not of late been often possible for us to meet, but there was no man in the world for whom I had so deep an affection as I had for your husband. During the four years that we were together in India he was more like a brother to me than a friend. I remember once saying laughingly (perhaps it was to himself!)—

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more."

That old verse represented my feeling towards him. No man in India saw and knew so much about his real work as I did, and I should not have loved him so much if I had not known of his constant thought of all that deserved to be honoured. The world did not always understand as I did his endless capacity for work, his power of grappling with difficulties, his wisdom, and his unflinching courage. Half-civilised Englishmen do not appreciate what an excellent thing it is that such qualities as these should be combined with brilliant wit and the courtesy of a perfect gentleman.

Madame Flourens, the wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and a true friend to Lord Lytton, wrote the following sketch of his character:—

C'est au mois de janvier 1888 que je vis Lord Lytton pour la première fois. Nous nous trouvions à

l'Élysée et étions placés à coté l'un de l'autre. Il avait l'air fatigué, triste et absorbé. En causant il s'anima et quoiqu'il ne se montra ni aussi animé ni aussi brillant que je l'ai vu depuis, je le trouvai néamoins très aimable et extrèmement original.

Peu de temps après le Ministère dont mon mari faisait partie tomba; mais nos relations, en cessant d'être officielles, ne furent pas moins cordiales. C'était un grand plaisir pour moi de l'entendre causer des évenèments de la vie parisienne, de litterature etc. Il causait de tout sans pédanterie, avec naturel. Il jugeait en peu de mots un auteur et ses œuvres. . . .

Il admirait ce qui était beau avec une ferveur d'enfant, une sorte de religiosité. Parfois son admiration l'absorbait au point qu'il se croyait seul, et il parlait sans s'apercevoir qu'on était là. Ce n'étaient que quelques paroles, très curieuses, très touchantes, d'un sens profond. En ce qui concernait son œuvre poétique il était d'une modestie surprenante. Il m'a souvent dit, "Je voudrais savoir si je suis un grand poëte; mais personne ne peut me le dire, ce n'est au pouvoir de personne. Je ne voudrais pas être un poëte médiocre."

Il déplorait parfois que la vie mondaine empèchât la concentration de la pensée. Il y suppléait à force d'énergie, acceptant avec patience et bonne humeur ce qui était inévitable, faisant aussi petite que possible, dans les sociétés variées qu'il fréquentait, la part du banal et du conventionnel, au profit du talent et de l'intelligence. Rien ne peut donner l'idée du charme et de la variété de sa conversation. Il avait beaucoup vu, et, doué d'une intélligence pénétrante et intuitive beaucoup, compris. Une prodigieuse mémoire s'ajoutait à tout cela. Il savait redire une conversation entendue il y a vingt ans, une chanson comique attrapée au vol dans sa jeunesse; et lorsqu'il contait il animait son récit en faisant parler avec un naturel parfait les personnages qu'il mettait en scène. Il découvrait ensuite l'idée dont son récit n'était souvent

que le symbole, étonnant son interlocuteur par la nouveauté et la profondeur de ses aperçus. Et lui, s'amusait de voir l'intérêt et la curiosité qu'il avait excités. Il trouvait dans la conversation un moyen de connaître le caractère et les sentiments. Il avait la curiosité du cœur humain. Pour lui tout homme était différent d'un autre homme et par là même intéressant. Il n'aimait ni les calomnies ni les médisances ni les mauvaises langues. Jamais je ne l'ai vu rappeler les défauts d'un ami mort. Il avait même pour les morts qu'il avait aimés un culte touchant—et spécialement pour la mémoire de son père une véritable adoration. Il n'ignorait pas ses défauts, mais il se les expliquait avec indulgence.

Il fallait pour l'intéresser avoir une certaine largeur de vue, de la générosité de caractère, un don ou une qualité réelle et lui montrer de la sympathie. Il distinguait très nettement la quantité et la qualité d'affection qu'on lui donnait et les mobiles qui l'inspiraient. Il pardonnait à ceux qu'il aimait leurs défauts et même leurs vices. "Il y a des abîmes dans l'âme humaine, disait-il." Il jetait un voile sur ces taches morales et on l'irritait en le soulevant devant lui. Il avait même une sorte d'aversion momentanée pour ceux qui le faisaient. Ce n'est pas qu'il voulut empêcher de connaître ce qu'il connaissait, de voir ce qu'il voyait, mais il ne voulait pas qu' une opinion étrangère diminuât la chaleur de son amitié. Lui, qui était très doux et qui haïssait la brusquerie, laissait alors percer une vive irritation. Quand il parlait de son caractère, il était d'une modestie touchante. Il se donnait beaucoup de défauts—évitait tout éloge de lui-même, et ne se mettait jamais en scène. Très affable dans sa conversation il mettait les gens parfaitement à l'aise et la simplicité de ses manières atténuait l'impression qu'on se trouvait devant un homme de grand talent ayant occupé dans son pays les situations les plus élevées.

Lord Lytton s'était fait pour le monde une attitude qui était pour lui une cuirasse le défendant des indiscrets.

Aussi pour beaucoup n'était il qu'un homme exubérant, brillant, léger, original, spirituel, un peu cynique, et très sceptique. Il ne se laissait pas facilement pénétrer, et déconcertait les curieux par un éclat de rire ou un trait de scepticisme. Il disait qu'il y avait en lui deux hommes très differents. Il y avait en effet l'homme gai, sensible à tout ce qui était beau, rempli de rêves et d'illusions, d'une activité cérébrale exceptionnelle, ayant une répulsion instinctive pour la stagnation mentale. Cet homme là était parfois gai comme un enfant; voyant le coté grotesque des choses et en riant de bon cœur, le faisant ressortir sans amertume. L'autre, le penseur, et le poëte, était profondément mélancolique. Voyant la triste fin de tout, il sentait avec angoisse et amertume le reveil douloureux des rêves. Il avait en lui le sentiment profond du malheur de l'humanité, de sa misère; il sentait l'infranchissable distance qui sépare l'homme de l'idéal. Il disait qu'il ne croyait pas au progrès et je crois qu'il entendait par là l'amélioration de la vie morale, le bonheur intérieur de l'homme. Il savait que le bonheur n'existe que dans la paix du cœur et il voyait ce cœur livré au désir insatiable pour l'éternité, et cela sans résultat. Il plaignait l'homme; il se demandait pourquoi il était ainsi voué au malheur n'ayant pour se guérir que des formules. "C'est encore lui," disait-il en me parlant du pessimisme de Schopenhauer, "qui approche le plus de la vérité." . . .

Il avait une qualité qui pour être qualifiée de secondaire n'en est pas moins très rare; c'était une discrétion extrême. Il ne disait jamais ce qu'il *voulait* taire et quoiqu'il eût la parole facile, brillante, abondante, il en était absolument maître. J'ai rarement vu un homme doué de facultés si brillantes, si diverses, si complètes, et si spontanées.

Lord Lytton's friends have erected a monument to his memory in the crypt in St. Paul's Cathedral. It

was designed and partially carried out by the sculptor Mr. Gilbert. The inscription upon it was written by Elwin, and runs as follows:—

ROBERT EDWARD, FIRST EARL OF LYTTON.

BORN NOVEMBER 8, 1831.

FROM 1849 TO 1876 IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY.

FROM 1876 TO 1880 VICEROY OF INDIA.

FROM 1887 TO 1891 AMBASSADOR AT PARIS, WHERE HE DIED ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

He was a diplomatist rich in the qualities, official and social, by which amity with foreign nations is maintained.

A Viceroy independent in his views, resolute in action, looking forward to the future.

A poet of many styles, each the expression of his habitual thoughts.

A man of superior faculties highly cultivated by literature, ardent in his affections, tender and generous in all the circumstances of life, lavish in his commendation of others, and humble in his estimate of himself.

Marah and *King Poppy* were published in the following spring, together with a new library edition in three volumes of the old poems, *The Wanderer*, *Lucile*, and *Selected Poems*.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* an article on *Marah*, which concludes with these words:—

Politics and poetry are in the English mind antagonistic things, and it is considered that high merit in the one implies a corresponding lack of merit in the other. In our system, too, of party warfare, every organ of criti-

cism, even those most exclusively devoted to art, is obliged to have its side declared or half-declared in politics, and so we see poets extolled or belittled in large measure according to their supposed political opinions. Mr. Swinburne has been a favourite of the *Times* since he became known as the enemy of Irish priestcraft. Mr. William Morris, the Socialist, finds his best applause in the *Pall Mall Gazette;* Mr. Lewis Morris, the Gladstonian candidate, in the *Daily News.* This is only natural, and it would be folly to complain of it, but still it needs to be considered if we are to estimate things fairly. In Lord Lytton's case, I think, he has suffered doubly as a poet from his political attitude. He has incurred the resentment of the Liberal Press for being too strong a Tory, and at the same time his high public position has caused his political friends to treat his poetry as no more than that holiday flirtation with the Muse which statesmen are allowed. By neither side has he been treated according to his full literary deserts. Now, however, that the grave has closed over all contentious matters in his public career, I anticipate a wiser and less partial judgment of his poetic work. Each year as it goes by will withdraw him politically further from our gaze and bring him as a poet nearer us. Then we may expect to see him take the high rank he deserves.

My estimate of what this rank will be is that, as a lyric poet, the position given him will be next among his contemporaries after Tennyson, Swinburne, and Rossetti. He has neither Tennyson's full perfection of lyric style nor Swinburne's wealth of musical rhetoric. Rossetti I personally should place before any of them as master of the purest English, perhaps, in our literature; but it is doubtful whether, his masterpieces being nearly all in sonnet form, the consensus of criticism will give him so high a place. Apart from these three I see no contemporary who is likely to be placed as Lytton's equal. Not Browning, with his tortuous method of thought and disjointed diction; not Matthew Arnold, with his intellectual

melodies always a little flat in the rendering; hardly even William Morris, great singer though he be in the purely lyrical field. Lytton's lyrical style is brilliant, direct, personal, and essentially modern. It treats of nineteenth-century things in a nineteenth-century way, and this, I venture to think, will be held in the twentieth century a permanent and pre-eminent merit. Archaisms and reproductions of other ages and modes of thought please the generation for which they are written more than those which come after, and what we ask most of the poetry of the past is that it should be true to the genius of its own time and its own people. This quality cannot fail to be valued in Lord Lytton's verse when the Victorian age is finally reviewed.

Dramatically, and in our English dearth of dramatic power, Lord Lytton, too, ranks high. Compared with contemporary French poets, with Hugo, or Musset, or Coppée, I should not, of course, claim for him a place in the first line; Browning alone of our metrical play-writers could pretend to this; but *Orval* is a noble dramatic poem, as, in its classic way, is *Clytemnestra*, while the dramatic element in *Chronicles and Characters* and in *The Wanderer* is more strongly marked than in any modern English writer, Browning only excepted. As a novelist in verse Lytton stands absolutely alone. *Lucile* is the most brilliant piece of light narrative since *Don Juan*, and *Glenaveril* the most splendid failure. Nor in his philosophy, the philosophy of the man of the world, is Lytton to be approached by the writers of our day. His *Fables in Song*, in two volumes, are a mine of latter-day wisdom, as will be when it is published his *King Poppy*,[1] a political satire, which he considered his masterpiece, and left behind him finished, the concentrated result of his experience of mankind.

I leave, therefore, the maturity of his fame confidently to time to accomplish. His work is imperishable, but,

[1] *King Poppy* was published shortly after this article appeared.

alas! how shall we perpetuate the memory of his personality which has perished from amongst us? This was more wonderful and rare than all his work. We can only weep and hold it dear to our hearts, for in truth he was the brightest, best, and most beloved of men.[1]

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, June 1892.

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